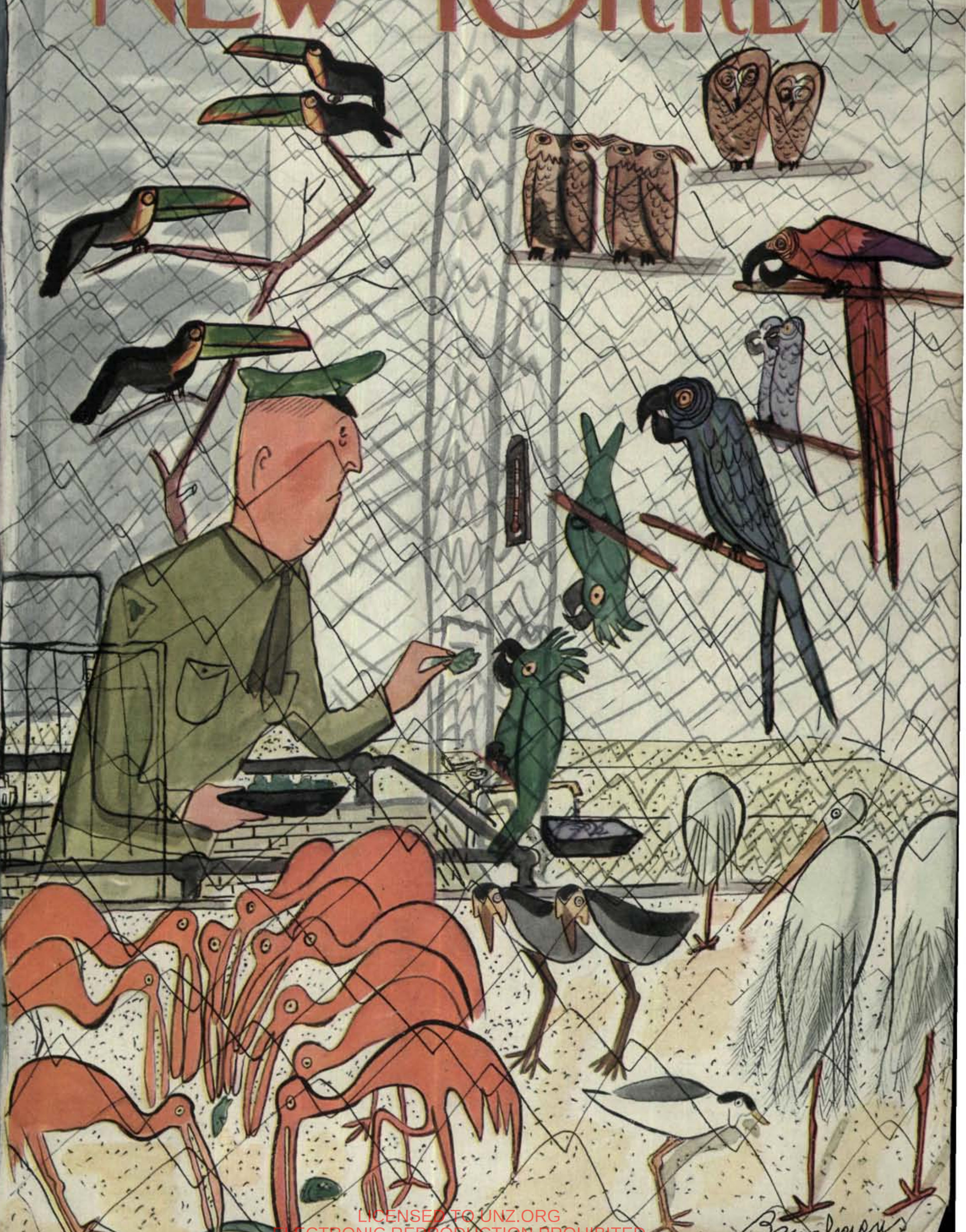
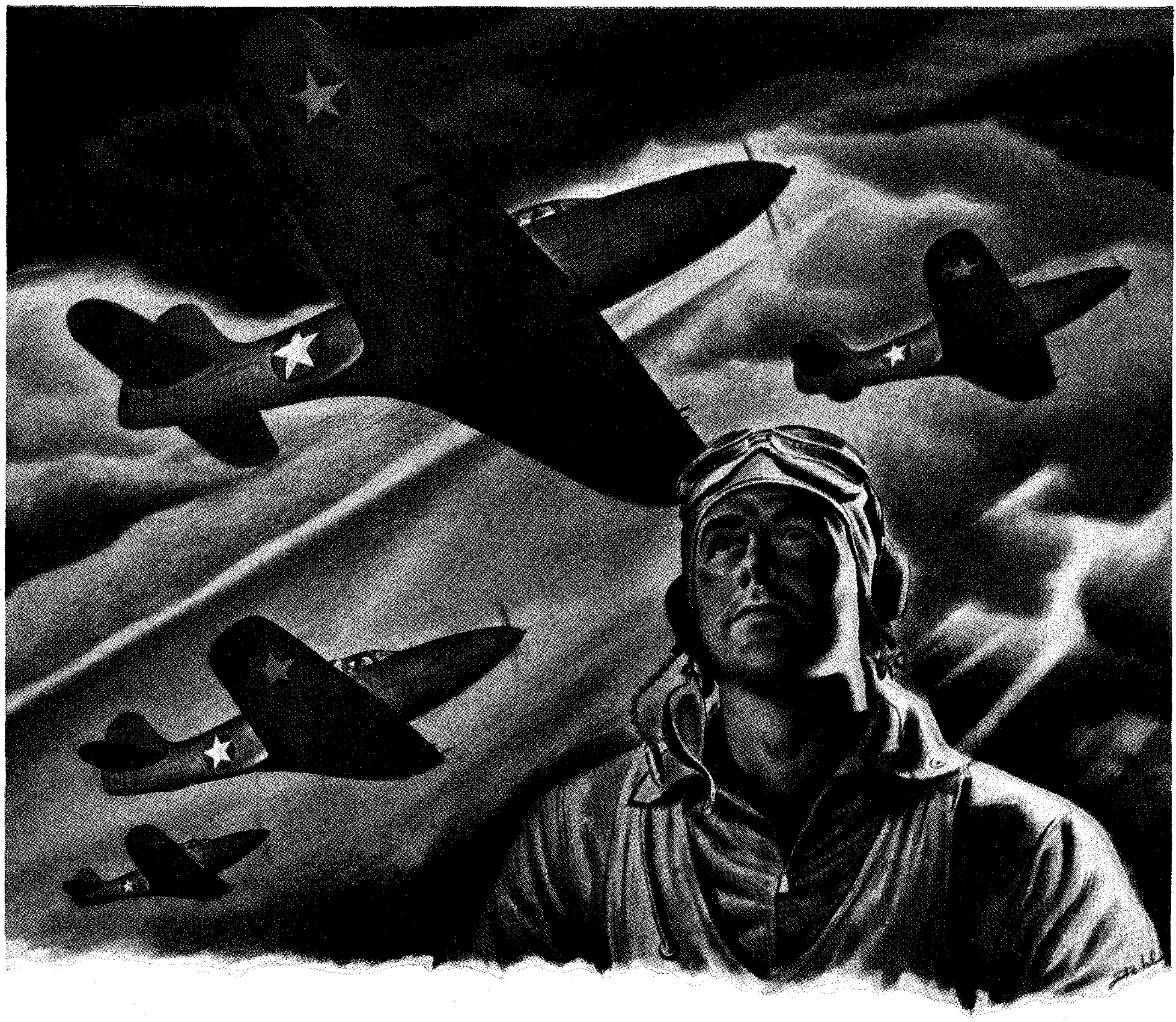
★ June 12, 1943

THE NEW YORKER

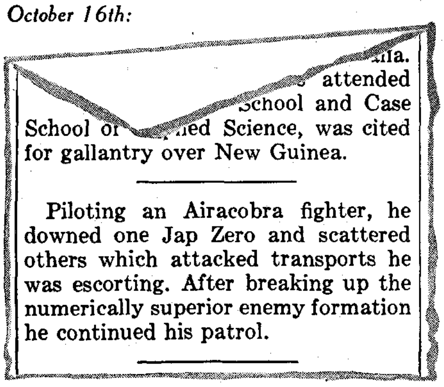
Price 15 cents





Pied Piper of the Pacific

Getting rid of rats takes on a new distinction as the rest of the world moves to overpower Axis treachery. And nowhere is a better job being done of it than by the gallant members of the U. S. Army Air Forces. For heroism in the southwest Pacific this announcement of the award of the Silver Star to Lt. Clifton H. Troxell comes from General MacArthur's Headquarters, Australia, October 16th:



ila. attended chool and Case School o ied Science, was cited for gallantry over New Guinea.

Piloting an Airacobra fighter, he downed one Jap Zero and scattered others which attacked transports he was escorting. After breaking up the numerically superior enemy formation he continued his patrol.

With the devastating fire power of his cannon bearing P-39 Airacobra, this modern Pied Piper of the air destroys the rats which threatened to overrun civilization.

When the rats are gone, he'll come back to a world in which the technical advances that war has brought to Aviation will be put to even greater use. We, at Bell Aircraft, will have the engineering ability, the means of production and—most important—the tradition of Aviation pioneering to play our part in that coming era. © Bell Aircraft Corporation, Buffalo, New York.

Airacobras for victory—

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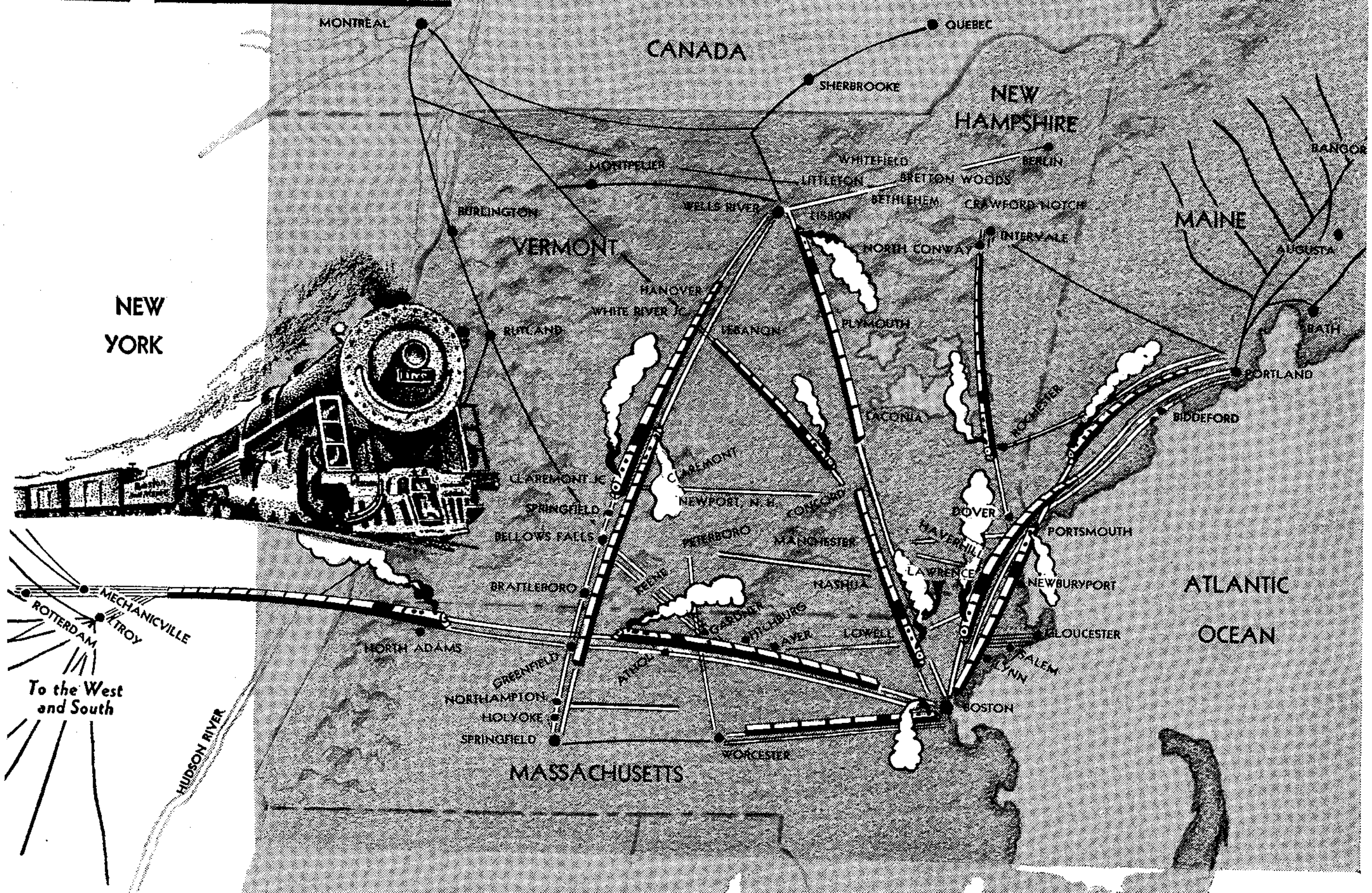
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Freight cars filled to capacity with materials for New England's great shipyards, factories and mills—steel, iron, cotton and wool, coal and sinews of War under Lend-Lease for the United Nations—flow into New England over the network of Boston and Maine rails. At the same time cars, filled again to capacity, move out of New England loaded with potatoes, textiles, machine tools, pulp and paper, canned fish, fruit, and almost countless other things to fill the needs at home and abroad for a Nation at War.

If the railroads—like the movie people—handed out "Oscars" we'd award them to our shippers and receivers. Their cooperation with the railroads, the Regional Shippers Advisory Boards, the Office of Defense Transportation, the Interstate Commerce Commission and other Federal agencies, is making it possible for four cars in 1943 to carry what *five cars* did in 1942! With faster cars hauling greater tonnage, with speedy and prompt unloading and loading, it is "perpetual motion" all along the Boston and Maine in Massachusetts, New Hampshire, Maine, Vermont and at our gateways at the Hudson River in New York State.

BOSTON *and* MAINE

ONE OF AMERICA'S RAILROADS—ALL UNITED FOR VICTORY

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

A CONSCIENTIOUS CALENDAR OF EVENTS OF INTEREST

THIS LISTING COVERS THE TEN DAYS
FROM THURSDAY, JUNE 10,
THROUGH SATURDAY, JUNE 19.

THE THEATRE

(E. and W. mean East and West of Broadway.)

PLAYS

Angel Street—A superior melodrama about a man who tries to drive his wife crazy. Judith Evelyn and Leo G. Carroll are prominently involved. (Golden, 45, W. CI 6-6740. Nightly, except Mon., at 8:40. Mats. Sat. at 2:40 and Sun. at 3.)

Arsenic and Old Lace—The Brewster sisters defeat their nephew Jonathan by a score of thirteen corpses to twelve. Now in its third year, this Crouse-Lindsay comedy, with Effie Shannon, is still one of the funniest things in town. (Fulton, 46, W. CI 6-6380. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:40. Mats. Wed. and Sat. at 2:40.)

The Corn Is Green—Ethel Barrymore back in Emlyn Williams' prize play about the education of a Welsh coal miner. (Martin Beck, 45, W. CI 6-6363. Nightly, except Mon., at 8:40. Mats. Sat. at 2:40 and Sun. at 3. Closes Sat., June 19.)

Counselor-at-Law—Paul Muni in a revival of Elmer Rice's 1931 success about a shyster lawyer with a heart of gold. Still pretty good fun, though it is fairly dated in spots. (Royale, 45, W. CI 5-5760. Nightly, except Mon., at 8:40. Mats. Sat. and Sun. at 2:40.)

Dark Eyes—Probably you'll enjoy this comedy about three carefree Russian ladies who take over a Long Island household. Elena Miramova and Tamara Geva play in it, and Jed Harris is the director. (Belasco, 44, E. BR 9-2067. Nightly, except Mon., at 8:40. Mats. Sat. and Sun. at 2:40.)

The Doughgirls—Joseph Fields' farce about present-day Washington seems to contain all the necessary ingredients. George S. Kaufman has directed a cast that includes Virginia Field, Arleen Whelan, Doris Nolan, and Arlene Francis. (Lyceum, 45, E. CH 4-4256. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:40. Mats. Wed. and Sat. at 2:40.)

The Eve of St. Mark—The tragedy of Bataan dealt with by Maxwell Anderson in a play that is interesting though rather florid and sentimental. Aline MacMahon, William Prince, and Mary Rolfe have leading rôles. (Cort, 48, E. BR 9-0046. Nightly, except Mon., at 8:40. Mats. Wed. and Sat. at 2:40.)

Harriet—Helen Hayes splendid as the little woman who started a big war. The play itself is accurate enough but unfortunately a bit dull. (Henry Miller, 43, E. BR 9-3970. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:40. Mats. Thurs. and Sat. at 2:40.)

Janie—Gwen Anderson and Linda Watkins in a mild comedy of interest only to people who always find adolescence fascinating. (Playhouse, 48, E. BR 9-2628. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:40. Mats. Wed. and Sat. at 2:40.)

Junior Miss—A very funny and touching adaptation by Jerome Chodorov and Joseph Fields of Sally Benson's *New Yorker* stories, made almost irresistible by the acting of Patricia Peardon and Lenore Lonergan as two little girls. (Majestic, 44, W. CI 6-0730. Nightly, except Mon., at 8:40. Mats. Sat. at 2:40 and Sun. at 3.)

Kiss and Tell—A rather frail comedy about a couple of adolescents who pretend they're going to have a baby. Largely redeemed by George Abbott's direction and a fine cast, including Jessie Royce Landis and Robert Keith. (Biltmore, 47, W. CI 6-9353. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:40. Mats. Wed. and Sat. at 2:40.)

Life with Father—This intelligent and high-spirited comedy, based on Clarence Day's affectionate biography of his family, is well over three years old. Harry Bannister and Muriel Kirkland play Father and Mother. (Empire, B'way at 40. PE 6-9540. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:40. Mats. Wed. and Sat. at 2:40.)

The Patriots—A biography of Thomas Jefferson between 1790 and 1800, best, perhaps, when the hero has written his own lines. Raymond Edward Johnson plays the statesman, and others in the cast include House Jameson, Cecil Humphreys, and Madge Evans. Winner of the Drama Critics' award for the season's best play. (National, 41, W. PE 6-8220. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:40. Mats. Wed. and Sat. at 2:40.)

The Skin of Our Teeth—Miriam Hopkins, Conrad Nagel, and Viola Frayne have replaced Tallulah Bankhead, Fredric March, and Florence Eldridge in Thornton Wilder's Pulitzer Prize Winner. Not quite as exciting as it was before, but still well worth your while. (Plymouth, 45, W. CI 6-9156. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:40. Mats. Wed. and Sat. at 2:40.)

Three's a Family—Practically all the girls have babies in this farce. The cast includes Ruth Weston, Robert Burton, and William Wadsworth. (Longacre, 48, W. CI 6-6454. Nightly, except Mon., at 8:40. Mats. Sat. and Sun. at 2:40.)

Tomorrow the World—What to do when you have a little Nazi in your home. An honest, if not always credible, attempt to solve a difficult postwar problem. Skippy Homeier is remarkable as the young Fascist, and Ralph Bellamy and Shirley Booth are very helpful as his American hosts. (Ethel Barrymore, 47, W. CI 6-0390. Tues. at 8:55; other nights, except Sun., at 8:40. Mats. Wed. and Sat. at 2:40.)

Scheduled to open too late for review in this issue:

The Milky Way—Joey Faye and Lila Lee in a revival of the Lynn Root-Harry Clork comedy. Produced by Lucia Victor. (Windsor, 48, E. PE 6-4891. Nightly, except Mon., at 8:40. Mats. Wed., Sat., and Sun. at 2:40; extra Mat. Thurs., June 10, at 2:40.)

WITH MUSIC

By Jupiter—Ray Bolger in the Rodgers and Hart adaptation of "The Warrior's Husband." Ronald Graham and Benay Venuta also appear in this first-rate musical. (Shubert, 44, W. CI 6-5990. Nightly at 8:30. Mat. Sat. at 2:30. Closes Sat., June 12.)

Oklahoma!—Splendid musical version of "Green Grow the Lilacs," contrived by Richard Rodgers and Oscar Hammerstein II, and presented by the Theatre Guild. Alfred Drake, Joseph Buloff, Joan Roberts, and Celeste Holm are among those who sing and dance their way through this American folk play. (St. James, 44, W. LA 4-4664. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:30. Mats. Thurs. and Sat. at 2:30.)

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Something for the Boys—How Ethel Merman won the war by learning to receive radio programs with her teeth. A big, good-natured comedy, also containing Allen Jenkins, Betty Bruce, and Cole Porter's music. (Alvin, 52, W. CI 5-6868. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:35. Mats. Wed. and Sat. at 2:35.)

Sons o' Fun—A blood brother to "Hellz-a-Poppin," and just as strange. Olsen and Johnson have left the cast, but Frank Libuse is still around. (46th Street, 46, W. CI 6-6075. Nightly, except Mon., at 8:30. Mats. Sat. and Sun. at 2:30.)

Star and Garter—Bobby Clark and Gypsy Rose Lee in a peculiar mixture of authentic burlesque and a high-class parody of it. Rough but stimulating. (Music Box, 45, W. CI 6-4636. Nightly, except Thurs., at 8:40. Mats. Sat. at 2:40 and Sun. at 3.)

Ziegfeld Follies—Not the "Follies" as the Master used to turn them out, but still big and occasionally funny. Milton Berle is in charge of a large cast. (Winter Garden, B'way at 50. CI 7-5161. Nightly, except Mon., at 8:35. Mats. Sat. and Sun. at 2:35.)

Scheduled to open too late for review in this issue:

The Student Prince—A revival of the Sigmund Romberg operetta, with Everett Marshall and Ann Pennington. Produced by the Shuberts. (Broadway, B'way at 53. CI 6-5353. Nightly, except Mon., at 8:40. Mats. Wed., Sat., and Sun. at 2:40.)

OPENINGS

(There are often last-minute changes, so you'd better verify the dates and curtain times.)

Those Endearing Young Charms—A four-character comedy by Edward Chodorov, with Virginia Gilmore, Zachary Scott, Blanche Sweet, and Dean Harens. Staged by Mr. Chodorov and produced by Max Gordon. Opens Wed., June 16. (Booth, 45, W. CI 6-5969. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:40. Mats. Wed. and Sat. at 2:40.)

Early to Bed—A musical comedy by Fats Waller and George Marion, Jr., with Muriel Angelus and Richard Kollmar. Produced by Mr. Kollmar. Opens Thurs., June 17. (Broadhurst, 44, W. CI 6-6699. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:40. Mats. Wed. and Sat. at 2:40. Benefit preview, Wed. Eve., June 16, at 8:30, for the American Women's Voluntary Services; for tickets, call PL 3-6487.)

MISCELLANY

The Army Play-by-Play—The Second Service Command and John Golden sponsoring a program of five one-act plays written, acted, and produced by soldiers, as a benefit for the Soldiers and Sailors Club: Mon., June 14, at 8:30 P.M. (46th Street, 46, W. CI 6-6075.)

Spangles—A one-ring circus put on by the Ringling Brothers, with several performers from the big show. Opens Wed., June 16. (Madison Square Garden. Nightly, except Mon., at 8:30. Mats. Tues., Thurs., Sat., and Sun. at 2:15.)

DINNER, SUPPER, AND DANCING

(A listing of some places where you will find music or other entertainment. Many of them are closed altogether or have fill-in performers on either Sunday or Monday, so you'd better phone ahead before starting out on those evenings.)

Ambassador Garden, Park at 51 (WI 2-1000)—A pleasant warm-weather spot, and a fine place for serious dancing. Jules Lande's orchestra. Tea dancing daily.

Biltmore Roof, Madison at 43 (MU 9-7920)—This has just reopened for the summer with a new ice revue. Ray Heatherton's orchestra.

Café Society Uptown, 128 E. 58 (PL 5-9223)—There's Jimmy Savo with his mimicry, as well as the Golden Gate Quartet and Teddy Wilson's orchestra.

Copacabana, 10 E. 60 (PL 8-1060)—Palm trees that would surprise the average botanist and a show with, beginning Thurs., June 17, Willie Howard; Nat Brandwynne's orchestra and Frank Marti's samba band.

El Morocco, 154 E. 54 (EL 5-8769)—Still popular with refugees from Hollywood. Chauncey Gray's orchestra and Chiquito's rumba band.

Larue, 45 E. 58 (VO 5-6374)—A favorite with people who like their dancing gentle. Eddie Davis's and Michael Lo Scalvo's orchestras.

Monte Carlo Beach, 51 E. 54 (PL 5-3400)—Nye

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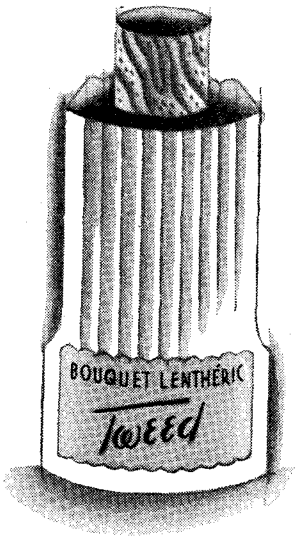
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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

Mayhew's orchestra and Ralph Rotgers' rumba band supply the dance music in this decorative spot. There's also a small show.

Pierre, 5 Ave. at 61 (RE 4-5900)—The Cotillion Room is fine for your more lofty moments. Stanley Melba's orchestra is there, and some entertainment as well. . . . Another Melba orchestra plays *in the* Café Pierre. Tea dancing daily.

Plaza, 5 Ave. at 58 (PL 3-1740)—Hildegarde's songs, accent, and personality are on display in the Persian Room, where the music is by Bob Grant's orchestra. Tea dancing Sat. and Sun.

St. Regis Roof, 5 Ave. at 55 (PL 3-4500)—Larry Keyes' orchestra plays in this gay and summery *room.*

Savoy-Plaza, 5 Ave. at 59 (VO 5-2600)—Joseph C. Smith's orchestra and Clemente's marimba band are in the Café Lounge. Tea dancing daily.

Stork Club, 3 E. 53 (PL 3-1940)—You know, the Stork Club. Sonny Kendis's orchestra and a rumba band. Tea dancing daily.

Waldorf-Astoria, Park at 49 (EL 5-3000)—The *airy Starlight Roof has music by Xavier Cugat's* orchestra and, at the supper hour, songs by Tito Guizar. . . . Michael Zarin's orchestra is on hand in the Lounge Restaurant.

Supper Clubs—Entertainment but no dancing—**LE RUBAN BLEU,** 4 E. 56 (EL 5-9787): Maxine Sullivan is by no means the only competent entertainer here. . . . **BLUE ANGEL,** 152 E. 55 (PL 3-0626): a gay, but restful, place, with Claude Alphand, the Revuers, and several more. . . . **SPIVY'S ROOF,** 139 E. 57 (PL 3-1518): among others, there's Spivy herself, singing those hearty songs. . . . **LA VIE PARISIENNE,** 3 E. 52 (EL 5-8553): a small show, as well as the Lamotte murals to look at. . . . **1-2-3 CLUB,** 123 E. 54 (PL 3-9131): Roger Stearns plays piano and the customers just relax in this big, softly lighted room. . . . **PENTHOUSE CLUB,** 30 Central Pk. S. (PL 3-6910): the music, the candles, and the view of the Park should make you feel clandestine.

Miscellaneous—At the **VERSAILLES,** 151 E. 50 (PL 8-0310): a large and lavish place, with a show that includes Charles Weidman; Val Olman's orchestra and Panchito's rumba band. . . . **LE COQ ROUGE,** 65 E. 56 (PL 3-8887): one of the nicer small spots; Dick Wilson's orchestra. . . . **ARMANDO'S,** 54 E. 55 (PL 3-0760): *you can almost* reach from wall to wall, but there's still room for dancing; George Morris's orchestra. . . . **CASBAH,** 112 Central Pk. S. (CI 7-2236): dressed up to look like its namesake, although an Algerian might have trouble recognizing it; Don Maya's orchestra and a small show. . . . **LA MARTINIQUE,** 57 W. 57 (PL 5-5757): bright and cheerful, with *Maximillian Bergère's orchestra and entertainment,* too. . . . **RIOBAMBA,** 151 E. 57 (PL 8-1960): Roy Fox's orchestra, Nora Morales' rumba band and a good-sized show. . . . **CASINO RUSSE,** 157 W. 56 (CI 6-6116): folk songs, dagger dances, and other Russian trimmings; Cornelius Codolban's orchestra. . . . **ASTOR ROOF,** B'way at 44 (CI 6-6000): Harry James' orchestra. . . . **ESSEX HOUSE,** 160 Central Pk. S. (CI *7-0300): Barry Winton's orchestra.* . . . **NEW YORKER HOTEL,** 8 Ave. at 34 (ME 3-1000): Jerry Wald's orchestra and an ice show. . . . **PENNSYLVANIA,** 7 Ave. at 33 (PE 6-5000): Charlie Spivak's orchestra. . . . **ROOSEVELT,** Madison at 45 (MU 6-9200): Guy Lombardo's orchestra. . . . **BILL'S GAY NINETIES,** 57 E. 54 (EL 5-8231): songs and atmosphere for people who liked that decade or have heard it well spoken of; *no dancing.* . . . **VILLAGE VANGUARD,** 178 7 Ave. S., at 11 (CH 2-9355): something like an air-raid shelter, except for folk songs by Huddie Ledbetter. . . . **JIMMY KELLY'S,** 181 Sullivan (AL 4-1414): things don't get going here until most children are in bed, which is lucky.

●

Broadway Atmosphere—At the **HURRICANE,** B'way at 49 (CO 5-1995): Duke Ellington and his band provide the music, which should be all you need to know. . . . **DIAMOND HORSESHOE,** 235 W. 46 (CI 6-6500): a new Billy Rose revue, this one about the future, instead of the past. . . . **LATIN QUARTER,** B'way at 48 (CI 6-1737): modelled after the old Left Bank, with cancans and all that. . . . **FOLIES BERGÈRE,** 232 W. 47 (CI 6-8020): one of those great big shows with lots and lots of girls. . . . **LA CONGA,** 209 W. 51 (CI 5-8980): Machito's rumba band and a show—all in a tropical setting. . . . **HAVANA-MADRID,** B'way at 51 (CI *7-3461): a downstairs,* Havana-Madrid sort of place, with a rumba band and a show.

Mostly for Music—At **CAFÉ SOCIETY DOWNTOWN,** 2 Sheridan Sq. (CH 2-2737): boogie-woogie headquarters, with Ammons and Johnson and Frankie Newton's orchestra presiding. . . . **NICK'S,** 7 Ave. at 10 (WA 9-9742): Brad Gowans' orchestra, featuring Pee Wee Russell and Eddie *Condon,* is playing in this downtown landmark. . . . **KELLY'S STABLE,** 137 W. 52 (CI 7-9738): as unpretentious as its name, but there's the Clarence Profit Trio.

THIS LISTING COVERS THE TEN DAYS
FROM THURSDAY, JUNE 10,
THROUGH SATURDAY, JUNE 19.

Al-Fresco—The **CLAREMONT INN,** Riverside Dr. at 124: there's a fine view of the Hudson in the afternoon; Joe Ricardel's orchestra plays from dinner-time on. . . . **MUSEUM OF MODERN ART,** 11 W. 53: lunch and tea are served in the garden. . . . **CENTRAL PARK ZOO:** the cafeteria there is jammed on Sundays, but it's fun for a weekday breakfast or an afternoon beer.

A few sidewalk cafés on lower Fifth Ave., quieter than ever now with the disappearance of the motor car: the **BREVOORT,** 5 Ave. at 8; **FIFTH AVENUE HOTEL,** 5 Ave. at 9; and **LONGCHAMPS,** 5 Ave. at 12.

Foreign Flavor—Scandinavian: **CASTLEHOLM,** 344 W. 57 (CI 7-0873). . . . Russian: **KRETCHMA,** 244 E. 14 (GR 7-6444). . . . Latin: **EL CHICO,** 80 Grove, at Sheridan Sq. (CH 2-4646).

ART

Milton Avery—Recent oils by this modernist: Rosenberg, 16 E. 57. Weekdays 9:30 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; through June 29.

Alexander Calder and Yves Tanguy—Wood-and-wire sculptures by the first, and new paintings by the second: Matisse, 41 E. 57. Daily 10 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; through Sat., June 12.

Lovis Corinth—A retrospective show of paintings, drawings, water colors, and lithographs by this German Expressionist, who died in 1925: St. Etienne, 46 W. 57. Weekdays 10 A.M. to 5 P.M.; through July 3.

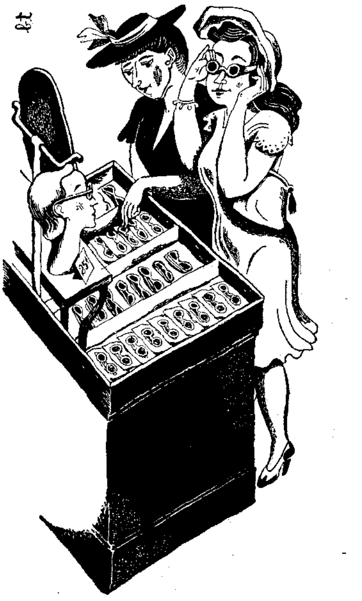
East and West—Ancient Chinese art compared with works by Occidental artists from medieval times to the present: Nierendorf, 53 E. 57. Mon. through Fri., 10 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; Sat., 10 A.M. to 1 P.M.; through June 30.

Eight Moderns—Paintings by André de Segonzac, B.J.O. Nordfeldt, André Derain, and other French and American artists: Lilienfeld, 21 E. 57. Weekdays 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.; through July 3.

Louis M. Eilshemius—Twelve landscapes and figure paintings from this artist's work: Kleemann, 65 E. 57. Mon. through Fri., 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.; Sat., 10 A.M. to 12 noon; through June 30.

Jean-Louis Forain—First one-man show of his oils in this country: Coördinating Council of French Relief Societies, 457 Madison, at 50. Mon. through Fri., 11 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; Sat. and Sun., 1 to 5 P.M.; *through Sat., June 19.*

Groups—At the **BABCOCK,** 38 E. 57: John Costigan, Thomas Eakins, Winslow Homer, and other nineteenth- and twentieth-century Americans. Weekdays 9:30 A.M. to 5 P.M.; through Sept. 15. . . . **WAKEFIELD,** 64 E. 55: small paintings and drawings by Saul Steinberg, Edward Melcarth, and others. Mon. through Fri., 9:30 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; Sat., *9:30 A.M. to 1 P.M.; through June 30.* . . . **WILDENSTEIN,** 19 E. 64: annual exhibition of the Federation of Modern Painters and Sculptors. Weekdays 10 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; through June 26. . . . **MILCH,** 108 W. 57: works by Leon Kroll, Maurice Sterne, Sidney Laufman, and others in this gallery's group. Mon. through Fri., 9 A.M. to 5 P.M.; through July 15. . . . **KRAUSHAAR,** 730 5 Ave., at 57: water colors by contemporary American artists. Mon. through Fri., 9:30 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; through July 2. . . . **PERLS,** 32 E. 58: paintings by French and American artists whose work has been shown at this gallery during the past season. Mon. through Fri., 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.; through July 1. . . . **REHN,** 683 5 Ave., at 54: paintings by Eugene Speicher, Alexander Brook, Charles Burchfield, *and others. Mon. through Fri., 10 A.M. to 5 P.M.;* Sat., 10 A.M. to 12 noon; through July 31. . . . **FERARGIL,** 63 E. 57: paintings and sculptures by a number of established artists in a show sponsored by several leading galleries. Mon. through Fri., 9:30 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; Sat., 9:30 A.M. to 1 P.M.; through June 26. . . . **NATIONAL ACADEMY OF DESIGN,** 1083 5 Ave., at 89: small paintings and sculptures *by members of the Academy. Daily 1 to 5 P.M.;* through June 26. . . . **DOWNTOWN,** 43 E. 51: paintings and sculptures by artists of this gallery. Mon. through Fri., 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.; through June 25.



Alfred H. Maurer—Paintings by an American who, eleven years after his death, is just receiving his due recognition: Buchholz, 32 E. 57. Weekdays 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.; through June 26.

Metropolitan Museum, 5 Ave. at 82—Water colors, from the Index of American Design, of weathervanes, andirons, and other early American metal work, along with examples from the Museum's collection (through July 21); also, American and British cartoons in an exhibition sponsored by the English-Speaking Union (through June 30). Weekdays 10 A.M. to 5 P.M.; Sun., 1 to 6 P.M.

Georgia O'Keeffe—Recent oils in her established style: An American Place, 509 Madison, at 53. Weekdays 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.; Sun., 3 to 6 P.M.; through Sat., June 19.

Three Centuries—From Thomas Gainsborough to Henry Botkin—all in one gallery: Andre Seligmann, 15 E. 57. Mon. through Fri., 9:30 A.M. to 5 P.M.; through June 30.

Stark Young—This writer-artist exhibits his imaginative landscapes and flower paintings; a war-relief benefit: Friends of Greece, 52 E. 57. Thurs. and Fri., 11 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; Sat., 11 A.M. to 5 P.M.; through Sat., June 12.

Young Americans—Abstract works by painters and sculptors under thirty-five: Art of This Century, 30 W. 57. Weekdays 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.; through June 26.

Here and There—At the **CLAY CLUB,** 4 W. 8: carvings of animals, people, and insects by Cleo Hartwig. Mon. through Fri., 2 to 5 and 7 to 10 P.M.; Sat., 2 to 5 P.M.; through June 26. . . . **CARSTAIRS,** 11 E. 57: paintings of prewar France by Lucien Adrion. Mon. through Fri., 9:30 A.M. to 5 P.M.; through Fri., June 18. . . . **NORLYST,** 59 W. 56: paintings, gouaches, engravings, and drawings by Gabor Peterdi. Daily 11 A.M. to 6 P.M.; through Sat., June 12. . . . **BONESTELL,** 18 E. 57: recent oils by Joseph Solman. Daily 10 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; through Sat., June 12. . . . **ASSOCIATED AMERICAN ARTISTS,** 711 5 Ave., at 55: water colors and paintings by Grant Reynard. Weekdays 9 A.M. to 6 P.M.; through Sat., June 19. . . . **KOHN,** 608 5 Ave., at 49: water colors by Abraham Blackman. Mon. through Fri., 9:30 A.M. to 5 P.M.; through Fri., June 18. . . . **MONTROSS,** 785 5 Ave., at 60: oils and water colors by members of this gallery's group. Weekdays 10 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; through June 30. . . . **MIDTOWN,** 605 Madison, at 58: drawings by Emlen Etting of scenes in the Philadelphia Stage Door Canteen. Weekdays 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.; through June 21. . . . **CONTEMPORARY ARTS,** 106 E. 57: oils and water colors by Stephen Csoka, Harry Dix, Briggs Dyer, and others. Weekdays 10 A.M. to 6 P.M. (also Mon. Eve., 8:30 to 10:30); Sun., 2:30 to 5:30 P.M.; through July 15.

MUSIC

Stadium Concerts—Philharmonic-Symphony—Open*ing concerts of the season.* Fritz Reiner conducting, Thurs. through Sat., June 17-19, at 8:30 P.M. Soloists: Artur Rubinstein, June 17; Albert Spalding, June 19. (Lewisohn Stadium, Amsterdam Ave. at 136. AU 3-3400. Midtown ticket office: Steinway Hall, 113 W. 57. CI 7-5534.)

Benefit Concert—Ezio Pinza and Pierre Luboschutz and Genia Nemenoff; for the Junior Officers *Club: Colony* Club, Park *at 62,* Thurs., June 10, at 8:45 P.M. (For tickets, call MU 3-5366.)

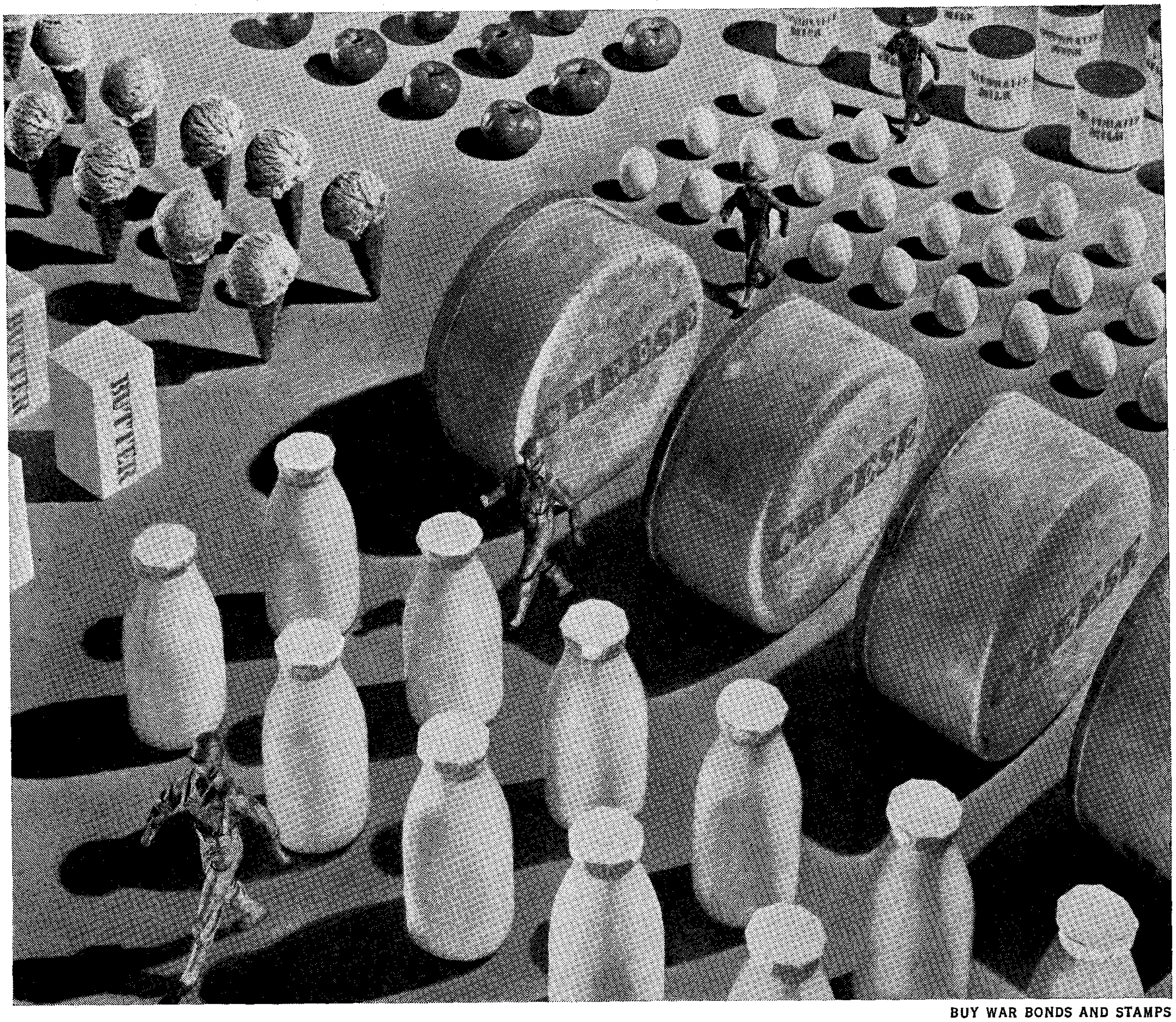
Chorus—The Equitable Life Choral Society, Rudolph C. Praetz conducting: Town Hall (BR 9-9447), Mon., June 14, at 8:30 P.M.

Operatic Concert—"Prince Igor" presented in concert form by the Russian Opera Company: Town Hall (BR 9-9447), Wed., June 16, at 8:30 P.M.

Goldman Band—Opening concerts of the season—Central Park Mall, Wed. and Fri., June 16 and 18, at 8:30 P.M. . . . Prospect Park, Brooklyn, Thurs. and Sat., June 17 and 19, at 8:30 P.M.

OPERA

Rosalinda—The Max Reinhardt version of Strauss's light opera "Die Fledermaus," with a cast made



BUY WAR BONDS AND STAMPS

This army was raised to ATTACK!

Maybe you've never thought of food as an aggressive weapon of war — *but that's what it is today.*

Food fuels the workers who are making tanks, planes and ships to attack the Axis. Food reinforces the soldiers who launch those attacks. *And food will turn neutrals into friends, friends into fighters, as each new front opens up!*

What's more, service men eat 50% more than they did in civil life. Civilians eat more as they work harder for Victory. And that adds up to a huge order for the folks who raise, process, and distribute food — *folks whose war work is as vital as any welder's.* Last year, America's farmers and food processors set new records for production. This year, the need is greater — and the difficulties under which they work are greater, too.

Every patriotic family will have to pitch in and help — by buying wisely and avoiding waste — by gardening and canning—by making the most of basic, balanced foods.

Food is life — food is hope — and America is trustee for much of the world's supply. That's a big responsibility. A share of it falls on us, as processors of nature's most nutritious food — milk — as well as other dairy and food products. We're glad that our experience and organization equip us to make a real contribution.

Dedicated to the wider use and better understanding of dairy products as human food . . . as a base for the development of new products and materials . . . as a source of health and enduring progress on the farms and in the towns and cities of America.

NATIONAL DAIRY
PRODUCTS CORPORATION
AND AFFILIATED COMPANIES

Originators of the Sealtest System of Laboratory Protection

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

THIS LISTING COVERS THE TEN DAYS FROM THURSDAY, JUNE 10, THROUGH SATURDAY, JUNE 19.

up of members of the New Opera Company. (Imperial, 45, W. CO 5-7889. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:40. Mats. Wed. and Sat. at 2:40.)

SPORTS

Baseball—At the POLO GROUNDS: Giants vs. Philadelphia, Sat., June 12, at 2:30 P.M., and Sun., June 13 (doubleheader), at 2:05 P.M.; Giants vs. Dodgers, Tues. through Thurs., June 15-17, at 3 P.M. . . . YANKEE STADIUM: Yankees vs. Boston, Fri., June 18, at 3 P.M., and Sat., June 19, at 2:30 P.M. . . . EBBETS FIELD: Dodgers vs. Boston, Thurs., June 10, at 3 P.M., Sat., June 12, at 2:30 P.M., and Sun., June 13 (doubleheader), at 2:05 P.M.; Dodgers vs. Philadelphia, Fri., June 18, at 3 P.M., and Sat., June 19, at 2:30 P.M.

Boxing—Madison Square Garden: Henry Armstrong vs. Sammy Angott, lightweights, 10 rounds, Fri., June 11. Preliminaries at 8:30 P.M., main bout at 10.

Fencing—National Championships—Foils: women's team, Tues., June 15, at 6:30 P.M., Fencers Club, 320 E. 53; men's individual, Thurs., June 17, at 6:30 P.M., Salle Santelli, 24 University Pl., at 9th St.; women's individual, Fri., June 18, at 6:30 P.M., Salle Santelli. . . . Epées: individual, Wed., June 16, at 6:30 P.M., Salle Santelli. . . . Sabres: individual, semifinals, Sat., June 19, at 2 P.M., Salle Santelli, and finals, Sat., June 19, at 8 P.M., Hotel Pierre, 5 Ave. at 61.

Golf—U. S. Seniors' Annual, Apawamis Club, Rye, N.Y., Thurs. and Fri., June 10-11. . . . Metropolitan Golf Association Amateur-Pro, Forest Hill Field Club, Bloomfield, N.J., Fri., June 11. . . . Metropolitan Golf Association Senior, Garden City Golf Club, Garden City, L.I., Tues., June 15. . . . Invitation Tournament, Cherry Valley Club, Garden City, L.I., Fri. through Sun., June 18-20. . . . Invitation Tournament, Greenwich Country Club, Greenwich, Conn., Sat. and Sun., June 19-20.

Racing—Weekdays at Aqueduct, at 1:30 P.M.; through June 26. (Carter Handicap, Sat., June 12; the Dwyer, Sat., June 19.)

Track and Field—National A.A.U. championships; a benefit for the Army Air Forces Aid Society: Triborough Stadium, Randalls Island, Sat. and Sun., June 19-20, at 2 P.M.

Yachting—Championship races on the Sound: Manhasset Bay Y.C., Sun., June 13, at about 1 P.M.

OTHER EVENTS

Wartime Exhibitions—At the CHRYSLER BLDG., 405 Lexington, at 42: a collection of combat vehicles, artillery, small arms, and bombs, assembled by the Army, of the kinds being used by our forces overseas, as well as booby traps and other equipment captured from the enemy. Weekdays 9 A.M. to 6 P.M.; Sun., 11 A.M. to 7 P.M.; through June 27. . . . ROCKEFELLER PLAZA: the second of a series of outdoor exhibits under the supervision of the Office of War Information, this one showing what America would be like under Axis domination. Daily 9 A.M. to dusk; through July 4. . . . MUSEUM OF SCIENCE AND INDUSTRY, R.C.A. Bldg., Rockefeller Center: an exhibit, sponsored by the National Council of American-Soviet Friendship, of photomurals, examples of lend-lease equipment, and captured German war-trophies. Daily 10 A.M. to 10 P.M.; through July 16. . . . FREEDOM HOUSE, 32 E. 51: a collection of photographs, mostly unpublished, of bombings and other wartime scenes in Great Britain, along with maps and diagrams showing the development of the British Empire. Weekdays 9:30 A.M. to 6 P.M.; through July 31.

Defense Show—The Civilian Defense Volunteer Office presenting a mock air raid, staged by Norman Bel Geddes by means of films, incendiary bombs, and demonstrations by 3,000 volunteer workers: Madison Square Garden, Thurs., June 10, at 8 P.M. For tickets, call PL 5-7301.

Flower Show—A one-day showing of roses and sweet peas: Horticultural Society of New York, 598 Madison, at 57 (16th floor). Wed., June 16, from 2:30 to 5 P.M.

On the Air—"This Is Official," fourth in a series of government wartime broadcasts, Sun., June 13, at 1 P.M., WJZ. . . . Elmer Davis, speaking for the Office of War Information, Fri. Eves. at 10:45 P.M., WABC, WEAF, WJZ, and WQXR. . . . Philharmonic-Symphony, Pierre Monteux conducting, Sun., June 13, at 3 P.M., WABC. . . . Boxing: Henry Armstrong vs. Sammy Angott, Fri., June 11, at 10 P.M., WOR. . . . Racing: from Aqueduct, Carter Handicap, Sat., June 12; the Dwyer, Sat., June 19; at 4:15 P.M., WOR. NEWS COMMENTATORS: Samuel Grafton, Sun. at 7:45 P.M., WOR; John Gunther, Fri. and Sat. at 10 P.M., WJZ; Quincy Howe, Tues., Thurs., and Sat. at 6 P.M., WABC; Waverley Root, nightly at 6:30 P.M., WINS; Lisa Sergio, Mon. through Fri. at 7 P.M., WQXR; Dorothy Thompson, Sun. at 9:45 P.M., WJZ. . . . News from abroad: Mon. through Sat. at 6:45 and Sun. at 2:30 and 5:45 P.M., WABC; Mon. through Fri. at 7:15 P.M., WEAF; and Sun. at 12 noon, WJZ.

Auctions—Parke-Bernet Galleries, 30 E. 57—English and American eighteenth-century furniture, Chinese porcelains, and Renaissance objects of art, owned by the late Gertrude D. Walker and William Hall Walker: Thurs. and Fri., June 10-11, at 2 P.M.

Note—A permanent display of nineteenth-century dolls, doll houses, mechanical banks, and other toys, exhibited in a reconstructed shop of the period, has been opened at the Museum of the City of New York, 5 Ave. at 104. Tues. through Sat., 10 A.M. to 5 P.M.; Sun., 1 to 5 P.M.

MOTION PICTURES

Action in the North Atlantic—A handsome bouquet for the merchant marine, with Humphrey Bogart, Raymond Massey, and Ruth Gordon. (Strand, B'way at 47.)

Air Force—All the action, which is naturally plenty, seen by one imaginary bomber crew over the Pacific in December, 1941. John Garfield and Harry Carey, among others. (Plaza, 58, E. of Madison; through Sun., June 13. . . . Schuyler, Columbus Ave. at 84; Sat. through Tues., June 12-15. . . . Trans-Lux 85th Street, Madison at 85; Sun. through Tues., June 13-15. . . . Gramercy Park, Lexington at 23; Wed. through Sat., June 16-19.)

Bataan—The grimly realistic story of a handful of Americans on a suicide mission. The cast includes Robert Taylor, Thomas Mitchell, and Lloyd Nolan. (Capitol, B'way at 51; through Wed., June 16.)

Desert Victory—A British documentary with a wallop. It shows how Montgomery has spent most of the past year making a monkey out of Rommel. (Gramercy Park, Lexington at 23; through Fri., June 11. . . . 68th Street Playhouse, 3 Ave. at 68; through Wed., June 16. . . . Greenwich, Greenwich Ave. at 12; Sat. through Wed., June 12-16.)

Edge of Darkness—Rip-snorter about sabotage in present-day Norway, notable for the acting in subordinate rôles. The cast includes Errol Flynn, Ann Sheridan, Walter Huston, Ruth Gordon, Judith Anderson, and lots of others. (Palace, B'way at 47; through Wed., June 16.)

Five Graves to Cairo—A lively, if improbable, account of the eviction of the Germans from Egypt, notable for Erich von Stroheim's all-out performance as Rommel. There's also Franchot Tone, Anne Baxter, and Akim Tamiroff. (Paramount, B'way at 43.)

Hangmen Also Die—Fancy guesswork as to what may have happened when Heydrich the Hangman was assassinated in Czechoslovakia. The cast includes Brian Donlevy, Walter Brennan, and Anna Lee. (Stoddard, B'way at 90; through Wed., June 16. . . . Loew's 86th Street, 3 Ave. at 86; Sat. through Mon., June 12-14. . . . Plaza, 58, E. of Madison; Mon. and Tues., June 14-15. . . . 8th Street Playhouse, 52 W. 8; Tues. through Thurs., June 15-17. . . . Terrace, 9 Ave. at 23; Tues. through Sat., June 15-19.)

The Human Comedy—William Saroyan's disregard of form turns out very nicely in the movies, although his heavy optimism doesn't always. Mickey Rooney, Frank Morgan, and Jack Jenkins. (Astor, B'way at 45.)

Keeper of the Flame—Thoughtful and exciting film concerning concealed Fascism in America, with Spencer Tracy and Katharine Hepburn. (Carlton, B'way at 100; through Mon., June 14. . . . 77th Street, B'way at 77; through Wed., June 16. . . . Gramercy Park, Lexington at 23; Sat. through Tues., June 12-15.)

Mission to Moscow—The case for Russia is presented with a great deal of ineptitude in this screening of Mr. Davies' book, but it's a strong-enough case to stand up by itself. Walter Huston, Oscar Homolka, and Ann Harding play some of the important people involved. (Hollywood, B'way at 51.)

The More the Merrier—The bright side of housing difficulties in Washington, with Jean Arthur, Joel McCrea, and Charles Coburn. (Radio City Music Hall, 6 Ave. at 50.)

Saludos Amigos—An erratic Disney, most of it good, about South America. Featuring Donald Duck and others. (68th Street Playhouse, 3 Ave. at 68; through Wed., June 16.)

This Land Is Mine—Just about the definitive picture of life in an occupied country, with Charles Laughton, Walter Slezak, Maureen O'Hara, George Sanders, and Kent Smith. (Rivoli, B'way at 49, tentative.)

The Young Mr. Pitt—Isolationism, economic problems, and some fine flights of rhetoric in England under Pitt the Younger. With Robert Donat and Robert Morley. (Schuyler, Columbus Ave. at 84; through Fri., June 11.)

REVIVALS

Cavalcade (1933)—Noel Coward's account of England during two wars. Diana Wynyard and Clive Brook. (Thalia, B'way at 95; Thurs., June 10.)

Courrier de Lyon (1938)—Eighteenth-century highway robbery. In French. (5th Avenue Playhouse, 5 Ave. at 12; Thurs., June 10.)

The Earl of Chicago (1940)—American gunmen and British aristocracy. With Robert Montgomery. (Sutton, 3 Ave. at 57; Tues. and Wed., June 15-16.)

The Ghost Goes West (1935)—A Scottish castle moved to America. Robert Donat in a René Clair film. (Little Carnegie, 146 W. 57.)

Gone with the Wind (1939)—Almost four hours of Vivien Leigh, Clark Gable, and thousands of others, in case you've forgotten. (Art, 36 E. 8; Thurs., June 10.)

The Grapes of Wrath (1940)—John Ford's version of the Steinbeck novel about the Okies, with Henry Fonda. (Park, at Columbus Circle; Wed. through Fri., June 16-18.)

The Great McGinty (1940)—Brian Donlevy as a crooked politician. With Muriel Angelus. (Art, 36 E. 8; Sun. through Tues., June 13-15.)

Hold Back the Dawn (1941)—Immigration problems in a Mexican border town. Olivia de Havilland, Charles Boyer, and Paulette Goddard. (Thalia, B'way at 95; Thurs., June 10.)

Jamaica Inn (1939)—Charles Laughton in the Daphne du Maurier romance, directed by Alfred Hitchcock. (Normandie, Park at 53; Mon. and Tues., June 14-15.)

Joy of Living (1938)—Kern tunes, comedy, Irene Dunne, and Douglas Fairbanks, Jr. (Trans-Lux 85th Street, Madison at 85; Thurs., June 10.)

The Lady Eve (1941)—A Preston Sturges film, with Barbara Stanwyck and Henry Fonda as a heartless siren and a millionaire boob. (Art, 36 E. 8; Fri. and Sat., June 11-12.)

The Scarlet Pimpernel (1935)—Leslie Howard and Merle Oberon in the French Revolution. (Little Carnegie, 146 W. 57.)

Stand-in (1937)—Hollywood satire. Joan Blondell and Leslie Howard. (Park, at Columbus Circle; Wed. through Fri., June 16-18.)

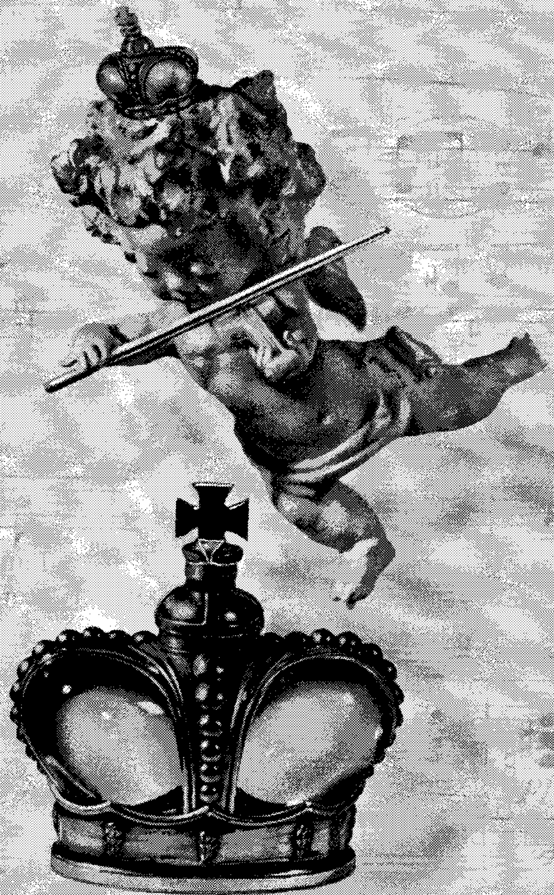
Storm in a Teacup (1938)—A Scottish village and some dogs in a British comedy. Vivien Leigh, Rex Harrison, and Sara Allgood. (Thalia, B'way at 95; Tues. through Thurs., June 15-17.)

Sullivan's Travels (1942)—Joel McCrea and Veronica Lake in a Preston Sturges comedy. (Art, 36 E. 8; Wed. and Thurs., June 16-17.)

Theodora Goes Wild (1936)—A lady writes a best-seller. Irene Dunne and Melvyn Douglas. (Schuyler, Columbus Ave. at 84; Wed. and Thurs., June 16-17.)

When Tomorrow Comes (1939)—Irene Dunne and Charles Boyer mixed up with labor problems and hurricanes. (Trans-Lux 52nd Street, Lexington at 52; Thurs., June 10.)

Note—The Museum of Modern Art, 11 W. 53, is showing motion pictures weekdays at 3 and 5:30 P.M. and Sun. at 1:20, 3:30, and 5:30 P.M. on the following schedule—**THROUGH SAT., JUNE 12:** a selection of short musical films with such artists as José Iturbi, Emanuel Feuermann, and Vitya Vronsky and Victor Babin. . . . **SUN. THROUGH SAT., JUNE 13-19:** four German propaganda films (1934-1940).



Stradivari

I Love Thee . . . treasured words whispered in the still of starlight . . . an enchanted moment caught in a memory and captured forever by Prince Matchabelli in golden drops of Stradivari—a fragrance rich and mellow as a note from the heart of a throbbing violin. Stradivari in famous gold-encrusted Prince Matchabelli Crowns

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Prince Matchabelli

711 FIFTH AVENUE, NEW YORK

We were willing and able to take *TOUGH JOBS*

NEARLY EVERYBODY seems to know that the Chrysler Corporation makes Army tanks and that those tanks give a good account of themselves in battle, throughout the world.

For well over a year these big fighting machines have been produced in ever increasing quantities, but they are, after all, only a part of the total war production of this corporation.

"GUNS AND CANNON FOR ATTACK AND DEFENSE"

That total war production includes twenty-one distinctly military products.

For the soldier we not only make tanks in which he engages the enemy in battle; we also make the trucks and combat vehicles which haul him and his equipment about. We make the stoves that heat his tents and barracks and the field kitchens on which his meals are cooked. We make refrigeration units which preserve his food in camp and in the field. We make the ammunition to defend him and the guns and cannon with which to shoot the ammunition.

"GYRO-COMPASSES FOR THE NAVY AND MERCHANT MARINE"

For the Air Service we make bomber fuselages for the Army, and major bomber sections for the Navy. We make landing gear for planes. In Chicago we are just completing a very large plant to make big airplane engines for long range bombers. We make the bomb racks to carry the bomb loads of the planes. We are making thousands upon thousands of Duralumin forgings and castings for all types of aircraft purposes.

"COMBAT CARS TO HAUL MEN AND EQUIPMENT INTO BATTLE"

For the Navy we are making vital parts of searchlights that the Navy uses to spot its targets. We are making the gyroscopic compasses that steer the ships of the Navy and Merchant Marine. We make pontoons for lighterage and for the raising of ships that have been sunk. We make both pusher and puller types of tugs which are used all over the world from Iceland to Guadalcanal, on the rivers of South America, India and Russia. We make thousands of marine engines for many purposes—some of them for commando boats and things of that nature.

"BIG AIRPLANE ENGINES FOR LONG RANGE BOMBERS"

When we saw the war coming we knew that it would be a mechanical war and that no concern the size of the Chrysler Corporation would remain out of the picture.

We felt that institutions like ours should hold themselves free and in readiness to take tough jobs—those things that require intense cooperation on the part of scientists, metallurgists, engineers; the volume jobs that require intimate knowledge of the tooling and mechanical processes necessary to make duplicate equipment in large volume.

Today finds us employing over eight thousand subcontractors. Fifty-eight cents of every dollar we receive for our war effort is passed on to somebody else who supplies us services, materials or parts. We are not only prime contractors ourselves, but we are also subcontractors for a number of other companies, ranging from such concerns as General Electric and Westinghouse, employing great numbers of people, to small and remote outfits of a few hundred men.

"THE MARINE ENGINES FOR COMBAT AND COMMANDO BOATS"

Many people ask "What about your post-war plans?" Our only plan is the present urgent one to win the war and win it quick. For every moment that we can shorten this war we feel that, as a people, we are lucky, and, as a Nation, fortunate.

Of course we think that after the war people will be driving automobiles and eating bananas, washing their clothes, wearing shoes, and that the styles of ladies' hats will change. We feel that business is an economic thing and that it tends to follow cycles. We think that if we keep our minds on the fact that we are sailing a boat on an economic sea, and that if we sail it according to the charts and the weather, and to the conditions we find, that this Nation can go into its post-war effort with the same enthusiasm and the same desire to do a service to our 135 million people that is now being exhibited in this all-out war effort.

K T Keller

President, Chrysler Corporation

[WAR BONDS ARE YOUR PERSONAL INVESTMENT IN VICTORY]

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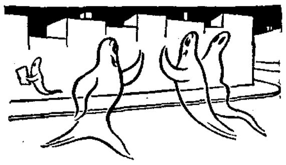
Divisions of CHRYSLER CORPORATION

THE NEW YORKER

THE TALK OF THE TOWN

Notes and Comment

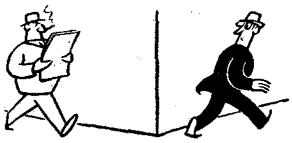
WE sat out last week's hot evenings, lolling untidily in our back yard, drinking inferior Scotch whiskey, and considering the immediate future of the American civilian. We concluded that the civilian economic structure will collapse on or about August 15th, and that this will be fine. When we say the economic structure will collapse, we mean that nothing much in a civilian's life will be predictable, or even probable. Everything will be a rather pleasant blur. What we eat and drink, what we wear, whether we move from one place to another—everything will be a matter of the wildest hazard. The furtive couple will be unable to get a train to Atlantic City, because of troop movements, and will wind up sitting sulkily in a Trans-Lux. The man who leaves his apartment intending to hail a cab and go to the Oak Room for a chop may equally well wind up in a spaghetti bar, having travelled there by crosstown bus. And we will be unravelled emotionally as well as economically. If we are any judge, the war will have been successfully extended to Europe by that time, but the terrible joys of victory are not for the noncombatant. As we read the good news in the afternoon paper (provided there is an afternoon paper, and somebody to bring it to us), we will rejoice only dimly, like a ghost, and as we venture out at dusk to see what we can find to eat, we will nod with remote good humor at the other ghosts flitting along the deserted streets.



We chose August 15th as the deadline for civilian enterprise after a conversation with our vintner, who said we'd be surprised, really surprised, at what we'd find ourself drinking next fall.

WE disagree with the Pennsylvania State Supreme Court, which has decided that a teacher may be dismissed as incompetent when she has a baby. Teachers, it seems to us, owe it to themselves and to their pupils to have babies at any time, thus giving expression to their passionate and creative natures. A good many of the dead spots in elementary education are caused by the unfertilized female, who brings on a drought in her classroom comparable to her own inward dryness. Not all spinsters are tense and stuffy, but a lot of them are, and the teaching in the lower grades shows it. Mrs. Brown, the mother in the Bethlehem Baby Case, was dismissed as "incompetent." A parent ourself, we resent the notion that incompetency begins with parenthood. The opposite is nearer the truth. Our own competency dates from the birth of our child; from that day forth we have been able to handle whatever came along and to instruct anybody in any subject, easily and competently.

WITH the same idle instinct for accumulation displayed by the pack rat and the common crow, we have been collecting the excuses offered by draft evaders. One man, for example, told the F.B.I. that he hadn't registered because "the United States don't need me to win." Another failed to register because he didn't think the Army would accept his terms, which included a service period of two years only, and a man from Brooklyn maintained that he hadn't heard about the war and had been wondering why so many men were in uniform. One man registered with four boards under four different names and became delinquent with all of them, his excuse being that he had been trying to avoid his two wives. A somewhat complacent citizen explained his refusal to report for a medical reëxamination on the ground that he was perfectly satisfied with his 4-F rating, and another objected to his 7 A.M. appointment for a screening as being too early. One particularly listless type reported that his health was too poor to stand the strain of being examined, or even of filling out a questionnaire. A man the F.B.I. had been unable to locate for months claimed that he had been dodging bill collectors and that a detective school he attended had taught him to change his name and move frequently as a "disguise." One fellow failed to report simply because he could not trust the Army to stop his hair from thinning, and another felt obliged to avoid the draft because of a mythical wife and two children he had invented to escape income taxes. The Axis had better not try to draw conclusions from any of this. There are at least ten million healthy American males who have no more than one wife apiece, at the outside, and who haven't gone to detective school.



THE magazines *Time* and *Fortune*, we have just learned, have an official postwar world planner, a Mr. John K. Jessup, and he recently antagonized most of China by suggesting that Formosa, which the Chinese rightly regard as their own, be put under an international mandate after the war. We would like to go on record with the fact that we have an official postwar planner too, a Mr. Tilley, and that he recently told us about one of his plans, which involves ceding the Time and Life Building (it also contains *Fortune*) to China after the war, in exchange for Formosa and an old jade inkwell, and henceforth publishing all three magazines in Mandarin Chinese, on rice paper. We tried to sound Tilley out on other postwar plans, but he ducked out of the office.

Brakelady

WITHOUT committing ourself to any extensive coverage of the girls-in-men's-jobs situation, we have decided upon a piece about a girl brakeman whom we met through the courtesy of the Pennsylvania Railroad. She is Miss Helen Eppinette, a mighty cute little thing with a Southern accent and a pageboy bob. These attributes are in no wise essential to her job, since the railroad company asked merely that its female brakemen be between twenty-one and forty-five, weigh between one-twenty and one-sixty, be at least five feet five tall, and have a high-school education. Miss Eppinette comes from Winnsboro, a hamlet in Lou'siana. She left there a few years after graduating from high school and went to work in the Union Station in Washington, D.C., as a ticket seller. She thinks her present job is much more fun. For one thing, the uniform is undeniably snappy. "Every so often lady passengers who are in the Waacs or Waves or the Red Cross ask me where I got it and how I keep it so neat," she told us, a trifle smugly, we thought. She's had some hat trouble. For one thing, her present hat is her second, the first one having blown off in the tunnel into New York from New Jersey, which is windy. What with her pageboy bob, the second hat has a tendency to blow off, too. "I think I'm going to start using a hatpin," she told us. For another thing, her hat has "Trainman" on it, and some people kid her about that.

Along with six other girl candidates for brakemen's jobs, Miss Eppinette took a two weeks' course at the Pennsylvania divisional office in Jersey City. A good deal of her training consisted in learning to tell one kind of ticket from another—commutation, furlough, one-way, and so on. "I had to learn all the rules of the railroad, too," she said. "There's a rule to cover everything that could happen on the Pennsylvania." After a short period under the supervision of a veteran brakeman, she was put on her own, on Jersey locals running in and out of the Pennsylvania Station. The first day she created some confusion by taking up a number of tickets she should merely have punched, but the conductor managed to get this straightened out. It is now impossible to confuse Miss Eppinette in the matter of tickets. Sometimes prankish men give her bus tickets or other extraneous pieces of paper, but she just smiles and gives them back.

Be it noted that Miss Eppinette is not a rear-end brakeman—that is, she does no signalling with lanterns, puts no torpedoes on the track when the train makes an emergency stop, and never gives the engineer the go-ahead. She deals exclusively with tickets and passengers—calls stations, helps old people and mothers with small children, and so on. Sometimes quite hale male passengers insist on her helping them out with their baggage. "Cute!" Miss Eppinette remarked. Her earnings are figured by mileage, and she averages about two hundred dollars a month. She is sometimes asked to work nights and she has no objection to this. "I love trains," she told us. "You're always going someplace and you're always meeting different people." We asked if she was going to get a big Hamilton on a chain, to replace the tiny wristwatch she wore. "This keeps *perfect* time," she said tartly. Not quite a seasoned railroad woman yet, you see.

Third Avenue Scene

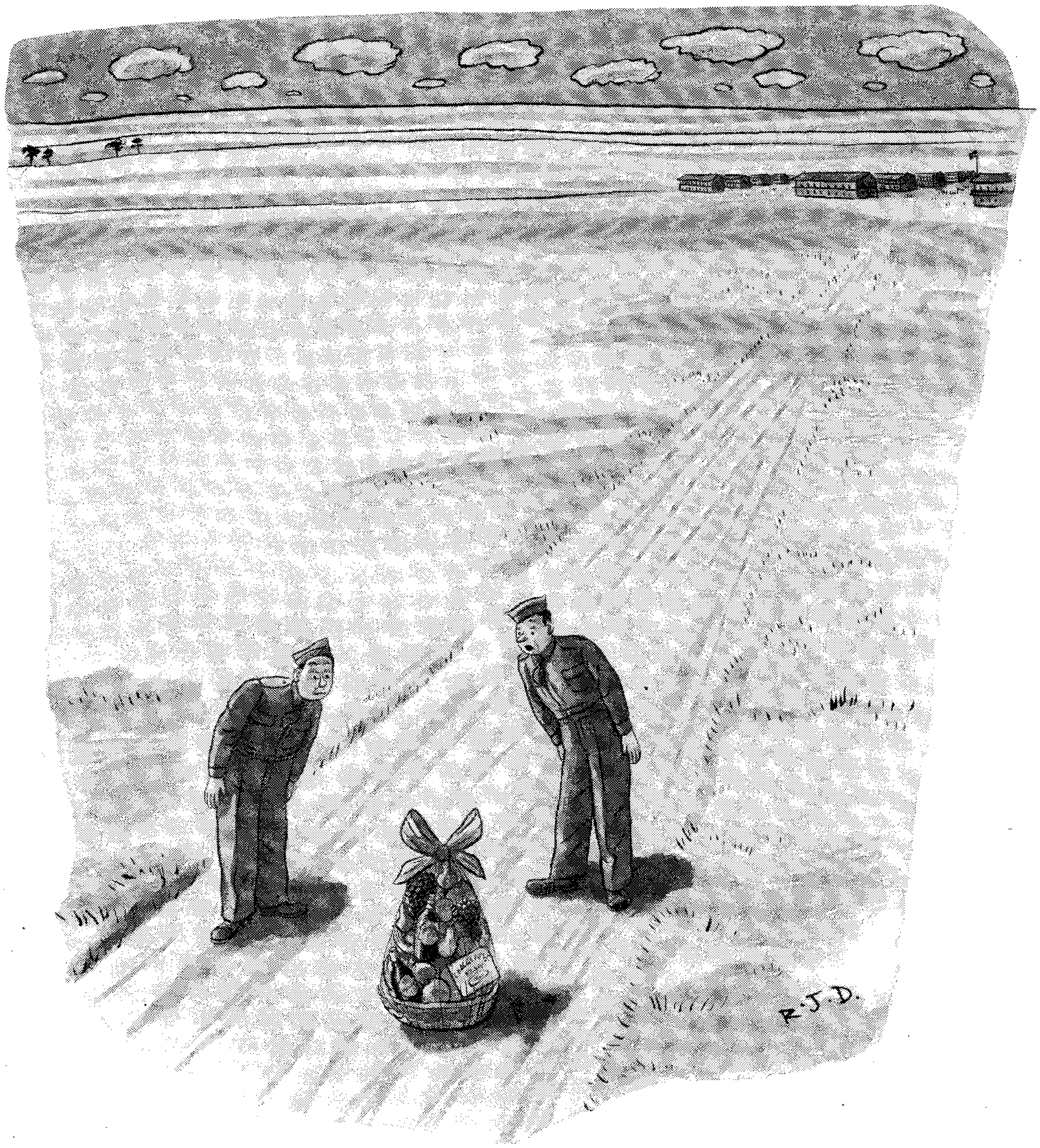
NO doubt about it, more things happen along Third Avenue than are dreamed of on Lexington or Park. For instance, the gentleman we saw striding out of a saloon the other evening, obviously the victim of an unforgivable insult. He carried a full highball glass. Turning back toward the saloon, he shouted to somebody within, "All right! O.K., if that's the way you feel about it!" Then he went across the avenue, walking carefully so as not to spill his drink, entered another saloon, put the highball down on the bar, and placed his chin on his hand, a man alone with his memories. Nobody in the new place showed any surprise; after all, this was Third Avenue.

Alert Louie

LOUIS ROSENBERG is a man recently described by the *Times*, in an uncharacteristic lapse in grammar, as "one of those fortunate people who finds things." The occasion was Mr. Rosenberg's finding ten one-thousand-dollar bonds on a Madison Avenue bus; the story went on to say that Rosenberg had returned the bonds to their owner and received a reward of one hundred dollars and that he had, over the years, been the finder of other parcels of bonds and money. Rosenberg, with whom we have been in touch, is a genial, baldish fellow with eyeglasses and a cigar, an advertising man. "I find things all the time, almost every day," he told us. "My friends call me Lucky Louie, but this is a minor error. I am only what you may call alert. 'Don't call me Lucky Louie, call me Alert Louie,' I tell them." He was on his way uptown to keep a luncheon appointment with his daughter, Doris, who works at Jay-Thorpe's, when he found the bonds. "Around Forty-fourth Street I looked down at the seat beside me," he recalled, "and there was a package wrapped in dark blue paper. I will be quite frank and honest with you—I did not at first think of thousand-dollar bonds. I thought to myself: that looks like two pairs of ladies' gloves, or three neckties."

Finding, upon closer inspection, that he was *not* dealing with two pairs of ladies' gloves or three neckties, Rosenberg that afternoon telephoned the Prudence Bonds Corporation, which had issued the bonds, and learned from it the address of the owner, a Mrs. Reilly, up on East Ninety-third Street. He then called Mrs. Reilly, found that she was out for the afternoon, and left word that the bonds were safe. At six o'clock he presented himself at the address he had been given. "They had the whole floor of an apartment building," he told us. "Think of that. There was an old gentleman sitting there in a chair. 'Who are you?' he asked me. 'I am the man that found the bonds,' I told him. 'What bonds?' he said. Then he called into another room, 'Dear, did you lose any bonds?' A little old lady who must have been seventy years old came out. 'Oh, yes,' she said, real casual. 'I *did* lose some bonds this afternoon, on a bus or somewhere. I guess this man has found them.' So then I gave her the bonds, and the old fellow stood up and took his hand out of his pocket with a roll of bills as big as a cabbage. He gave me the top bill, and I didn't look at it until I was down on the street. It was a hundred dollars."

This experience stacks up very favorably against Rosenberg's experience with his second biggest find, which was a packet of Liberty Bonds—five thousand dollars' worth—that popped up beside him twenty-five years ago on an I.R.T. subway train near the Seventy-ninth Street station. The package bore the name of a downtown brokerage house. Rosenberg trotted right down there and handed over the bonds, but nobody even said thank you. "I remember *that* distinctly," he says. Rosenberg made his first major find at the age of thirteen, when he was working for one of the big department stores. He was rushing some advertising copy down to the old *World* on a snowy Christmas Eve (really) and, just outside the newspaper office, picked up a wallet containing three hundred dollars; there was nothing in the wallet to identify the owner, so he kept the dough. Whenever possible, he returns what he finds. Once, for example, he travelled all the way up to the Bronx to return a purse containing three dollars to its owner, a Macy's salesgirl. Rosenberg has a box of small change—about seventy-five pieces—which he has picked up. "I found ten dollars once at Sixth Avenue and Forty-third Street," he told us, "five dollars at Broadway and Eighth Avenue, five dollars at Madison and Twenty-third Street, and a lot of other five-dollar bills I can't remember, even. The dollar bills I will not even mention." Once he dropped a diamond ring while sitting in a theatre. Not wishing to distract a juggler who was just reaching his climax, he quietly figured out which direction the ring must have rolled, crawled that way in the dark, and put his hand on it first try. Also, while we're on the subject of Rosenberg's good luck, he knew both Anna Held and Lillian Russell in their heydays. A rich life.



"But who'd plant a booby trap away out here in Iowa?"

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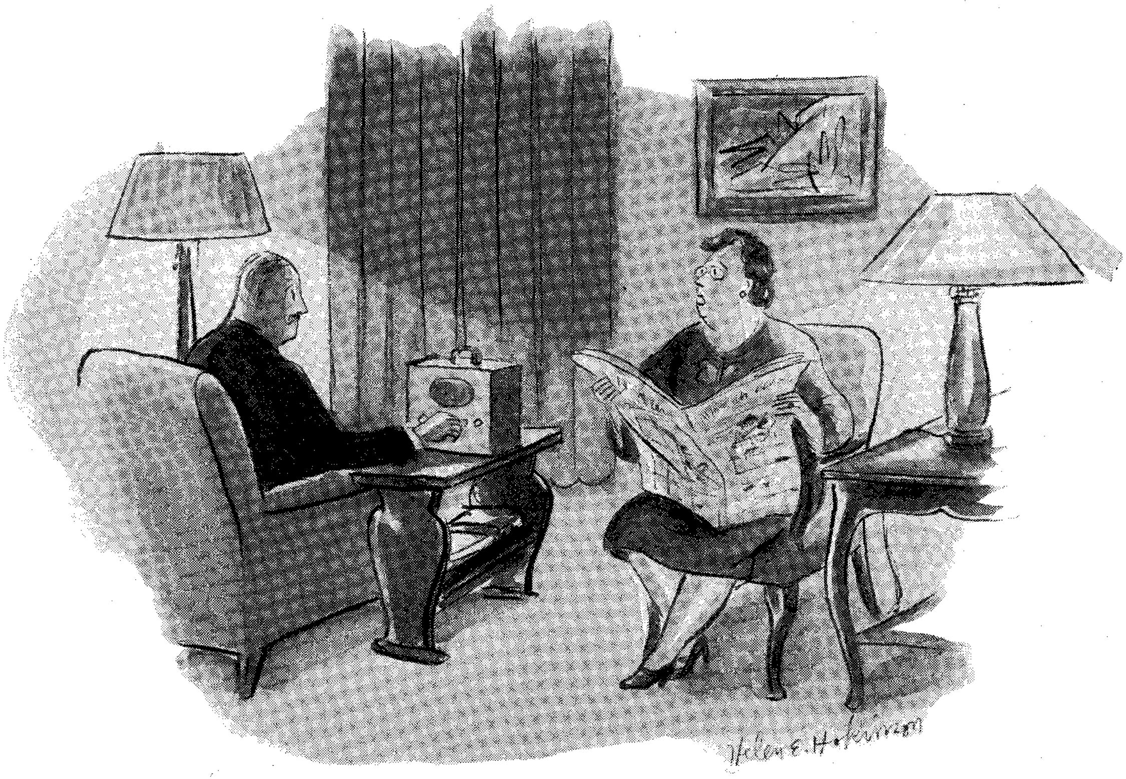
Coöperative

PEOPLE who live in big apartment buildings are so used to manpower-shortage help that they hardly think of it any more. A friend of ours, bound for the fifteenth floor in an elevator piloted by a heavily mustached old fellow who obviously had few flying hours to his credit, was, however, a little startled when the operator, after missing the floor a couple of times, stepped away from the controls and said, "Here, *you* try it, Mister."

Ration Banking

HEREWITH a conscientious report on what becomes of ration stamps. Until four months ago, what dealers had to go through with the stamps shouldn't happen to a dog: the corner grocer who wished to put fifty pounds of sugar on his shelves would have to count out into the hot hand of the wholesaler the stamps he had taken in from customers, the wholesaler would have to go through the same procedure in order to buy from the refiner, and the refiner had to turn over to the OPA all the stamps he took in, as evidence that he wasn't operating in the black market. This made everybody tired and cross. Then somebody in the OPA realized that, since ration stamps are a form of currency, they might logically be handled by banks. Late in January, after a period of experiment with the banks and dealers of upstate New York, the banking plan was put into effect all over the country. Now everybody's happy, or, at any rate, less unhappy, with the possible exception of the banks.

The retailer deposits with his bank all the ration stamps he takes in, and the bank sends him a monthly statement informing him how he stands, just as it sends him his monthly bank balance. There is a separate account for each rationed category; a grocer, for instance, has accounts for sugar, processed foods,



"Oh dear, if only Mr. Dies would be willing to wink at Russia!"

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coffee, and meat. After the bank receives the stamps from the retailer and completes its bookkeeping, the stamps are destroyed. The retailer pays the wholesaler with a ration check, and so on up the ladder to the producer, who makes his check payable to the OPA. A ration-banking check looks pretty much like an ordinary check, being numbered, dated, and signed in the same way. The checks go through the country's various clearing houses, where they are sorted and, in some instances, recorded on microfilm. From there they go to the bank of origin for cancellation, and thence back to the maker with his monthly statement.

Ration checks aren't negotiable among retailers or wholesalers and cannot be used except for the purchase of the rationed commodity in question. Rubber checks are honored and all overdrafts are reported at once to the OPA, which handles the matter. If it is a small overdraft, and the result of a bookkeeping error, the OPA just overlooks it. However, one local retailer who overdrew his account to the amount of 189,000 points lost all his ration books and had to suspend operations. The OPA pays the banks enough to cover the expense of handling the stamps, but naturally does not feel that they're entitled to a profit. A bank gets thirty cents for the first ration account a dealer opens and five cents for each additional account. The OPA pays the bank five cents for each deposit and four cents for each check drawn. The bank can also put in for the wages of people who work on ration accounts, depreciation of machinery, etc. It's big, if unprofitable, business, with four billion stamps changing hands every month. The Manufacturers Trust Company does the largest ration banking business in town and has had to take extra space in another building near its main office and hire and train a vast number of feminine workers. Its daily movement of meat points alone amounts to twenty-five million in deposits and fifteen million in withdrawals; the discrepancy, which has been fairly constant of late, reflects the sad fact that meat-ration stamps are that much more plentiful than meat. The OPA has just taken up some of this slack by raising the number of points necessary to buy certain kinds of meat.

Heretofore there has been a terrific amount of counting of ration stamps, but a new system is going into effect soon, adopted from the English, who found that it is possible to get a pretty accurate count of the number of points in a mass of stamps by weighing them. The OPA's local headquarters plans to test by weight samples of the total intake of the banks, allowing a fixed (but secret) margin for moisture content, human error, and so on.

Banks, on the whole, have found that destroying ration coupons isn't as simple as it might seem at first. Some of the banks have installed pulverizing machines and are turning a penny or two by selling the resulting mass to makers of cardboard cartons. Many of the banks clogged the grates of their furnaces by cremating stamps. One bank we've heard of started out burning them in a special furnace intended for the destruction of old bills, bonds, and the like. The officials finally noticed that, on the days they burned coupons, a strange elation spread over the neighborhood and the streets were crowded with housewives hurrying about with market baskets. It turned out that lots of the stamps were being swept up the chimney and were floating down to the street, like manna.

Communication

ONE of the great human documents of our time has disappeared into a wastepaper basket in Washington. We are referring to the letter that had unquestionably been enclosed in an envelope found on the floor in a government bureau. The girl who found it looked for the letter, but it was gone. The envelope, which we have before us, is addressed thus:

Uncle Sam
% Labor Union
Washington, D. C.

McCarthy

WE spent part of last Thursday afternoon in St. James, Long Island, talking with a sturdy Irish gent named Joseph McCarthy and with his son, Joseph McCarthy II. The subject of our conversation was Joseph McCarthy III, who has been in the newspapers a good deal of late; he's the Flight Officer McCarthy who participated in the highly successful raid on the

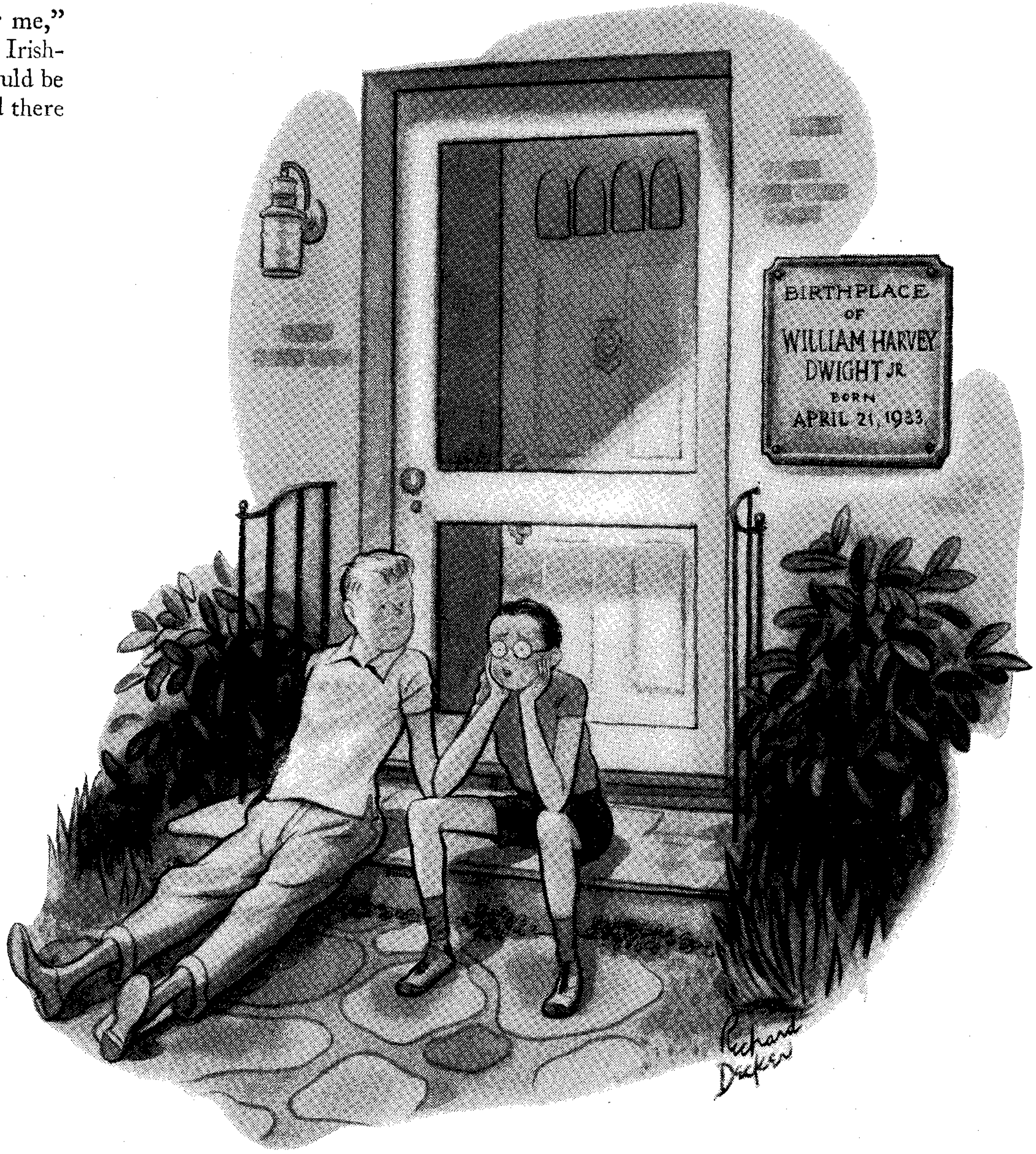
Ruhr dams and was afterward awarded the D.S.O. He's the only American ever to win this honor in the R.C.A.F. The two older McCarthys and young Joseph's grandmother live in an informal-looking house which stands on three acres next to a big estate. As usually happens, they got the first news of McCarthy's distinction from a newspaperman. "Fellow on the *Journal-American* called up and wanted to know what did Sonny eat for breakfast," Sonny's father told us.

Being Irish, the family is articulate, to say the least, and we got a pretty good picture of Joseph III. He's twenty-three years old, stands six feet three inches, and when he left home weighed two hundred and nineteen pounds, twenty of which he had lost, at last reports. He stood out in the family as someone with relatively little to say for himself. "Sometimes it would bother me," his father said. " 'What kind of an Irishman is this?' I would say. We would be shouting and gabbing around, and there would be Sonny just making his model airplanes." He was brought up in the Bronx. His father was a fireman with Hook and Ladder Number 42, on Prospect Avenue, and his grandfather was a deputy sheriff of Bronx County. A couple of years ago both older men just decided to retire and live in the country. Flight Officer McCarthy has a younger brother, Frank, who is a fireman on an aircraft carrier.

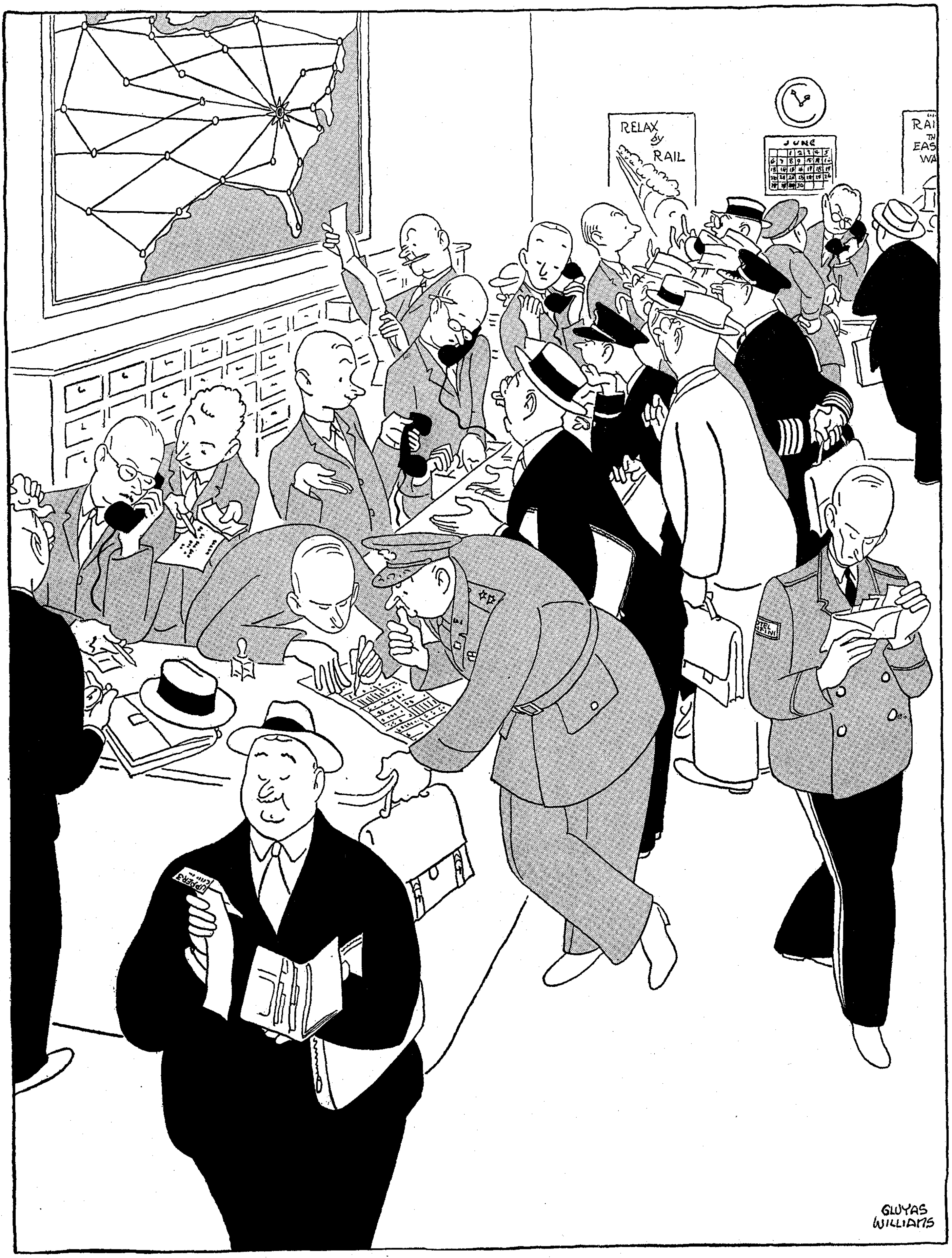
Aviation came into McCarthy's life early—when he was seven years old, in fact. The family was staying for a while in Armonk, and he came home one day with the news that he had gone up with a barnstormer. " 'Hell to God, are you crazy?' I asked him. I guess it didn't do any good, because every time after that he got a chance, he did it again," McCarthy's father told us. In high school, McCarthy began to show promise as a swimmer. He won about twenty medals, which are now kept in a cardboard box, and his coach talked of the Olympics. After going through the model-plane phase, McCarthy began to tinker with automobile engines. Then he decided to be a lawyer, and to that end enrolled at Fordham. He quit after his first year. He went to work as a lifeguard at Orchard Beach, and, in the fall, joined up with a professional football club called the Paterson Silk Sox. Then, in 1941, he tried to get into one of our air forces. They turned him down, missing what would have turned out to be a bargain, on the ground of insufficient education. This, peculiarly enough, was the reason his father hadn't been able to get into the R.A.F. early in 1917 and wound up as a quartermaster, first class, in our naval air forces. Anyway, McCarthy was trained in Canada for seven months and went abroad in December of 1941. His letters have been somewhat uncommunicative, though one told about flying so low over Berlin that he caught the eye of a man standing in front of a locked-up beer garden. Recently McCarthy wrote and asked his grandmother to send him her recipe for cherry pie. From this the family deduces that he has made contact in England with a girl who knows how to bake pies.

Stranger

A COOL and suavely dressed matron got on a crosstown bus the other morning and started off wrong by offering the driver a ten-dollar bill. Then, when she finally managed to dredge a nickel up out of her bag, she didn't know where to put it. It hardly came as a surprise when she confided to the driver, "I've never been in one of these before, you know." Looking indifferently at this lamb sacrificed on the altar of civilian shortages, the driver said, "We ain't missed you none, lady."



"Gee, sometimes I get sort of scared. It's going to be a terrible blow to my folks if I flop."


RELAX by RAIL
JUNE
RAI
TH
EAS
WA
UPPERS
GLUYAS WILLIAMS

THE NATIONAL CAPITAL

City Ticket Office

BOW TO THE RISING SUN

"SOME girls," said Miss Doris Butt, assistant to Mr. Caldecott of the Long Twizzel, Dorsetshire, Fuel Control Office, "would get married right away and start a baby. Not that I should find it so difficult, but I'm not the sort of girl that would. I shouldn't feel it right, somehow. Would you, Mrs. Stanley?"

The older woman murmured that she wouldn't, and went on searching through the file labelled "Memos from Ministry."

"Though, of course, it wouldn't apply to you, would it?" Miss Butt said.

Again the older woman murmured her agreement. At 9 A.M. she had become a clerk. It was now noon, and it seemed to her that during the last three hours she had gained considerable insight into Miss Butt's private life but regrettably little into the running of the Fuel Control Office.

"No, of course not," Miss Butt said. "For one thing, you're married already, and for another you're over the age. Can't you find it?"

"It doesn't seem to be here," Mrs. Stanley said.

"Never mind. Maybe it isn't. Maybe I put it into 'Pending.' Dear, dear, I'm afraid you'll be rather lost without me. But you won't be the only one. Poor Mr. Caldecott, he'll be quite a lost soul, really. You see, he depends so much. Of course, it isn't as though I were going into the Ats. When Mr. Caldecott called me in and told me that, try as he would, he really couldn't get me deferred again, he said to me, 'Now, on no account, Miss Butt, are you to worry. I'll see you don't get sent into the Ats.' And I said to him, 'No, indeed, Mr. Caldecott. I'm sure you couldn't bear to think of my legs in khaki stockings.' Of course, you see, having worked for him so long, I can say that sort of thing to him. It cheers him up, I daresay. I expect he'll miss me. I'm always so bright, you see. A smile for everything and everyone. Besides, I understand him. Still, it's got to be. My King and country want me. That's what they said in the last war, isn't it?"

"Yes," said Mrs. Stanley.

"Those last-war songs are having quite a comeback, aren't they? They're a bit hymny, but swinging them puts more life into them, doesn't it? I can't abide anything without life in it. I suppose you can remember the last war quite well? And I wasn't even born then. Somehow, it seems funny, doesn't it?"

"Is this it?" Mrs. Stanley asked, handing her a mimeographed sheet.

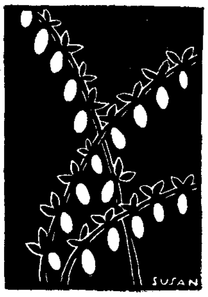
"Yes, that's it. That's what you've got to go by now. So you'd better cast your eye over it."

Mrs. Stanley began to read. Miss Butt began to sing. Her voice had an appealing, youthful roughness. Like the fubsy down on young bracken shoots, thought Mrs. Stanley, trying to concentrate on Kitchen Nuts and Bath and Bristol Coke.

"Then there's anthracite," Miss Butt said. "Anthracite's tricky."

"Why?" Mrs. Stanley asked.

"Well, you see, it's mostly the better people who want it. People with furnaces, and they generally leave it to the last moment and then come in about it. I've got a list of them somewhere, but I expect I've mislaid it. You see, I know them so well. There's Miss Stebbins and the Reverend Cash and Miss Rylands—oh, she's a nuisance, that Miss Rylands! Comes in covered with shopping and says, 'Where's the Fuel Controller? I want to see him personally.' And poor Mr. Caldecott, he absolutely dreads the sight of her, and I have to invent no end of excuses. Mrs. Grandison—she's nice, she is; old Colonel Prowse, Viscount Abington, Mr. Hume-Pinney. Oh dear, what a shock it will be to them when they come in expecting to see me and find you! Lots of them bring me flowers. They know I'm so passionately devoted to flowers. But Mrs. Grandison generally brings eggs. Well, I suppose you've read all that by now. Now you might as well enter these up. It'll all help to give you an idea of the hang of things." Miss Butt leaned back and began to polish her nails.



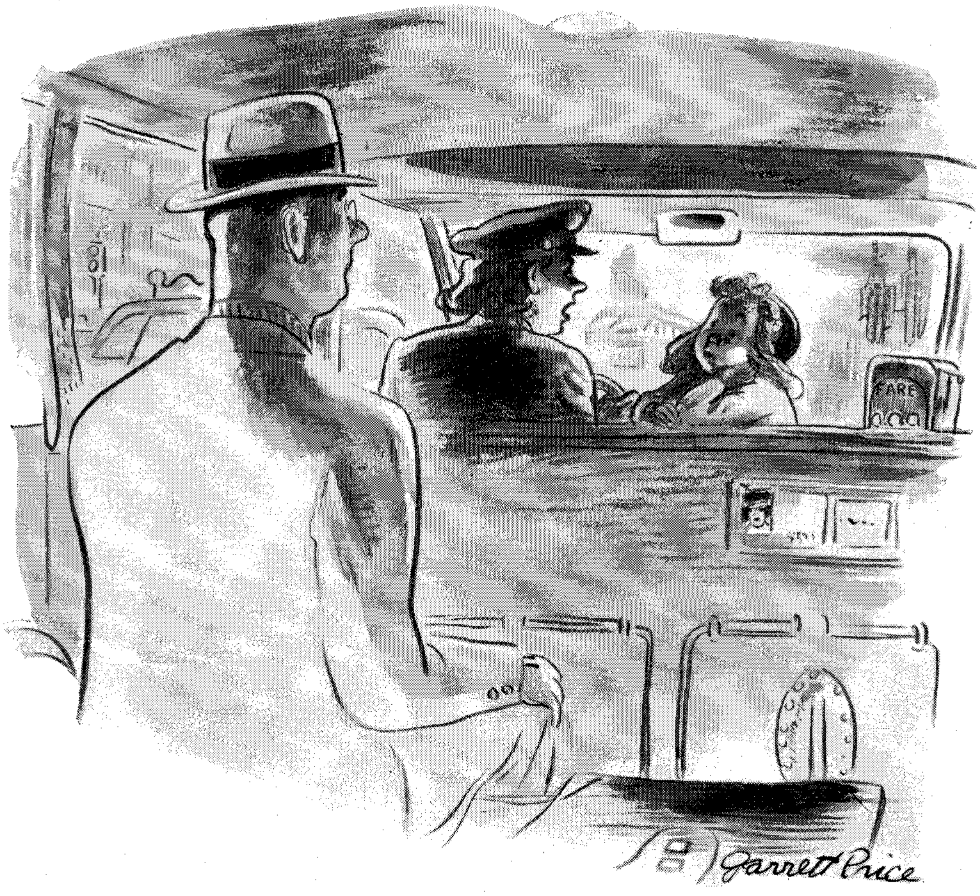
"Knowing how to manage them," she said presently, "that's the important thing. It just makes all the difference. The day I was called for my interview I heard Mr. Caldecott ringing up the Labour Exchange. 'You ought to send Miss Butt into the Diplomatic Service,' he said. 'She's got the human touch.' Of course, I do think he exaggerates. I'm not so marvellous as he makes out. I just don't bite their heads off the way he does. Still, you've got to have the human touch, though personally I've always found people perfectly sweet, especially the better sort of people, you understand. They come in raging, but somehow I soothe them down and they go away all smiles. There's Mr. Hume-Pinney, for instance. Well, last month he came in and he said to me, 'Buttons'—lots of them call me Buttons; sort of short for Butt, and me being so tiny, it's natural—'Buttons,' he said, 'why have you sent me coke? I thought you loved me.' 'Why, yes,' I said. 'Wasn't there a message pinned to that coke—"With Love from Doris"?' And believe it or not, he went off perfectly happy, and it never even came out that Mrs. Grandison really had got his coal. Actually, you see, I'd got their applications mixed up. I suppose that's what Mr. Caldecott means by the human touch. And that's what you'll have to concentrate on, Mrs. Stanley, if you want any peace in this job. Otherwise it's squabble, squabble, squabble the whole time. Of course, I do admit it's a bit of a strain, always being a little ray of sunshine, but—you can take that call."

A moment later Miss Butt snatched the receiver out of Mrs. Stanley's hand. "Good *morning*, Colonel Prowse. . . . Yes, it's me. It's Miss Butt speaking. . . . What? . . . Oh dear! Your greenhouses again! You know, what you need is a coal mine all of your own, really it is. Of course, we can't promise anything absolutely, but . . . Yes! That would be best. You come in and explain it all."

PUTTING back the receiver, Miss Butt flew to the window sill, removed some rather exhausted daffodils to the wastepaper basket, and emptied their vase out of the window. Then she straightened her table a little and flicked some dust off the filing cabinet. Glancing at Mrs. Stanley, she seemed for a moment to contemplate freshening up the older woman's appearance too. Instead she sat down and began to renovate her makeup, busy as a kitten cleaning itself, and for five minutes was perfectly silent.

Then, with newly reddened lips, she began talking once more. "Now, Colonel Prowse, who'll be coming in presently, is just what I've been saying. In fact, Mr. Caldecott says straight out he's one of my conquests. Personally, I think he's rather an old dear. But you've got to take him the right way, you know, and be sympathetic about his old greenhouses and not mind his jokes, which are a bit Anglo-Indian, I admit."

Mrs. Stanley put a stencil in her typewriter and began to type. Miss Butt



"Don't stare at the passengers, Marcia, or I'll have to leave you home."

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raised her voice. "Copying that memo now? You *are* taking hold, aren't you? Of course, I daresay when you're here it will all get more official. Everyone thinks I look such a baby, and I expect that's one reason why people like Colonel Prowse tend to make rather a pet of me and think me so marvellously efficient. Not that I'm anything out of the way, I'm sure. I'm just nice to them, and of course I never forget a face, and I've got a sense of humor. That's my little secret, really. How to win friends and influence people. Do you know, there was a book in America called 'How to Win—' "

The door opened. Miss Butt looked up, radiant and condescending. "Good morning, Colonel Prowse."

"Good morning, Miss Butt."

Looking up from her stencil, Mrs. Stanley wondered why he had been referred to as old Colonel Prowse. Erect and trim, he had an appearance of indomitable middle age, and he carried a large bunch of pink carnations with almost completely successful assurance.

Miss Butt's eye slanted over the bouquet. Still holding it, he said, "It's about my greenhouses, Miss Butt. I've just made over another of them for tomatoes and I must have extra heat. I've got a Land Girl, I've got some fertilizer, and now all I need is a little heat. Eh? Do you see my point, Miss Butt? Of course you do. You see everything, clever little girl that you are. So now, what about it?"

"Well, Colonel Prowse, I'll certainly mention it to Mr. Caldecott when he comes in this afternoon. After all these preparations you do deserve a little encouragement, don't you?"

"I'll say I do." Colonel Prowse nodded. His glance flickered over toward Mrs. Stanley, an examining, questioning, disparaging glance.

"Colonel Prowse, I've got something to break to you," Miss Butt said. "Something terrible!"

"Eh? What's that?"

"You're losing me, Colonel Prowse. You're going to lose your Button. I've been called up."

"Good Lord!"

"Yes, they can't do without me any longer. Things must be pretty desperate, mustn't they, if they can't do without poor little me?"

"Rotten," Colonel Prowse said. He was now studying Mrs. Stanley more attentively.

"Never mind, Colonel Prowse," Miss Butt said. "You're going to have Mrs. Stanley instead. And I've just been telling her she must be specially kind to you."

Still holding his flowers, Colonel Prowse moved across the room. "How do you do, Mrs. Stanley? I hope Miss Butt hasn't been prejudicing you against me. I try not to be more of a nuisance than I can help."

"Yes," Miss Butt said, "I've been putting her wise about you. The gipsy's warning, you know."

Now he was standing by the typewriter. "Well, Mrs. Stanley," he said, "I hope you won't find it too bad here. You know, I think it's pretty marvellous the way people like you take on these awful jobs. I can see you know all about typing, though. That's a lovely bit of work you've got in there. It's a pity you shouldn't have a nicer office. It ought to be done over."

"Well, Colonel Prowse, and what about beginning with my poor, empty flower vase?" Miss Butt said.

"Eh? Oh, yes! Flowers," Colonel Prowse said. "Yes, I generally try to bring a few flowers along to sort of brighten things up. These are nothing much, I'm afraid. But I've got some tulips coming on, and then there'll be roses. I'm rather proud of my roses."

He laid down his bouquet by the typewriter and said, "Well, I mustn't keep you ladies from your lunch. So it's goodbye, is it, Miss Butt? Best of luck, and thanks for all you've done for me. You'll remember about my little business, won't you, and put it through with Caldecott? Or perhaps I should ask Mrs. Stanley to see about it?"

AFTER the door had closed and the brisk footsteps died away, Miss Butt said, "Don't you think he's rather sweet? So touching, the way he brings his flowers along and then gets all shy about them and dumps them down anywhere. Well, thank God it's lunchtime. We'll go to the Old World, shall we? Want to wash your hands? You go first."

In the washroom Mrs. Stanley found herself crying, weeping unavailing tears for the desperate, idiot valor of the young.—SYLVIA TOWNSEND WARNER

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ROSENBURG, ORE., April 26.—Kenneth Ford, lumber mill manager, has made arrangements for canning employees.
—*The World-Telegram.*

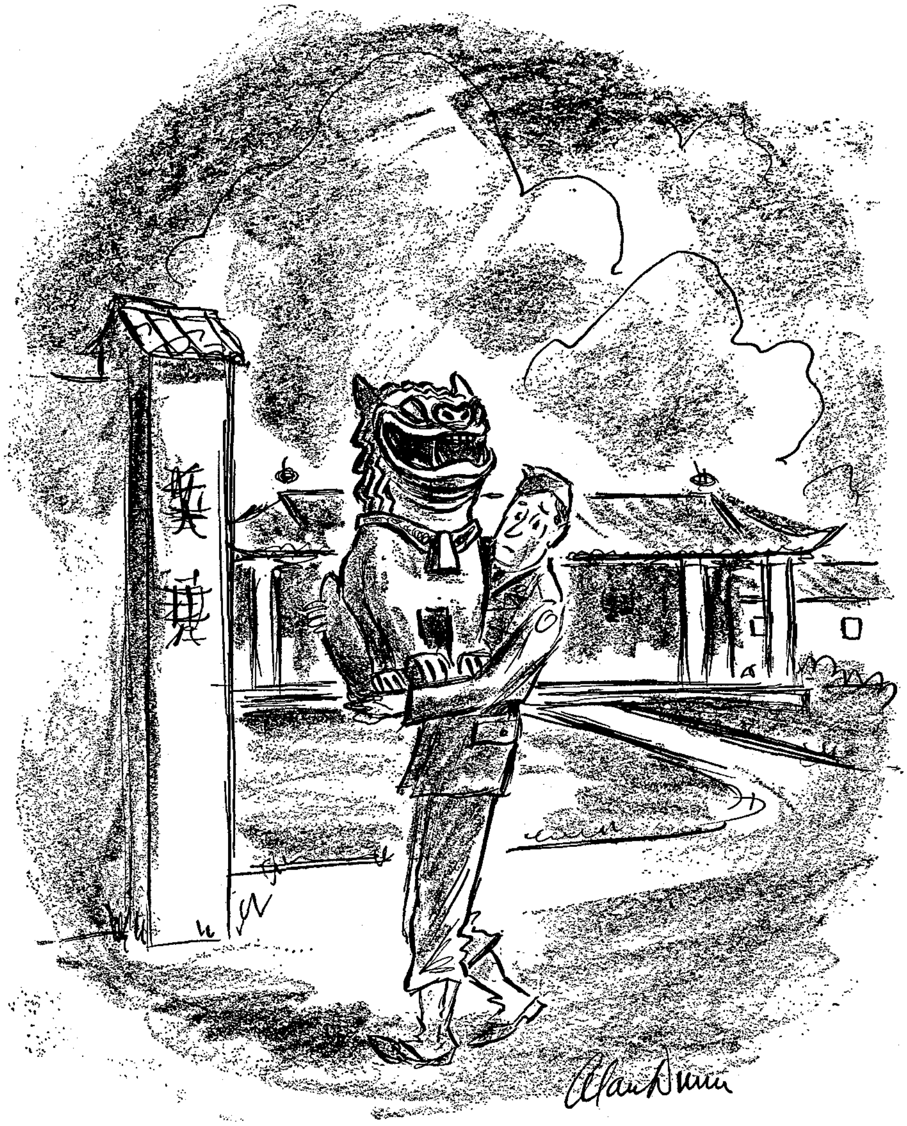
Shortsighted, in our opinion.

DAYS OF INNOCENCE

SURDI AUDIUNT

WHEN I was a day scholar at F. Knapp's Institute in Baltimore, during the late eighties of the last century, a major part of the crime, melodrama, and social gaiety of the place was provided by what the rest of us called the dummies. These dummies, in book English, were deaf-mutes, and they attended the school for the purpose of learning lip reading, which was taught to them, to the tune of loud roars and plenty of moral indignation, by Professor Friedrich Knapp and his son and chancellor, Mr. Willie. The old Professor had picked up the teaching of lip reading in his native Swabia, some time before his immigration in 1848, and he had been practicing the art in Baltimore ever since, with considerable applause. At least once a year he could look for a writeup in one of the Baltimore Sunday papers, with a chalk-plate portrait of himself in all the glory of his pedagogical white tie and mutton chops and another of two prize pupils engaged in a frantic conversation suggesting the sidewalk acts of the Irish comedians of the time. And at other times Professor Knapp was visited ceremoniously by touring friends and harriers of the deaf in search of pointers, and the rest of us had a holiday while the poor dummies staged a show for them. One of these visitors in my time was the celebrated Edward Miner Gallaudet, the best friend the deaf and dumb of America ever had, and another was the even more celebrated Alexander Graham Bell, whose mind, however, was already straying from dummies to the telephone business. The old Professor, who knew publicity when he saw it, received such rivals with the highest honors within the facilities of the school, beginning with a double round of Boonekamp bitters and ending with a substantial spread in the room where he kept what was then called philosophical apparatus; i.e., a static-electricity machine with a cracked glass wheel, a dozen large jars containing snakes dissolving in alcohol, a row of stuffed birds, and a collection of minerals so dusty that they all seemed to be lumps of coal.

Unhappily, something usually went wrong with the performance of the dummies, and after the visiting dignitaries had departed it was common for a drumhead court-martial to follow, with a considerable fanning of pants bottoms. In theory, the Professor took both male and female pupils in his lip-reading seminary, but in my day, as it happened, there were none but males on the roll, and some of them were hearty louts who were kept in order only by a great many rough workouts. How the mystery they aspired to was taught I never found out, for the Professor and Mr. Willie carried on their arcanum in a room set apart for that exclusive purpose, and the general understanding was that their method was a valuable trade secret and that showing any curiosity about it was dangerous. Whatever the technique, it must have been exhausting to both pupil and teacher, for the dummies, when they came from a session, always looked played out and the Professor and Mr. Willie were in bad humor. With those candidates who were in the early stages of training we ordinary or dirt scholars could not communicate, for they could neither speak nor hear, but after they had been taught the elements of lip reading they were started on talking, and in a year or two the smarter ones began to jabber at a great rate, for jabbering was a novelty to them and they enjoyed it hugely. I so describe it for the reason that, at the start, it was pretty hard to fathom. One could gather that a dummy had something to say and was hellbent on saying it, but of its purport it was often possible to have more than one opinion. Both the Professor and Mr. Willie, however, could understand it even when it was still only a kind of gurgling, and high among the perennial shows of the school were the fracases between one of the professors and one of the dummies, with the former (if he were the old man) howling in German or (if he were Mr.



"You can admire generally but don't admire one object especially, for then courtesy requires your host to give it to you."—U. S. Army Pocket Guide to China.

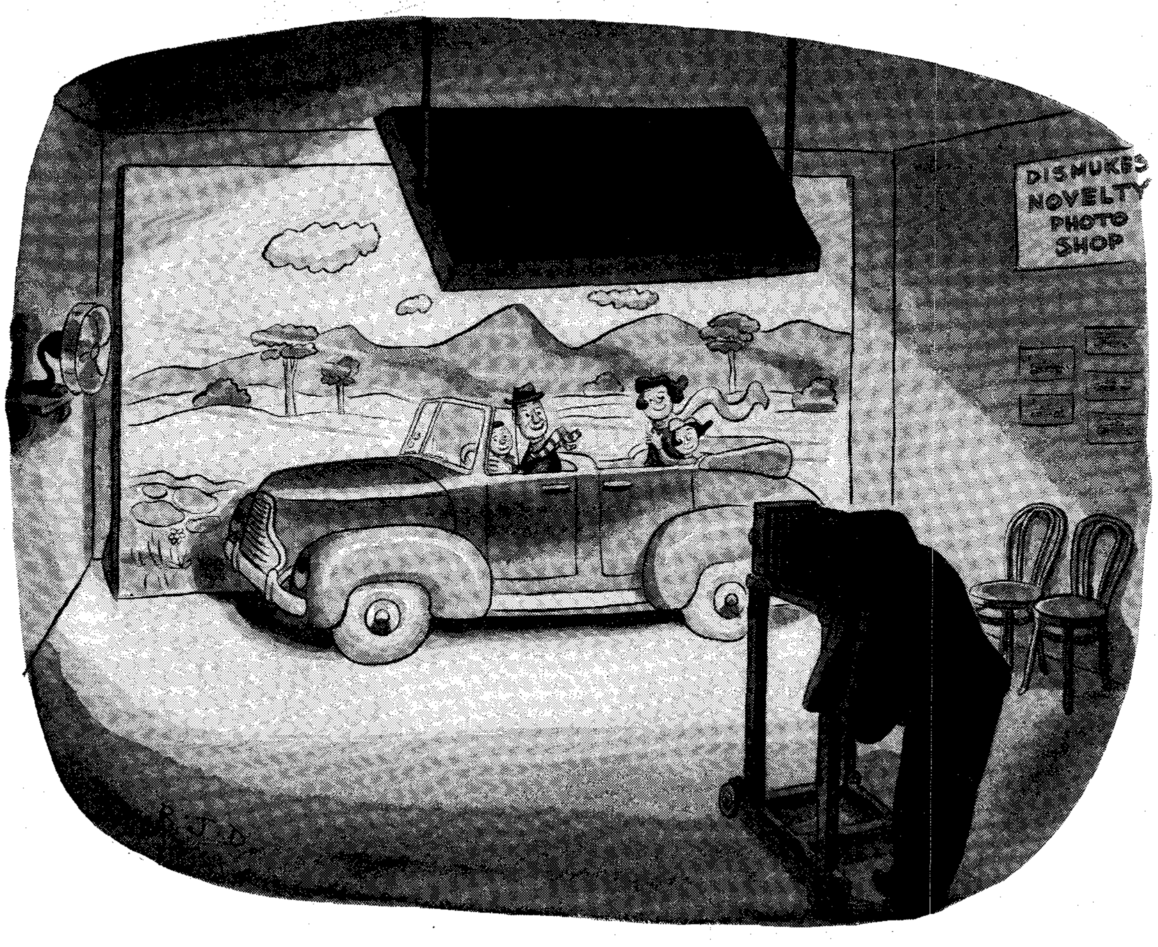
Willie) in English and the latter sassing back in what sounded to us like Choctaw. Such uproars were almost everyday occurrences.

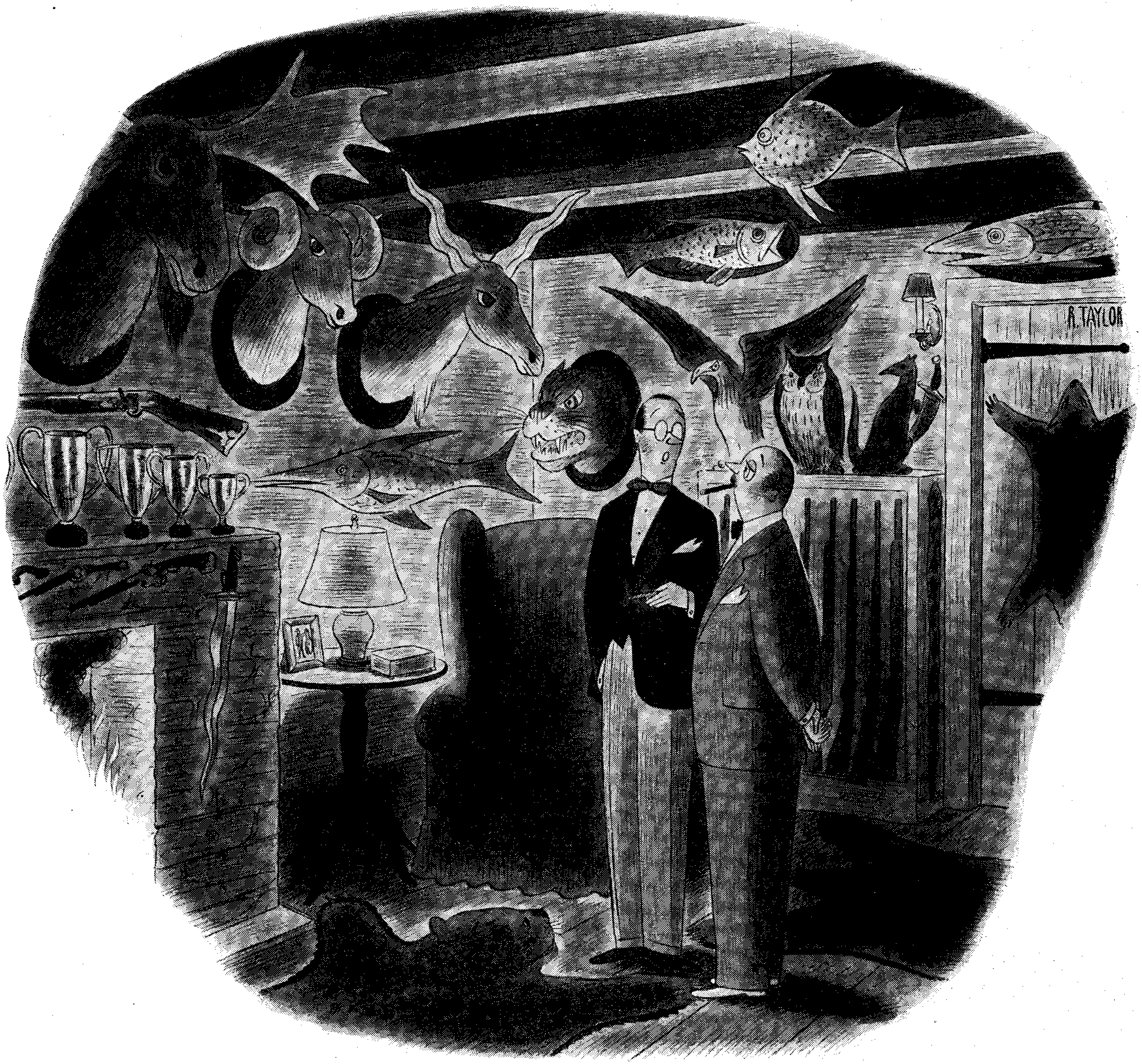
When a given dummy had made such progress that he could make out at least a fourth of what was said to him and had also learned to speak a little for himself, he was transferred to the main body of the school and sat through classes with the rest of us. Nine times out of ten, he was much older than his fellow-pupils, for his infirmity had naturally retarded him, and so the dummies in a given class were at least a head taller than the average pupil. Not only were they taller, they were also, in many cases, more sinful, for the lack of speech and hearing had not interfered with the development of their natural orneriness, whatever its degree. Thus it was usually a dummy who took the lead in the more contumacious and anti-social enterprises of the school, and that leadership was so well recognized that whenever there was any mass deviltry that baffled inquiry the larger and more wicked dummies were fanned first of all and with a clear conscience. More than once I have seen the corps fanned in a body, with loud revilings for their ingratitude to the Professor and Mr. Willie, to the parents who slaved away to keep them fed and in school, and to the Heavenly Father whose mercies had guided them to a scientific and effective way to cheat their affliction. The dummies, of course, could not take in these homilies, for their backs were turned, but even if they had been headed the other way they would have been very little impressed, for they were cynical fellows. The common opinion among them seemed to be that the Professor and Mr. Willie were a pair of fourflushers, whose alleged teaching was what we would now call baloney. Whatever they learned, so the dummies professed to believe, was learned in spite of it, not because of it. In particular, they all complained of the Professor's marked Swabian accent, which made his remarks as hard to read by the lip, so they said, as their own first attempts at speech were hard for us to understand by the ear. They liked Mr. Willie much more than his pa, but that, I suspect, was only because he was a good deal less free with his rattan. Of the whole faculty of the school, once they entered the ordinary classes, they liked best Miss Bertha and Miss Elvina, the Professor's daughter and niece, for both confined their chastisements, which were very gentle, to girls and never touched a boy above the baby class.

The dummies all boarded at the Institute and were full of complaints about the food. One day, when my lunchbox happened to include a couple of doughnuts, two of them told me that they had not tasted a doughnut for six months, and I handed over both. A week later they told me precisely the same thing, and then again a week after that, and so on until suspicion began to dawn on my infant mind and I ate my subsequent doughnuts myself.

There were plenty of quite normal boarders in the school, but all the rows in the refectory were caused by the dummies. Once, the chief of them, a huge fellow beginning to sprout fuzz on his cheeks, lifted a stuffed owl from the philosophical collection, sneaked it into the kitchen, and dropped it into a caldron of vegetable soup. The inquiry that followed lasted a week, and in the course of it all the dummies were whaled daily, and along with them about forty per cent of the non-dummy boarders. Another time a dummy subchief, a swarthy fellow from the West Indies, dumped half a pound of Glauber's salts into the coffee pot, with results that any druggist will be glad to tell you.

BEING so much older than the rest of us, class for class, the dummies had a great influence for evil upon us and materially reduced the moral average of the whole school. At a time when the boys of my own class were at such an age that they thought of girls only as catlike creatures with pigtails to be pulled, the senior dummies viewed them with lubricious gloats and winks. It was a dummy, too, I believe, who introduced the device of filling the inkwells in the old-fashioned school desks with powdered chalk, and another who put a handful of thumbtacks on the chair of Mr. Paul, the gloomy and inoffensive professor of drawing, elocution, calisthenics, and arithmetic up to the multiplication tables. The dummies were always complaining that it was too hot or too cold in the classrooms. None of them ever had





"*The fact is I don't know a single damn story about any of them. I just rent the place furnished.*"

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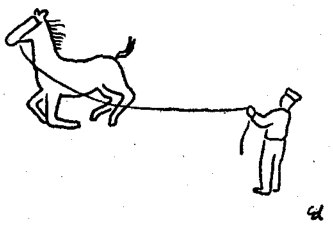
a lead pencil when he needed it or a sponge for cleaning his slate or the piece of chalk that Mr. Willie or Mr. Paul had issued to him only five minutes before. They were seldom permitted to leave the school premises; nevertheless, they often showed up in class with muddy shoes, and though the old Professor inspected the whole lot minutely every morning, they managed somehow to get dirt behind their ears before roll call. When there was singing they naturally made a shambles of it, for their lip reading could not follow the Professor's violin or the reed organ of his daughter, Miss Bertha; moreover, they could not hear their own vocalizing and thus squawked away in an irrational and deafening manner.

Among the dummies, of course, there were various grades and degrees of nefariousness, and some were actually more or less tame and respectable, at least transiently. One such was a tall, cadaverous youth whose name I recall, perhaps in error, as Smith. In 1889, having reached the age of fourteen or fifteen, he announced suddenly that he had resolved to study for the ministry. This not only greatly impressed the rest of us but delighted the old Professor, for it had been at least twenty years since any of his pupils, whether deaf and dumb or normal, had shown any itch for the sacred sciences. The great majority of his boys were the sons of businessmen and their aspirations commonly pointed toward running banks, breweries, hardware stores, bakeries, or stands in Lexington Market. But this Smith not only declared for theology; he also added some plausibility to his resolution by abstaining from all roughhouse, washing carefully every morning, and giving voluble thanks to God, apparently sincerely, for the food set before him in the refectory. The deaf and dumb, he let it be known, needed and deserved much better spiritual servicing than they were getting in Baltimore. All the Sunday schools provided for them were operated by ecclesiastical fossils who harangued them in the archaic sign language and knew nothing of lip reading. And all the females who aided in this business were hyenas who also ran Bible classes for Chinese laundrymen. Smith allowed that a really scientific church for the deaf and dumb, planned on the most modern lines, would be a great benefaction to them and probably save many of them from Hell. He proposed to make himself the pastor of that church, and in preparation for the office began to let the girls alone, adopted an aloof and morose air, and made very good progress in his studies, for he was a smart fellow and had pushed so far ahead in lip reading that he could pick up ordinary conversation at a distance of twenty feet.



This reformation pleased the old Professor so much that Smith was promoted to the prime spot in our classroom, where no other dummy had sat for years. This was not the first bench but the last, for the Professor had the idea that idiots and anarchists had better be kept as close to the teacher as possible, whereas the virtuous and diligent could be safely left to themselves. On a fine spring day, near the end of the school year and with the windows up and a lazy balm in the air, Smith and I sat on the last bench together—he because of his general progress in grace and I as a reward for a composition on the Capitol at Washington, cribbed from a guidebook. The class, legally speaking, was in charge of a Mr. Fox, but he was off for the afternoon to help bury a fellow-Freemason and the old Professor was sitting as his locum tenens. I forget what subject we were struggling with, but I recall clearly that it was very dull and that the Professor, as was his wont after lunch, began to show signs of drowsiness. The boys and girls droned on, and finally he shoved his gold-framed spectacles up to his forehead, folded his fat hands across his corporation, and gave himself up to frank slumber. We knew by experience that it was now our cue to keep as silent as possible, for so long as we were silent the Professor would snore away. If, perchance, a wicked boy could not resist the temptation to pull a pigtail, the afflicted girl was social-minded enough not to yell. And if a wayward girl dropped a slate pencil down the neck of a boy, he scratched and wriggled without an outcry.

But dummies were dummies, even the reformed and admirable Smith. He heaved no blackboard rubber, he upset no inkwell, he started no volley of coughing, he blew no spitballs, but all the while his heavy share of Original Sin was laboring and fermenting in his system, and presently he began to show signs of agitation. His eyes wandered over the classroom, as if seeking whom he might devour; he writhed in his clothes and gritted his teeth; his usually gloomy and hopeless expression lighted into a sneer. Plainly enough, something was afoot, and I slid along the bench to get as far away from him as possible, for if he broke loose there would be a mass execution and all boys within his evil aura would be caned with him. Suddenly he gripped the desk in front of him, fixed his eyes on the snoring Professor, and whispered hoarsely, "I'd like to shoot the old son of a bitch!"

I say he whispered, but that is only a concession to his own notion of what he was doing. In point of fact, as I have already noted, dummies who had been taught to talk could not hear their own voices and so their dynamics were often aberrant. When their cue was to speak up in class they sometimes merely mumbled, and when they tried to whisper they often yelled. It was so in this case. Smith had sought only to relieve his feelings *sotto voce*, but what came out of his mouth was a blast like that of an auctioneer. All the girls in the class began to shriek, for "son of a bitch" was then still a wicked term in America and no female ever heard it without hysterics. The boys all fought their way to places as far away from Smith as they could get, for they rightly surmised that Hell was in eruption.

It was indeed. The old Professor, roused from his dreams by that intolerable and unprecedented insult, was so thunderstruck that his face turned as white as his chalky hands. Letting his spectacles drop to his nose, he reached behind him with one arm for the battery of rattans that always stood against the wall, and then his other shot out and his forefinger beckoned. Not a word was uttered until Smith arrived at the place of execution beside the Professor's desk, and even then there was only the ominous count "*Eins! Zwei! Drei!*" At "*Eins*" Smith put up his hands like the victim of a bandit. At "*Zwei*" he dropped his arms until they stood out from his shoulders horizontally. At "*Drei*" he bent over until his fingertips touched his shoes, and simultaneously the Professor let go with the first of five mighty thwacks. Three clouts constituted the usual dose for even grave offenses, but Smith got five, and each came straight from the Professor's heart. The old boy was out of breath when the operation was over and quite forgot the usual good-measure fanning of bystanders. But there was still wind enough in him, when Smith began massaging feverishly the point of attack, for him to shout, "You can't rub it out!"

By the time Smith got back to the last bench, his lust to save the souls of other dummies had departed from him, never to return. He turned atheist on the spot, and on leaving the school got a job as second bookkeeper in the office of the Bismarck brewery. When he died, forty years later, he had, as the Baltimore *Sunpaper's* obituary reported, risen to the post of auditor and was a member of and officeholder in the Odd Fellows, Red Men, Knights of Pythias, and Benevolent and Protective Order of Elks.

—H. L. MENCKEN

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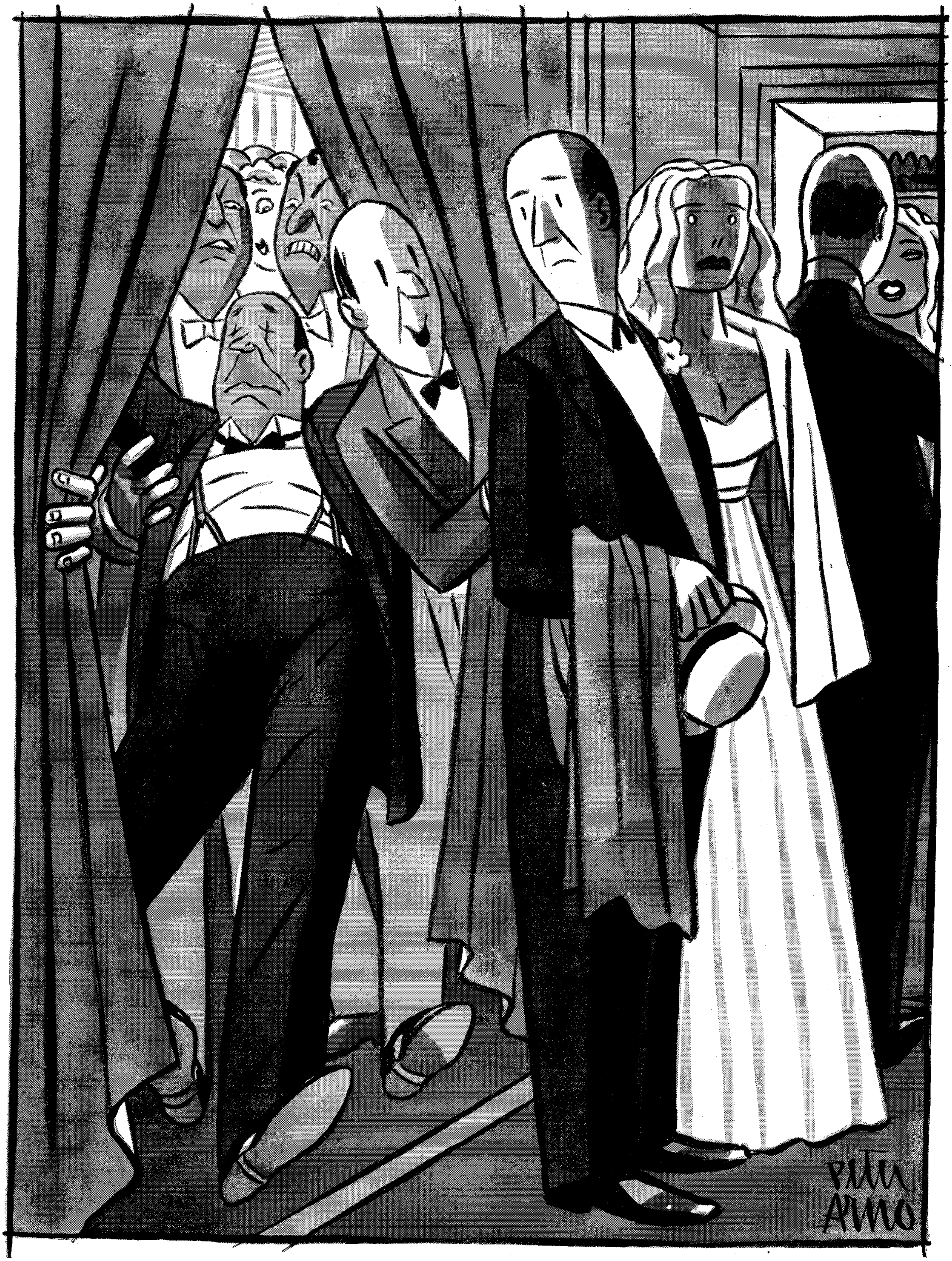
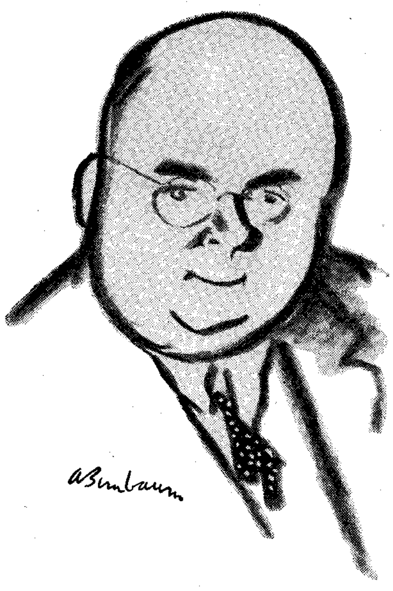
WHITMONDAY

Their feet on London, their heads in the gray clouds,
The Bank (if you call it a holiday) Holiday crowds
Stroll from street to street, cocking an eye
For where the angel used to be in the sky;
But the Happy Future is a thing of the past, and the street
Echoes to nothing but their dawdling feet.
The Lord's my shepherd—familiar words of myth
Stand up better to bombs than a granite monolith.
Perhaps there is something in them. *I'll not want*—
Not when I'm dead. *He makes me down to lie*—
Death my christening and fire my font—
The quiet (Thames' or Don's or Salween's) *waters by*.

—LOUIS MACNEICE



"*Please stand aside, sir. There's a gentleman coming out.*"



PROFILES

MR. PUBLIC PRINTER—I

AUGUSTUS E. GIEGENGACK, the thirteenth Public Printer of the United States and a man who wears spats whenever the temperature falls below forty, is probably more responsible than any other one man for the paper shortage in this country. As head of the Government Printing Office, he runs an organization which uses up more than seven hundred tons of paper a day, enough for over two million copies of the New York *Times*. Ever since the Printing Office was modestly established in 1861, it has grown in scope until it now handles most of the printing and binding for the federal government. Last year, directly or by sub-contract, it did a business of nearly $47,000,000; this year the figure will be in the neighborhood of $65,000,000. In 1934, when Giegengack became its chief, the Printing Office, already the biggest printing plant in the world, was coasting along on a mere 28,000 tons of paper a year. In 1942 it consumed 141,000 tons, and this year, if all goes well, it will use 250,000 tons. The enormous jump in the past nine years is the result not of Giegengack's enthusiasm for printing, great as that is, but of the increasing volume of material published by the dozens of government agencies which began to spring up in the thirties, and of war work, such as ration stamps, OPA instructions and questionnaires, Selective Service forms, and the gigantic and varied orders of the War and Navy Departments, the Public Printer's two biggest customers today.

The Public Printer is an efficient and forward-looking man, and he not only has kept up with the increased demand but anticipated it. Two of the four Printing Office buildings in Washington have been erected during the Giegengack regime at a cost of $5,885,000, the money for which was appropriated by Congress in the summer of 1935. Giegengack, whose plant prints the *Congressional Record* and who knows how easily senators and representatives become bored by requests for special funds, coaxed this money out of the legislators by appealing to them visually. When he took over the Printing Office in 1934, thirty per cent of its facilities were housed in a group of old and sensationally feeble buildings, one of them erected in 1856 for a private printer bought by the government in 1861. These structures consisted of cracked walls held together by tie rods, hallways blocked with piles of type, warped and braced wooden columns, sagging floors, disintegrating arches, and informal electric wiring. For twenty years Giegengack's predecessors, in their annual reports, had been unsuccessfully pointing out the urgency of replacing these antiquated firetraps. Upon taking office, Giegengack, fresh from a spruce, modern New York commercial linotype typesetting plant of which he had been part-owner, made a thorough inspection of the federal horrors he had inherited, said to one of his assistants, "I'm not going to have my people mashed up," and had a series of photographs taken of conditions in the old buildings. He then issued a forty-two-page booklet, bound in an arresting shade of bright green and containing thirty pages of these pictures, along with some textual elaboration and plans for two new buildings. Copies were distributed to the congressmen, who were duly shocked. The handsome appropriation came as a result. It provided, first of all, for the razing of all but two—the least decrepit—of the old buildings and the construction on their site of an up-to-date eight-story plant. Its cornerstone houses a box containing a copy of the Giegengack booklet, photographs of Giegengack and Franklin D. Roosevelt, a Bible, an American flag, and a sample menu from the plant's coöperative cafeteria, run by the employees.

Money was also provided for a fireproof concrete warehouse with storage space for 14,000 tons of paper. This structure is near Union Station and contains two railroad sidings with room for sixteen freight cars. Thanks to something called a lowerator, a carload of paper stock, or twenty tons, can be unloaded and delivered to storage in forty-five minutes. This sort of activity goes on at a rate which the rationed purveyors of non-governmental literature, paper napkins, valentines, and so on do not care to think about, and Giegengack has been accused on occasion of overstocking. A year or so ago, partly as a result of the cancellation of some big government orders and partly as a result of forehandedness in the face of a threatened paper shortage, he had an unusual accumulation of paper waiting to be unloaded from freight cars. Word got around that he had, in addition to the thousands of tons of paper already stored in his warehouse, several hundred carloads of paper lined up on the tracks around Union Station. *Life* sent down a photographer and a reporter to document this example of government hoarding. Giegengack greeted the magazine's representatives and led them into his warehouse, which contained five freight cars. "Only five," he said blandly, "though we have room for sixteen." Then he urged *Life's* investigators to search the capital's railroad sidings. They found no paper, and morosely went back to their editors with a negative report. The rumor, however, had been just about accurate. Giegengack had been tipped off and overnight had had all but five of the cars moved to Baltimore, where their contents had been stored in two large warehouses. Giegengack used the paper up in a couple of weeks and his conscience in the matter has always been clear.

THE Public Printer's warehouse and main building, which were completed early in 1938 and early in 1940, respectively, enabled the Government Printing Office to do an annual business of $25,000,000. However, by the end of 1940, Giegengack, who did not think that isolationism was going to work, suspected that war demands would overflow his plant. He sent out questionnaires to twenty thousand commercial printers and engravers all over the United States, calling for a precise inventory of their equipment and personnel, and from the replies he got an idea of where he could place jobs which his plant might be too busy to handle. He had the shops classified according to their specialties—color work, offset, and so on—gave each category a code number, and transferred the data to cards that could be run through an International Business Machines tabulator-assorter. Thus, in a few minutes, he would be able to put his finger on the particular plants best suited to a particular piece of work. Today he farms out well over half of his production to a thousand or so printers. This practice has made Giegengack a good deal more popular at printers' conventions, which he frequently addresses, than he was a few years ago. "They used to ask me to talk on 'What Can the Government Printing Office Do to Help the Commercial Printer?'" he said recently. "Now they suggest as a topic 'What Can the Commercial Printer Do to Help the Government Printing Office?' I say that's progress."

In addition to sponsoring lowerators, contracts with outside printers, and a warehouse with room for sixteen freight cars, the Public Printer has stepped up his home plant's performance by putting it on a three-shift, seven-days-a-week basis. "My predecessors never believed in two shifts," he once said, "so I put on three." Although Giegengack is proud of his plant's expansion and modernization and has consistently and successfully opposed the efforts of certain private printers to bring about a change in a 1919 statute which made the Printing Office responsible for almost all federal printing, he is no hog when it comes to orders. Stamps, paper money, and government bonds are printed by the Bureau of Engraving and Printing, a subsidiary of the Treasury Department. Giegengack says that the Bureau is welcome to them, and he has even offered to give it the penny postcards and money orders, which fall into his province. The Engraving people have politely declined this offer. Furthermore, the Public Printer has made no effort to take on the printing of the President's speeches, which continue to be run off on a mimeograph machine in the basement of the White House, or the printing of the decisions of the Supreme Court, which for seventy years or more has been done by Pearson's Printing Office, a small private shop in the capital. Giegengack would rather like to have this Supreme Court work, but it is the mainstay of the Pearson business and he does not wish to do anything to harm this firm. Stamped envelopes, incidentally, are printed for the Post Office by a number of private shops.

Giegengack's efficient and energetic stewardship has made the Government Printing Office a rich field for statisticians who like to translate statistics into other statistics. For instance, the Printing Office has printed, on the premises and elsewhere, 73,000,000,000 ration stamps, or enough to spin a seventeen-inch web fourteen times around the earth, granted that you could do this without running into hydrants, stubborn pedestrians, and enemy tank battalions. Among the Printing Office's eight thousand employees there are, naturally, a few thoughtful men who enjoy dreaming up geographical estimates of this sort about orders their plant has filled, but the orders themselves are impressive enough—2,500,000,000 penny postcards a year (at a clip of 22,000 a minute), 370,000,000 individual and corporate income-tax forms for 1942 incomes, 450,000,000 laundry lists for American soldiers, 1,500,000 books of Army medical tags, a quarter of a billion V-mail forms for members of the armed forces, 300,000,000 money orders a year, 6,000,000 posters a month for the Office of War Information. Another considerable item on the Printing Office's current schedule is the printing of stationery for enemy prisoners of war. Giegengack's Division of Tests and Technical Control has developed a

Helen E. Hokinson

"But Ingeborg, we must keep an open mind. I've just read a book that says lots of weeds are edible."

LOVE LETTER

(By V-Mail from Australia)

I love you first because your face is fair,
Because your eyes, Jewish and blue,
Set sweetly with the touch of foreignness
Above the cheekbones, stare rather than dream.
Often your countenance recalls a boy
Blue-eyed and small, whose silent mischief
Tortured his parents and compelled my hate
To wish his ugly death.
Because of this reminder—my soul's trouble—
And for your face, so often beautiful,
I love you, wish you life.

I love you first because you wait, because
For your own sake I cannot write
Beyond these words. I love you for these words
That sting and creep like insects and leave filth.
I love you for the poverty you cry,
And I bend down with tears of steel
That melt your hand like wax, not for this war
(The droplets shattering
Those candle-glowing fingers of my joy)
But for your name of agony, my love,
That cakes my mouth with salt.

And all your imperfections and perfections
And all your magnitude of grace
And all this love explained and unexplained
Are just a breath. I see you woman-size,
And this looms larger and more goddesslike
Than silver goddesses on screens.
I see you in the ugliness of light,
Yet you are beautiful,
And in the dark of absence your full length
Is such as meets my body to the full
Though I am starved and huge.

You turn me from these days as from a scene
Out of an open window far
Where lies the foreign city and the war.
You are my home and in your spacious love
I dream to march as under flaring flags
Until the door is gently shut.
Give me the tearless lesson of your pride,
Teach me to live and die
As one deserving anonymity,
The mere devotion of a house to keep
A woman and a man.

Give me the free and poor inheritance
Of our own kind, not furniture
Of education, or the prophet's pose,
The general cause of words, the hero's stance,
The ambitions incommensurable with flesh,
But the drab makings of a room
Where sometimes in the afternoon of thought
The brief and blinding flash
May light the enormous chambers of your will
And show the gracious Parthenon that time
Is ever measured by.

As groceries in a pantry gleam and smile
Because they are important weights
Bought with the metal minutes of your pay,
So do these hours stand in solid rows,
The dowry for a use in common life.
I love you first because your years
Lead to my matter-of-fact and simple death
Or to our open marriage,
And I pray nothing for my safety back,
Not even luck, because our love is whole
Whether I live or fail.

—Karl J. Shapiro

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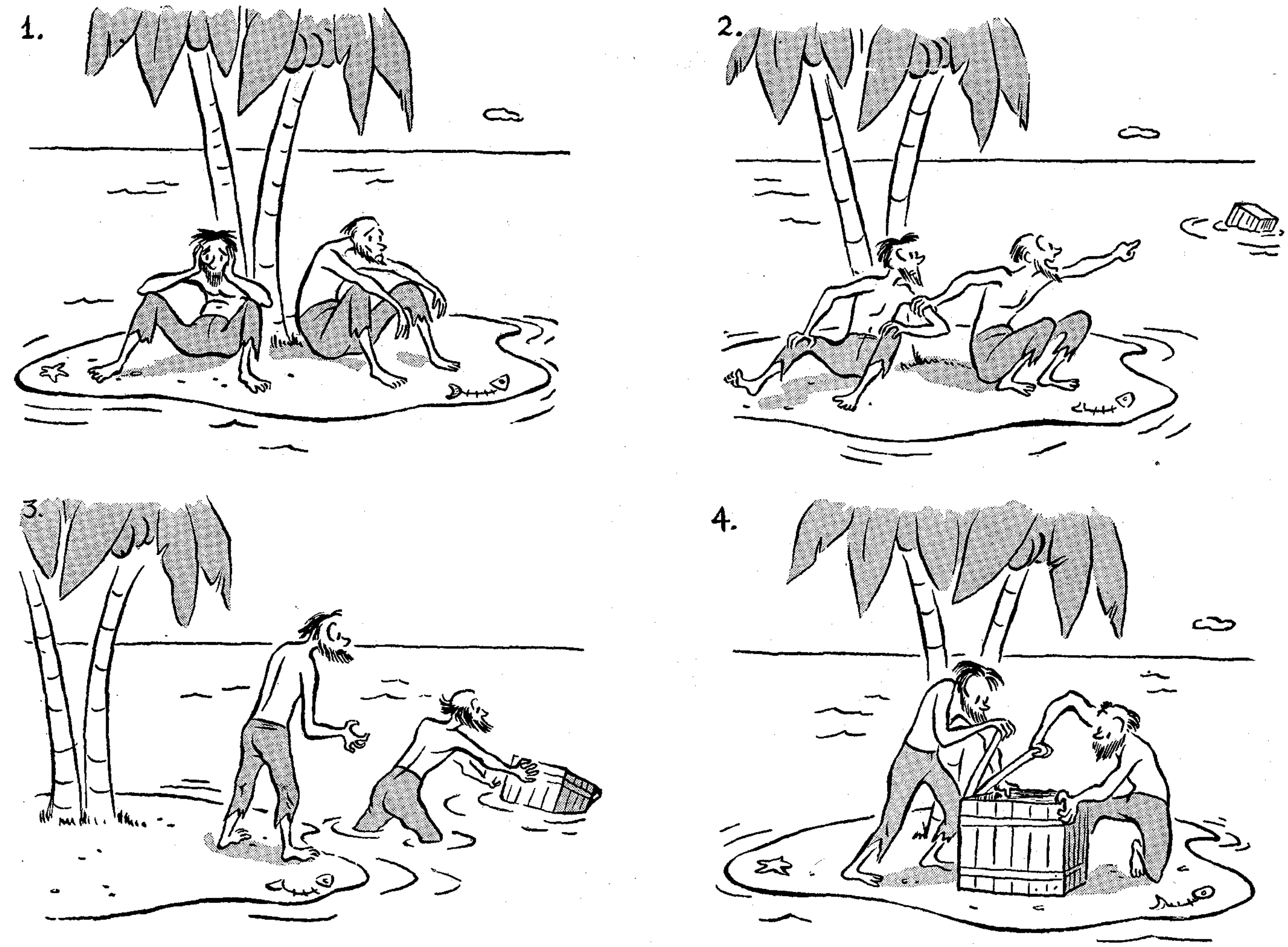
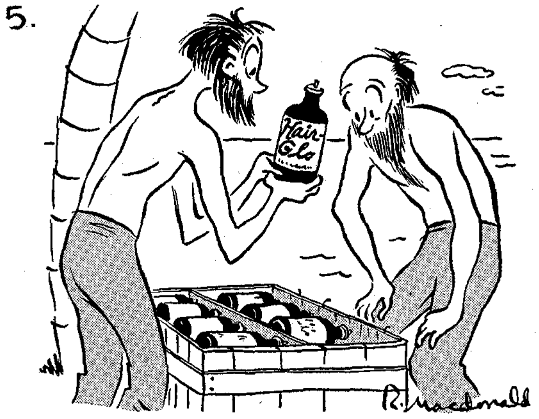
chemically treated paper which turns most "invisible" writing agents—milk, lemon juice, bicarbonate of soda in solution, and so on—either green or red, depending on whether the prisoner has used an acid or an alkaline fluid. "If the prisoner tries to get out any secret information with the old reliable trick invisible writing agents, he is in for a shock," Giegengack recently reported at a Congressional hearing. "His acid writing fluid immediately turns, on paper, to a bright, unfading green, his invisible alkaline fluid to a brilliant, lasting red. Ammonia solutions first turn red, then, as the water evaporates, become a permanent green. The colors the prisoner has developed in the hope of transmitting secret information will stay in the paper for months; the censor can read it as well as if it were written with regular commercial writing fluid." Giegengack doesn't complain about the extra burden of producing stationery for the prisoners. "In fact," he says, "I hope there will be a greatly increased demand. I would like to turn over a good part of our facilities to it."

The Printing Office is no longer open to the public, as it was in the piping and sightseeing days of peace, and its mathematicians may no longer discuss in detail everything it does, but they are glad to inform friends that they are the custodians of two hundred and two printing presses and the biggest monotype room in the world (one hundred machines); that in a sixty-day period, a few months ago, their organization supplied the Adjutant General's Office with 4,500,000 copies of 160 field manuals and 7,000,000 copies of 350 technical manuals, altogether representing just short of 2,000,000,000 pages and using up 4,500,000 pounds, or 105 carloads, of paper; that over the weekend of May 1st the Printing Office printed and delivered to the Department of the Interior 100,000 copies, complete with the American flag in color, of Secretary Ickes' order for taking possession of the coal mines—a job done with such expedition that many newspapers intimated that it had been executed long before the President's action; and that it takes seventy pounds of printed matter to see a medium bomber from the planning stage through production, forty pounds for a medium tank, six hundred and ninety pounds for a destroyer, and one ounce for an Army manual instructing American soldiers how to behave to-

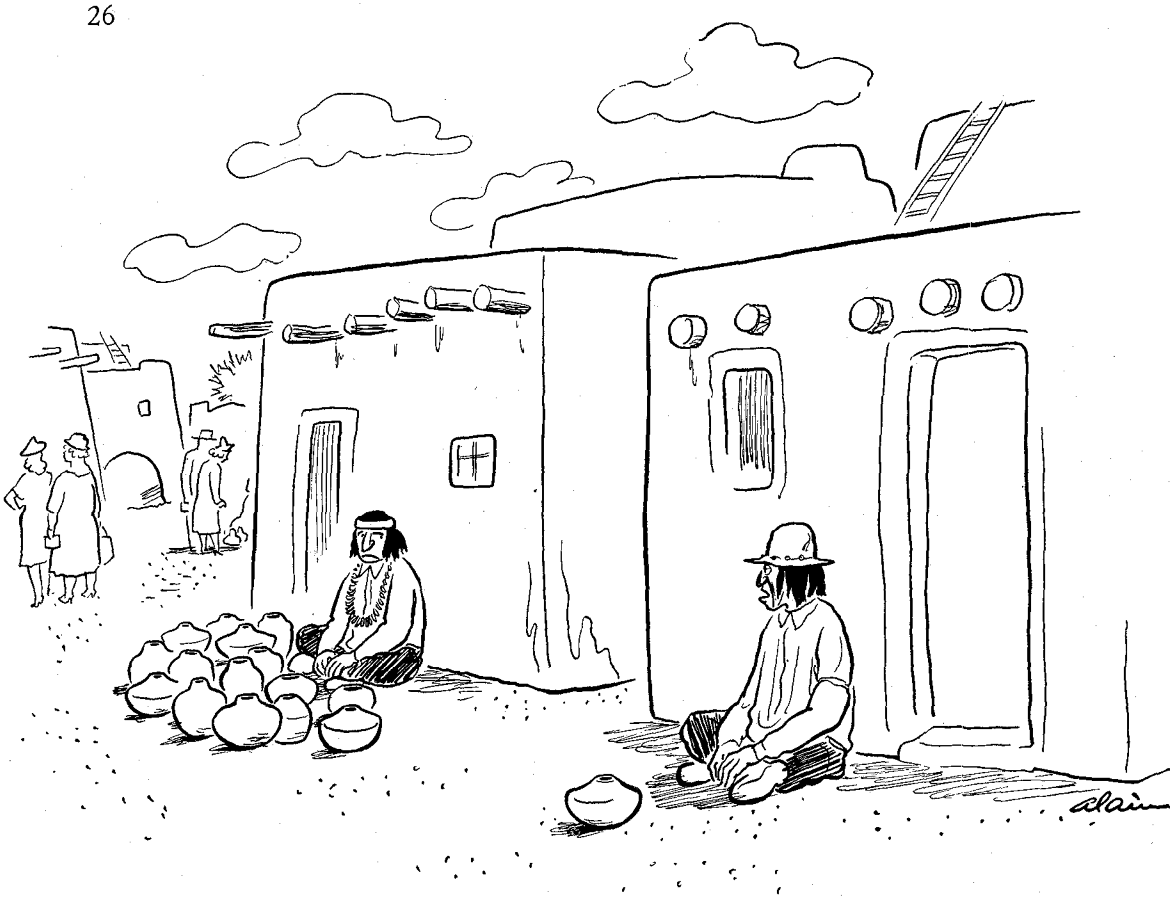


ward native women in Algiers (don't poke around under their veils).

GIEGENGACK, an enrolled Democrat and a Roosevelt appointee, presides over the establishment involved in these wonders with the satisfaction of a man who has realized his life ambition, who is sure that, should a change in administration find him supplanted by a Republican Public Printer, he could return to the commercial printing trade and make more than the $10,000 a year he now gets, and who, by virtue of his office, has solved a problem which long vexed him, the tendency of people to mispronounce his name. For years, when he was a commercial printer, Giegengack, who pronounces it Gē-gĕn-găk, winced as casual acquaintances and toastmasters at trade banquets referred to him as Guygengack, Giegenback, Guygenback, Giegendyke, Dykenback, Geegenbacker, Googenbacker, Backingoop, and Hickenlooper. A good many people still think of Giegengack as Guygendack, but such an error is less frequently articulated than it was before he became the Public Printer. Like his predecessors in office, Giegengack is generally referred to everywhere as the Public Printer, and it is just as correct to call him Mr. Public Printer as it is to call Roosevelt Mr. President, Wallace Mr. Vice-President, or Hull Mr. Secretary. Except when he is among his intimates, to whom he is Giegy, Gieg, or, less commonly, Gus, Giegengack is inclined to favor being called Mr. Public Printer because this mode of address sidesteps confusion and pays tribute to the dignity of his office. The Public Printer is no stuffed shirt, but he does not feel that the name of a man who uses up seven hundred tons of paper a day should be mispronounced constantly or even occasionally. "The Public Printer has always been called Mr. Public Printer by a lot of people," he says. "In my case, I think more people do this than ever before, because they can't pronounce the name. It's a happy solution." At the same time, Giegengack believes that his name has been of a certain advantage to him in impressing him on people's minds; new acquaintances often ask to have it repeated three or four times and thus, in his opinion, are unlikely to forget him.



The Public Printer is a resourceful man, and he has not relied wholly on his official position to protect him from being called Hickenlooper. For the benefit and instruction of visitors, he has hung the anteroom of his office with thirty or more framed diplomas and certificates marking milestones in his life. Observant visitors, kept waiting for a few minutes, can scarcely help learning that Augustus Edward Giegengack received an honorable discharge as a regimental sergeant major from the United States



"Why should I make any more? I haven't sold this one yet."

• •

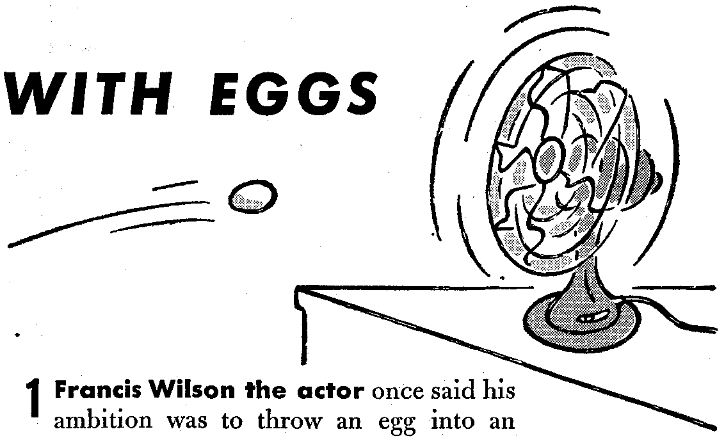
Army in 1919, or that he is an honorary life member of the United Typothetae of America and of the Graphic Arts Associations of Illinois and of Washington, D. C.; a meritorious servant, "in our Annual Buddy Poppy Drive," of National Capital Post No. 127, Veterans of Foreign Wars; a member of the Red Cross; a Kentucky colonel; a member of the Stratoliner and Advertising Clubs of New York; a supporter of the District of Columbia Boys' Club of the Metropolitan Police; and the purchaser of a block of fifty three-cent stamps commemorating the three-hundredth anniversary of the use of the printing press in Colonial America.

GIEGENGACK is literally a born printer. He was born in Manhattan fifty-three years ago, the son of a German café owner and liquor dealer and an Irish mother, née Fitzgerald, whose father had been a printer in London and who, as a girl, had worked in printing offices herself. At the age of two he moved, with his family, to Brooklyn, where he later attended a parochial school and, when he was thirteen, took a business course in stenography and commercial law. The family was comfortably well off, but there were nine children, so when Gus was fifteen he decided to take an eight-dollar-a-week job as a bookkeeper with the American News Company. His mother informed him that there was more money in printing, and a year later he went to work as an apprentice in the composing room of the New York *Commercial*, a financial daily no longer in existence. He learned to be a linotype operator, and in 1908, when he was eighteen, he joined Typographical Union No. 6, the largest union in the printing trades, as an apprentice operator. He was an ambitious young man, and during his teens and early twenties he kept leaving one printing job after a year or so in order to take a better one. He worked successively for the *World*, the *Hudson County Observer* in Hoboken, several commercial shops, and the McCall Company. When he was twenty-five he became foreman of a Brooklyn printing plant which produced mail-order catalogues. He had three hundred men under him and made $50 a week, tax free.

Giegengack was a popular lad in Brooklyn, a connoisseur of girls, beer, and anecdote. The first World War enlarged his sphere in these fields, especially the last. He has since entertained his friends with so many accounts of his trip abroad as a member of the A.E.F. that one enthusiastic listener, Alexander Woollcott, finally persuaded him to dictate a master version which Woollcott hoped one day to incorporate in an article about Giegengack. This is an excerpt:

> I went into the Army on November 23, 1917, and at that time, being that the Army was just recruiting and organizing divisions and replacement battalions, I was sent to Camp Upton out on Long Island. It was between three and four weeks before sufficient uniforms arrived to at least clothe us. And, shortly after the first of the year, which was only about five weeks after induction, our particular battalion was awakened one morning about two o'clock with orders to dress and line up with full packs and rifles, which had not as yet had the cosmoline removed. So we were instructed between two and four in the morning how to roll a pack. At that time I was an acting corporal, and so I was instructed how to instruct my squad how to roll a pack.
>
> Finally we were marched up alongside the British ocean liner the S.S. Cedric and boarded that liner. For a while everyone was assigned to a bunk. I was one of the unfortunate ones that never had a bunk. There were no bunks left when I got on. I was very friendly with the supply sergeant. Neither the supply sergeant nor I had a bunk, and so he, being a Regular Army man of years of experience, says to me, "Hell, we will get a bunk." And I says, "I guess we will if you say so." And so we promenaded past the guards, saying we were on a detail, until we reached the second-class staterooms, and the first one we opened had running water and two beds, and so we immediately took two bunks, and went in and locked the door so that nobody could get in. After that we roamed around on the boat and found a company barber. We brought the company barber to our room and made a suggestion that he open up a barbershop there. We would still have the room. He would open up a barbershop and we would get free shaves, which we did. People would come in on the quiet and get a shave or haircut.
>
> We sailed to Halifax and about the second day out from Halifax, my friend the sergeant tried to get me out of the bunk, and I discovered I had such a sore throat that I was unable to talk. Thereupon he examined my throat and was fully convinced that I had a case of measles. With his help and at his suggestion, I reported on sick call, being hardly able to walk up to the compartment that was set aside for the hospital. The sergeant became quite concerned because of the fact that he was fully convinced that I had

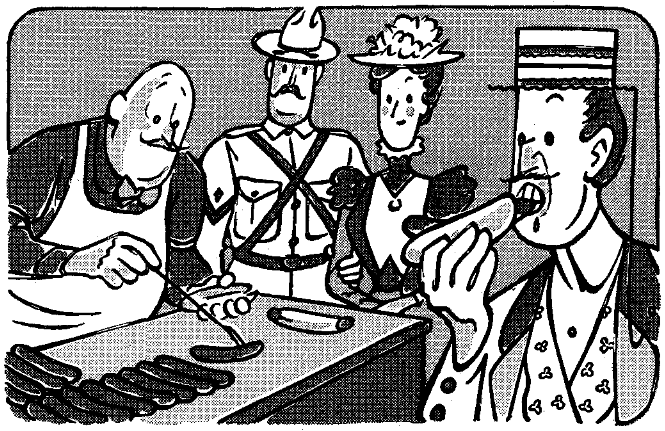
FUN WITH EGGS



1 **Francis Wilson the actor** once said his ambition was to throw an egg into an electric fan—and now it's being done every day! In fact sixteen billion eggs are being thrown at electric fans this year—thanks in large part to the "know-how" of Taylor Instrument engineers. The result is dehydrated eggs that are darn good eating!

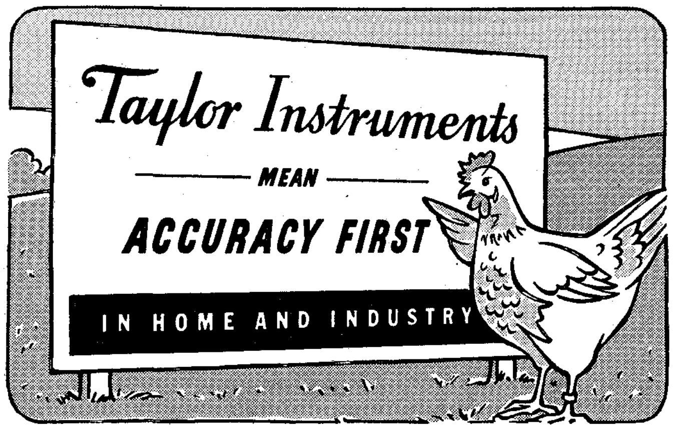
Geo Price

2 **This morning in North Africa** our boys breakfasted on scrambled eggs made of dehydrated eggs and dehydrated milk. Both are processed under Taylor control—squirted into a current of hot air from an electric blower. Sounds simple—but it might have been impossible without Taylor's years of experience in food process control.



3 **Almost everything you eat,** from prepared meats and canned vegetables to your morning quart of milk is protected by Taylor accuracy. Even the hot dog, recently voted the soldier's favorite food. Before it was invented (during the Spanish-American War) Taylor Instruments were a standby of the American food industry.

4 **In fact, we're even guarding** this girl's popularity, part of which is due to the swell fudge she makes with her Taylor Candy Thermometer. Sorry to get your hopes up, because practically all our production these days is going to the armed forces or war industry. However, we still make Taylor Fever Thermometers.



5 **Probably instruments are the answer** to many of your war production troubles. Your Taylor Field Engineer can help you set up the right control system for any process—from foods to synthetic rubber. And he can help make present instruments last longer. Taylor Instrument Companies, Rochester, N. Y., and Toronto, Canada.

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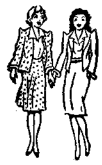
N. Y. Drama Critics Prize Play
SIDNEY KINGSLEY'S
The PATRIOTS
Produced with ROWLAND STEBBINS
NATIONAL, W. 41 St. Evgs. 8:40. Mats. Wed. & Sat.
AIR-CONDITIONED THEATRES
MAXWELL ANDERSON'S
The EVE. of ST. MARK
"INSPIRED THEATRE"
—BARNES, Herald Tribune
CORT Theatre, W. 48th Evgs. inc. Sunday 8:40
Matinees Wed. and Sat. 2:40. No Mon. Perf.

MICHAEL TODD'S MUSICAL HITS!
ETHEL MERMAN
SOMETHING FOR THE BOYS
Book by HERBERT & DOROTHY FIELDS
with ALLEN JENKINS
COLE PORTER SONGS
ALVIN, West 52 St.
Mats. Wed. & Sat.
2 SHOWS SUNDAY at 3:00 and 8:40
STAR AND GARTER
with
GYPSY ROSE LEE
BOBBY CLARK
PROF. LAMBERTI
MUSIC BOX, W. 45 ST.
Mats. Sat. and Sun.
BOTH THEATRES AIR-CONDITIONED
Staged by HASSARD SHORT



"The funniest show we've seen in three years."
—Walter Winchell
THE DOUGHGIRLS
LYCEUM 45th St. E. of B'way. CH. 4-4256
Eves. 8:40. Matinees Wed. & Sat. 2:40
Scientifically Air-Conditioned

PULITZER PRIZE PLAY
MICHAEL MYERBERG presents
MIRIAM HOPKINS
THORNTON WILDER'S Comedy
The Skin of Our Teeth
FLORENCE REED CONRAD NAGEL
PLYMOUTH, W. 45th. Eves. 8:40. Mats. Wed. & Sat.
AIR-CONDITIONED

"Helen Hayes sends you away from 'Harriet' completely spellbound."—Walter Winchell
HELEN HAYES
IN
"HARRIET"
HENRY MILLER'S Theatre, W. 43
Eves. 8:40, Mats. Thurs. & Sat. Scientifically Air-Conditioned

"WONDERFUL!" —Lewis Nichols, Times
OKLAHOMA!
ST. JAMES THEA., W. 44th St.
Matinees Thurs. & Sat.

Dark Eyes
with
Tamara GEVA
Elena MIRAMOVA
PRODUCTION BY JED HARRIS
BELASCO THEA. 44th Street East of Broadway
Eves. Incl. Sunday 8:40 • Mats., Sat. and Sun. 2:40

measles and that it would be discovered we had taken over a second-class stateroom and that he might be quarantined with me. On reporting sick, the first doctor, who happened to be a first lieutenant, examined me and with the usual looking-down of the throat and saying "Ah," he decided that I was just seasick and painted my throat with iodine. I tried to talk him into the idea of examining my chest, as I told him I thought I might have measles, but he only passed me on. On the way out I passed another officer with two bars on his shoulder, and I thought probably, on account of having a higher rank, he would know a little more about medicine. So I appealed to him for a more thorough examination, telling him that I thought I had measles. He brushed me off and told me to get back to my quarters. So, on the way out, the major who was in charge of the hospital asked me how I was feeling, and I took the occasion to tell him that, although I was being told that I had a little case of seasickness, I was still convinced that I might have measles, at which he immediately examined me and exclaimed, "Hell, yes. You've got a terrible case of measles." Then came the routine matter of finding out where I was situated, so that a quarantine could be established. I was ordered to go down into the hold and a guard was delegated to take me. And, arriving there, I found I was in a stateroom with four bunks in it. One was occupied by a man who was moaning; the other three were empty. Well, it was only a short while later when the door opened again and in came my friend the supply sergeant, who was very big and healthy and by this time very mad, because he had been taken out of our stateroom and quarantined with me. They did not know that half of the ship had been in that room being shaved and getting a haircut in the meantime. We didn't tell them that.

So the other sick soldier was moaning all day and night. I asked an orderly who came in with something for him what the man's trouble was, and he said, "He has got pneumonia." About once a day the major would come down and see me. On one of his days down I suggested he look at this other patient, who had stopped moaning by this time. He did so and turned around and says, "The poor fellow is dead," so they lifted him out and within the course of another day a new patient came in with the mumps.

One night the supply sergeant and the mumps case and I heard a terrible noise and felt sure that we had been torpedoed. We went on deck past our guard, who by this time had left his post also and gone to the top, and, arriving at the top, we saw, from the excitement, that we had run into a freighter, and, from the impact, there were many of its crew in the water. After most of the excitement died down, the three occupants—that is, the other two comrades and myself—decided to go back to the quarters where we were confined, and, on getting back to that gangway, we found the guard there and we had considerable difficulty in trying to assure him that we were the men who came out of that room. After considerable arguing, he gave in and let us go into the room, because he convinced himself that the place was empty, but he

"BERLE AT HIS DELICIOUS TOPS."—Winchell
ZIEGFELD FOLLIES
MILTON BERLE
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JACK COLE and CHRISTINE AYRES
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WINTER GARDEN, B'way & 50th. No Perfs. Mon.
2 SHOWS EVERY SAT. & SUNDAY 2:35 & 8:35

2nd YEAR
OLSEN & JOHNSON'S
Screamlined Musical
SONS O' FUN
46th ST. THEATRE, West of B'way
Evgs. 8:20 • 2 SHOWS SAT. & SUN. (No Perf. Mon.)

"NEWEST SURE-FIRE HIT." Rascoe, World Tel.
THERON BAMBERGER presents
TOMORROW THE WORLD
By JAMES GOW & ARNAUD d'USSEAU
RALPH BELLAMY SHIRLEY BOOTH
BARRYMORE Thea., W. 47th. Mats. Wed. & Sat. 2:40

GEORGE ABBOTT'S FUNNIEST COMEDY HIT
Kiss and Tell
by F. HUGH HERBERT with
Jessie ROYCE LANDIS Robert KEITH Joan CAULFIELD
BILTMORE Thea., 47th W. of B'way. Mats. Wed. & Sat.

HOWARD LINDSAY and RUSSEL CROUSE present
ARSENIC AND OLD LACE
3rd YEAR!
A Comedy by JOSEPH KESSELRING
FULTON, W. 46 St. Evgs. 8:40. Mats. Wed. & Sat. 2:40
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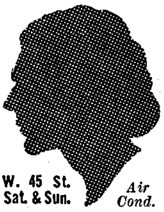

LAST WEEK!
Engagement ends Sat. Eve., June 19
ETHEL BARRYMORE
in
THE CORN IS GREEN
50c to $2 Plus Tax | MARTIN BECK Theatre, W. 45 St. Eves. incl. Sunday 8:40. Mats. Sat. & Sun.
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Story of former U. S. Ambassador JOSEPH E. DAVIES • Presented by WARNER BROS.
MISSION TO MOSCOW
CONTINUOUS POP. PRICES • B'WAY 51st HOLLYWOOD OPENS 10 A. M.

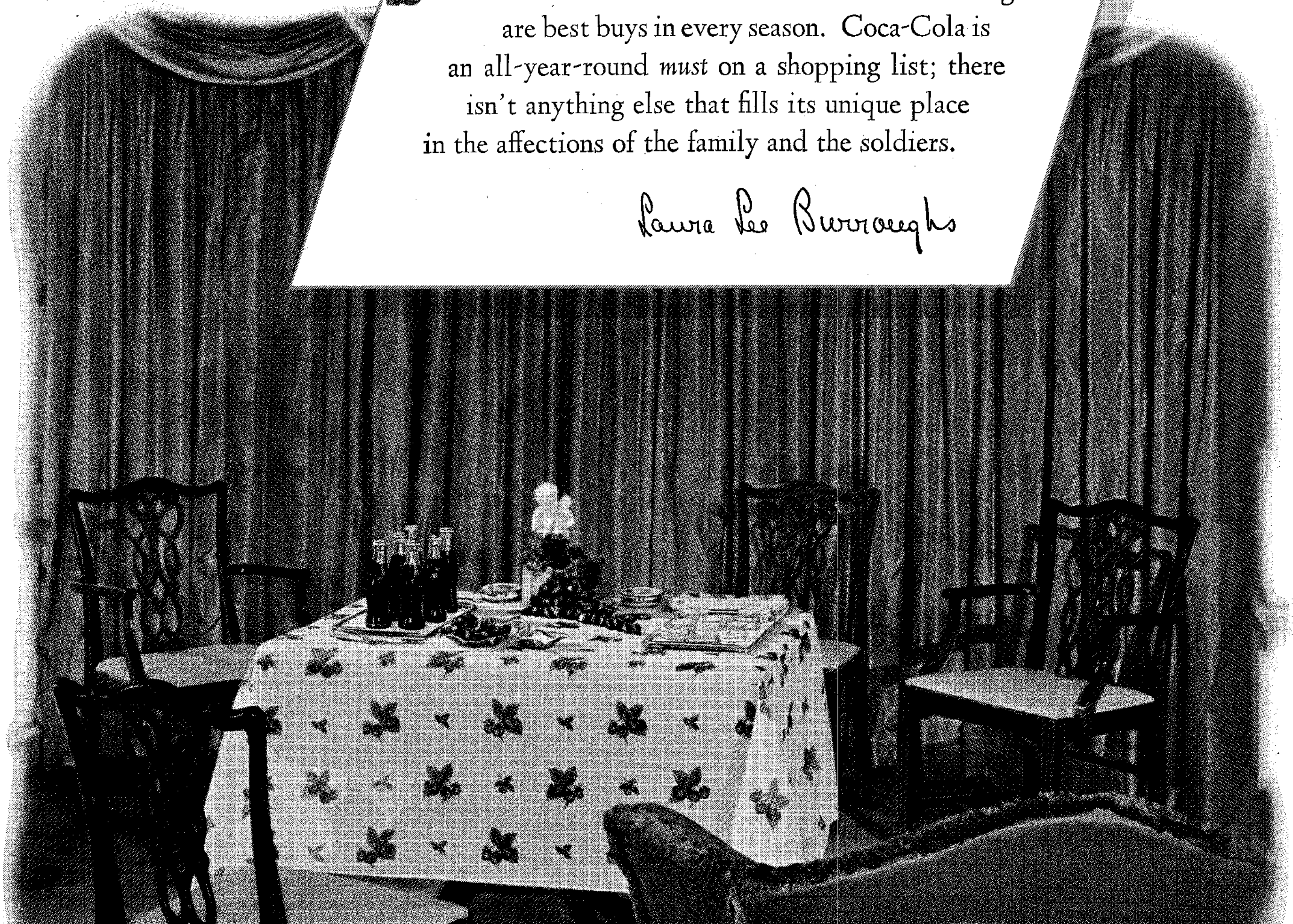
RADIO CITY MUSIC HALL
Rockefeller Center
Jean ARTHUR Joel McCREA Charles COBURN
in GEORGE STEVENS'
"THE MORE THE MERRIER"
Directed by GEORGE STEVENS ● A Columbia Picture
GALA STAGE SHOW—SYMPHONY ORCHESTRA
First Mezzanine Seats Reserved. Circle 6-4600

Salut de Schiaparelli
Salut de Schiaparelli
Vertès

Soldiers like a tablecloth —home food and Coca-Cola

When soldiers come home, they like the things that make home cheerful. To achieve this atmosphere in wartime takes a bit of doing. First, there's marketing to be done—in person definitely, and on foot probably. The corner store has become a neighborhood forum where women compare best buys. In strawberry time, for instance, the berries may be used for decorations as well as food. Some things are best buys in every season. Coca-Cola is an all-year-round *must* on a shopping list; there isn't anything else that fills its unique place in the affections of the family and the soldiers.

Laura Lee Burroughs



Flower Arrangements by Laura Lee Burroughs.

The new volume #3 and volumes #1 and #2—

Color photographs of flower arrangements and table settings. Each volume 10¢. Send your name and address with ten cents in coin or stamps for *each* volume (to cover cost of handling and mailing) to THE COCA-COLA COMPANY, ATLANTA, GEORGIA, DEPT. NK.

Coca-Cola
6 BOTTLES
FOR THE HOME
25¢
DRINK
Coca-Cola
TRADE-MARK
DELICIOUS AND REFRESHING

"The only thing like Coca-Cola is Coca-Cola, itself"

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tried to argue us out of it, saying that the men that had been in there were quarantined and that we would probably get the same sickness.

The situation of the patients' trying to talk their way into quarantine was reversed a few days later, when the ship docked in Liverpool. Giegengack was now entirely well, and he prepared to disembark in an upright position. Instead, British health inspectors, who had been told about his case, examined him at a distance of twenty feet and then had a slip reading "Measles" pinned on him, after which he was forced by three interns onto a stretcher, placed in an ambulance, and driven to a hospital in the suburbs. An orderly took his pedigree. "As I heard, while I was lying there, that if I were a noncommissioned officer I might get better treatment," Giegengack's account runs, "as the English thought very highly of their corporals and sergeants, when he asked me my rank, I said 'Corporal.' When I said I was a corporal, they issued a pair of English corporal stripes, placed them on my bed, and so I was officially made a corporal by myself and placed the corporal's chevrons on myself."

The next morning, after examining him, one of the hospital doctors asked Giegengack, in bewilderment, what he had. "Nothing," said Giegengack. The doctor smiled a medical smile. "Well, you've been put in a scarlet-fever ward," he said, "and you'll have to stay here until you get scarlet fever." Giegengack got scarlet fever, and he also caught mumps and diphtheria from some mumps and diphtheria cases who were in the ward. After two months he was allowed to proceed to France, where he was assigned to an infantry replacement regiment at St. Aignan for training. One day he read an advertisement in the *Stars and Stripes*, the A.E.F. weekly newspaper for American soldiers overseas, which had just been started. The announcement said that the paper needed experienced soldier printers. Giegengack, who by this time had legitimately got himself promoted to sergeant, applied for a job and, in April, 1918, he was transferred to Paris to take charge of the mechanical production of the *Stars and Stripes*.

—GEOFFREY T. HELLMAN

(*This is the first of three articles on Mr. Giegengack.*)

•

WANT girl's bike or girl's frame, any condition. CH 9976.—*Adv. in the Minneapolis Tribune.*

Not a very fussy man, apparently.

From our collection of beach-wear we show you a smart useful coat of popcorn terry-cloth and a bathing suit cleverly designed for sun or water bathing. Some of our other bathing suits of gingham or sharkskin, are just as new and interesting as this.

Terry Coat $13.75
"Popcorn" terry as nicely tailored as a topcoat. Fly front. Colors: white, blue or yellow. Sizes 12-20.

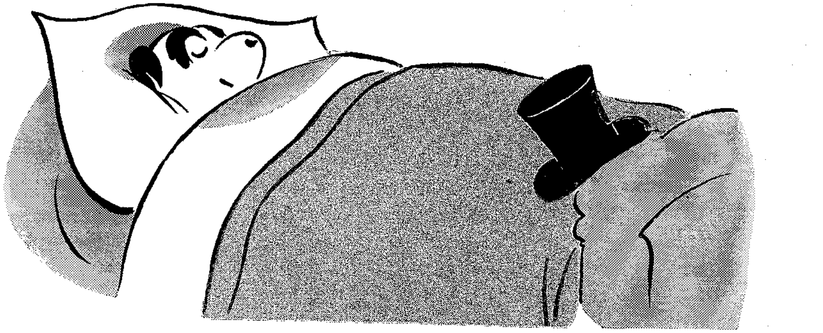
Duck Crew Cap $1.50
Protects hair from too much sunshine. Colors: white, navy, dark green, pale blue or yellow. Sizes 6¾-7¾.

Cotton Bathing Suit $6.75
Rose-sprigged cotton subtly designed with narrow shoulder straps and dirndl skirt. Colors: white with blue or white with red. Sizes 12-18.

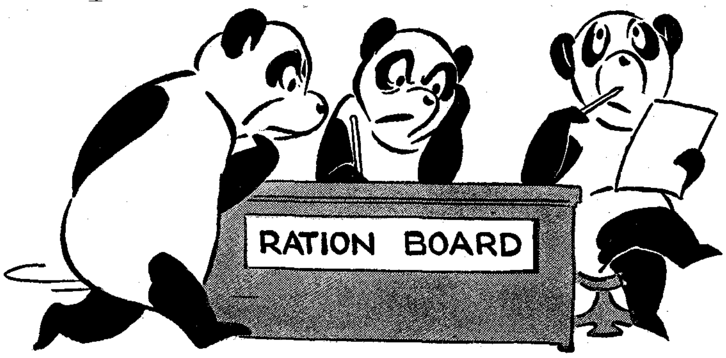
ABERCROMBIE & FITCH CO.

MADISON AVENUE at 45th STREET, NEW YORK

TO SLEEP 'NEATH PURREY IS IN HIGH FASHION



AND ONE OF THE JOYS THE BOYS CAN'T RATION



It's stylish to be sleepy these tough times—but it's even more fashionable to start out the next day refreshed and revived by perfect sleep—the kind that comes easiest under Purrey Blankets.

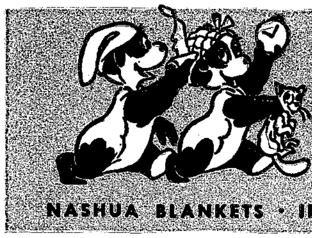
A Purrey treatment has put many a befuddled war-worker back on the beam. For, by scientific proof, this modern blanket is warmer—yet it rests like thistledown on those weary war-worn shanks.

Now don't race right out to buy Purreys at this time—unless your old blankets are completely hopeless. You won't help win the war *that* way. **Build yourself the security of a War Bond Blanket instead.** But if your old ones are actually in shreds—or if you wish to make a particularly nice wedding present—nothing is more satisfactory than 90 inch Purreys (full 7½ feet long). You may have to poke about a bit to find them, but their extra comfort is worth the extra effort.

Notable hostesses put Purreys on guest-room beds as proof of perfect hospitality. Science proves repeatedly that Purrey's patented construction (88% Purrey Rayon, wool 12%) holds in the weary guest's warmth more comfortingly than many blankets costing up to twice as much. They're treated against hungry moths too.

PURREY
BLANKETS
$6.45*
SIZE, 6 FT. x 7½ FT.
EXTRA "TUCK-IN" LENGTH

**The practical double-bed oversize:* 80 x 90 *inches,* $7.45. *Regular size:* 72 x 84 *inches,* $5.95. *All prices slightly higher in West. A new FREE booklet, "The Story of a New Kind of Blanket," tells all about Purrey, and is full of hints on blanket care. Write to Nashua Mfg. Co.,* 40 *Worth St., New York City.*



Nashua
Makers of INDIAN MAIDEN COMBED PERCALE SHEETS
NASHUA BLANKETS • INDIAN HEAD CLOTH • DWIGHT ANCHOR SHEETS

Purrey Blankets, invented at the Nashua Mfg. Co., Nashua, N. H., are protected by U. S. Patent No. 2,208,533

THE RACE TRACK

Easy Money—Bingo!

COUNT FLEET tossed off another of his smooth jobs in the Belmont Stakes last weekend. He galloped around the track so far ahead of Fairy Manhurst and Deseronto, the other starters, that it reminded a few slightly bored horseplayers of a steeplechase and reminded all the gaffers of Man o' War's victory in the same stakes twenty-odd years ago. I can't recall when a winner has ever been more enthusiastically cheered than Count Fleet was—by the people who had bet all the money they had in their pockets on him, maybe. I am told that a private went up to one of the fifty-dollar windows, pushed $2,500 under the grating, and asked the seller for fifty tickets on Count Fleet. There probably has never been another race with so much betting on one horse; of the $261,787 wagered on this one, $249,516 was on Count Fleet. That comes, in bookmaking odds, to about 1–200. As the legal minimum pari-mutuel payoff is $2.10, or 1–20, the management had to make up the difference from its own funds, a matter of $15,912.02. Even so, Belmont didn't do at all badly, for it handled $29,175,430 in the tote during the meeting.

While I share the general admiration for speed, I'm rather glad that Count Fleet didn't try for a record. He's really done well enough this season without that, winning all of the important spring races for three-year-olds, together with $174,055 in purses, and bringing his total earnings to $250,300, which is slightly more than Man o' War won in his entire career. Now Count Fleet is going to have a long rest.

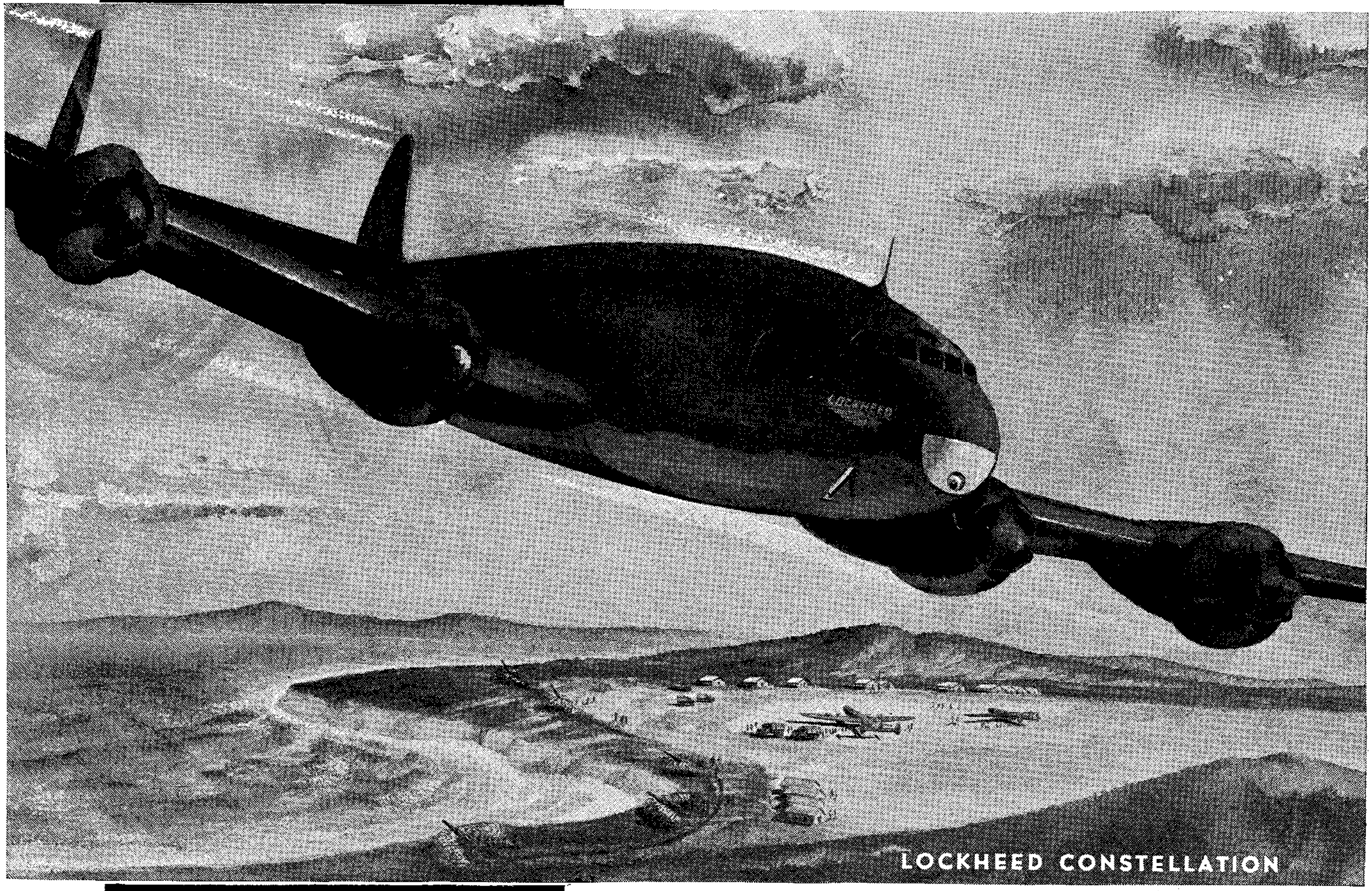
I SUPPOSE it's fair enough to say that the Suburban was the best race of the week. To begin with, seventeen horses ran for it, the largest field in fifty years. The victory of Don Bingo may have astonished some of the conscientious amateur handicappers, but those fellows are always being astonished anyhow. Don Bingo, a four-year-old, had won just three races. However, he carried the lightest weight in the Suburban, only a hundred and four pounds, and he was nimble enough to keep out of

ROHR

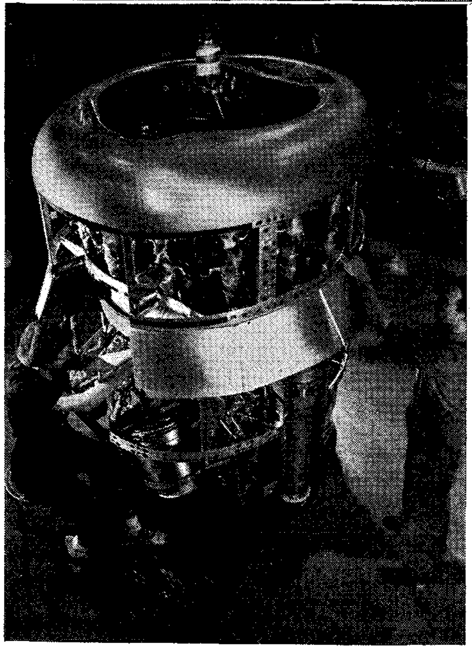
PARTS ✫ ASSEMBLIES

"Get thar Fustest with the Mostest!"

Expressive phrase of a famous Confederate fighter



LOCKHEED CONSTELLATION



BUILD 'em *bigger,* fly 'em *faster,* do it *first* and do it in *quantity*--America's axiom for supremacy of the air! No goal in American history was ever more urgent! ROHR production fighters force their tasks of precision parts manufacture and vital assemblies toward this end. ROHR-equipped air giants fly to battle in ever increasing numbers, rushed there by the men and women on production lines who know that *speed saves lives*!

HELPING TO WRITE
THE STORY OF TOMORROW

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Folks are complaining that the supply of Carstairs White Seal whiskey is a mere trickle at times. But look! We're making no whiskey these days—just war material. The Perfectly Balanced Blend is coming from *reserves alone.* To make it last out the duration, it must be shared fairly and in lesser quantities. Then the Man Who Cares will continue to enjoy White Seal... some days a trickle, perhaps—but always a GOOD one!

THE MAN WHO CARES SAYS: CARSTAIRS

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trouble. His name, by the way, has nothing to do with the game Mr. LaGuardia doesn't like. Don Bingo was named after Bing Crosby, who has a fifty-fifty interest in him along with Lin Howard, whose father owns Seabiscuit. Howard bought the colt in the Argentine, shipped him to New York, and turned him over to Billy Post, who had given up polo playing for horse training. It took Post almost two years to get Don Bingo into his present form, but, as the winner's share of the Suburban was $27,600, that time was not exactly wasted. Don't confuse Don Bingo with Don Bingo II, who isn't nearly as good a horse; Crosby and Howard owned him, too, but sold him recently.

Speaking of Don Bingo's ability to keep out of trouble, I hadn't seen so much rough riding all season as was displayed in the Suburban. The chief sufferers were Attention, who was bumped by Market Wise, and Shut Out, who was slammed by Thumbs Up. There are two fine alibis for you, if you're making a collection.

The rest of the racing the last week at Belmont was generally satisfactory, especially the National Stallion Stakes, won by Longchamps Farm's two-year-old filly, Mrs. Ames, and the Top Flight Handicap, won by Calumet Farm's mare, Mar-Kell. Mrs. Ames, who was named after the manager of Elizabeth Arden's rest-cure establishment in Maine, is one of the better juveniles in my book. In fact, there's no telling how good she might be if she didn't have ankle trouble. By the way, only two other fillies ever won the National Stallion, and Longchamps Farm owned one of them—Donita M.

STARING out of a window of a Long Island Railroad train on his way to Aqueduct the other day, Colonel Martingale brought up the point that Belair and Wheatley horses always run well at Aqueduct. It's their home course. Whirlaway won't be in the Carter Handicap, which will be run this weekend at Aqueduct, but he'll undoubtedly start in the Brooklyn, on June 26th. My favorite clocker says that more three-year-olds are training for the Dwyer, on June 19th, than for anything since the Kentucky Derby.

—AUDAX MINOR

•

2:30 P.M.—WBEN—John Charles Thomas will sing Tally Ho, All Through the Night and Morning.—*Buffalo Evening News.*

It's a peach of a song.

SOMETHING FOR A MAN IN HIS FORTIES

Millie Sanders telephoned to her friend Elise Adams one night about eleven o'clock and spoke in a whisper. "Elise, is that you?" she asked. "Well, this is Millie."

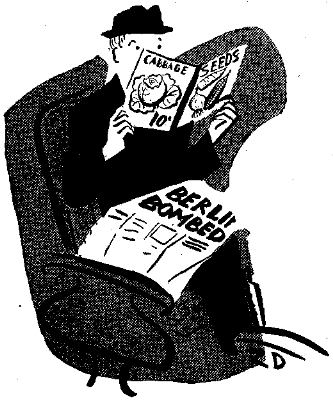
Mrs. Adams settled comfortably back in her bed and rested the receiver on a small embroidered pillow near her ear. By turning her head slightly she could both talk and hear without having to use her hand to hold the instrument in place. This left her free to smoke and to sip the cup of hot bouillon which she always drank before going to sleep. "I thought you'd call," she said. "I was going to wait about ten minutes, and then if you didn't call, I was going to call you. What are you whispering about?"

"Listen, my dear," Millie said. "Sam's in the tub and he can't hear a thing. You know how he lets the water run and run. Well, I'm just about crazy. His birthday's day after tomorrow and I can't think of a thing."

"Can't think of a thing!" Mrs. Adams repeated. "Hasn't he even an *idea?*"

"Well," Millie said. "First I sort of fished around, and then I came right out, and he wants underwear. Underwear and socks."

Mrs. Adams reached over for a cigarette and lit it. "Ridiculous!" she said. "Underwear isn't a present. At least, not for a man."



"That's what I thought," Millie said. "I told him. I said I just can't buy underwear."

"Those shorts," Mrs. Adams said scornfully. "And those ribbed shirt things."

"Exactly," Millie agreed. "So can you meet me tomorrow and we'll put our heads together?"

"Of course I can," Mrs. Adams said. "And we'd better start early. Say half-past eleven?"

"Half-past eleven will be fine," Millie said. "And at the bag counter at Saks. If you're late I want to have something to look at."

"First, I think you'd better decide what you want to spend," Mrs. Adams said. "That'll save a lot of time."

"Well, I thought about fifty," Millie said. "Of course, it would be nice if I could get something for less. But I'm willing to go fifty. I got my interest check."

"Fifty is loads," Mrs. Adams told her. "And I'll see you tomorrow."

Mrs. Adams was at the bag counter promptly at eleven-thirty the next day, but she didn't see Millie. She walked to the end of the aisle, where she could watch the Fifth Avenue entrance, and stood impatiently tapping one foot. She felt vaguely out of sorts, partly because her new rayon stockings sagged around her ankles slightly and partly because the skirt of her new suit hadn't buttoned around her waist as easily as it had when she first bought it. She waited, looking at the women as they passed by, glancing at them sharply and disapprovingly. Suddenly someone touched her on the shoulder and she turned around. It was Millie, slightly out of breath, and she was carrying a package. Mrs. Adams looked at the package and said nothing.

"I've done the most awful thing," Millie said. "I was ten minutes early and I got to snooping around, and of course the leather bags were out of the question, but I kept thinking of my beige, and I saw this beige bag. A cloth one. Well, my dear, I bought it."

"I thought you wanted a blond alligator," Mrs. Adams said. "That's what you told me, and that's what I've been keeping an eye out for. If I'd have known that you'd have considered a cloth one—"

"It was only twelve-fifty," Millie said. "And it isn't bad at all. It has two bows at either end."

Mrs. Adams frowned. "Did you charge it?" she asked.

"No," Millie said. "I paid cash."

"Then that only leaves you thirty-seven fifty for Sam." Mrs. Adams sighed. "Thirty-seven fifty isn't fifty. There's a great difference."

They started to walk toward the door. "Well," Millie said. "If we can't find something, we just can't, that's all. I mean, he did ask for underwear."

"If you're going to think like that," Mrs. Adams said, "I won't go with you. I won't even consider the *striped* kind or some of the little checks."

They stepped out onto the street. The day was bright and sunny and the cherries which Mrs. Adams wore on the top of her head clicked gaily in the breeze. "I think we'd better go right to a *man's* store," she said.

They walked to the curb and hailed a taxi. There was an air of coolness between them. When they got out, Mrs. Adams stood aside and let Millie pay the fare. After all, she thought, it's for her husband, and if she can pay for a new bag, she can pay for the taxi.

In the store, they walked aimlessly around, looking into showcases. They felt lost and depressed. "I did scarves and things of that sort for Christmas," Millie said.

"Scarves and ties are banal, my dear," Mrs. Adams said. "I think we'd better ask that man." She pointed to the section manager, who stood near a display of fishing tackle.

"He wouldn't know," Millie said. "After all, Sam is my husband and I do know something about him. I know he has a camera, for instance, and I certainly know enough after all these years not to get him anything faintly approaching anything of that sort. It just makes him mad."

Mrs. Adams ignored her and went up to the section manager. "We are looking for a nice little gift for a man," she said. "A man in his forties. It's his birthday."

The section manager looked down at her and smiled. "Our gift department is on the fourth floor," he said. "You'll find a carefully selected assortment there. And, if you do *not*, you might consult our shopper."

Mrs. Adams eyed him coldly. "Thank you," she said. She turned to Millie. "Never in my life have I had to go to a shopper. Of all things."

"Those people don't know," Millie said. "How could they know what to do about Sam when I don't? He's been awfully touchy, anyway. This morning, for instance, I said to him, I said, 'Sam, we'd better get Gilbert to do something about those things.' And he flew off the handle. He could hardly eat his breakfast. Of course, I meant Vincent, and I don't know what made me say Gilbert. And I meant the trunks in the basement. It was just that he didn't choose to understand."

THEY stepped into the elevator and rode, without speaking, to the fourth floor. It was obvious that the fourth floor was devoted to the sale of gifts. Ashtrays, cigarette lighters, cameras, pipes, and tobacco jars were arranged on tables, while larger and more expensive gifts, such as outdoor grills and small bars, had been placed about the room. Mrs. Adams, looking sharply around, gave a small cry of delight. "Look, Millie," she said. "If that isn't *unusual!*" She pointed to a rustic table in the middle of which was a hole, and in the hole rested a rustic bucket. The two women hurried toward it.

"Did you ever!" Millie said. "I wonder what it's for."

"To eat on," Mrs. Adams said. "And that bucket's for the punch or what have you, because there are dippers hanging from those wooden pegs." She looked at the legs of the table for the price tag. "It's seventy dollars. Did you ever! Not that seventy dollars would be so much. I mean, you could have added twenty to the fifty. I would have even lent you the twenty. But you've dug into it."

"It's nice," Millie admitted, and sighed regretfully. "But I don't know . . ."

A salesman approached and stood a slight distance away from them. "Are you ladies looking for something definite or are you just looking around?" he asked.

"We're looking for something definite," Mrs. Adams said. "Something for a man in his forties. For his birthday."

The salesman's face shone with an inner light. "We have something very new," he said. "Just follow me."

He walked to a counter in the middle of the store and, hurrying behind it, he stooped and brought up a round leather case.

"Oh," Millie said. "That looks as though it had poker chips in it. My husband has some poker chips. He's had them since he was in college. He never even uses them."

"Wait," the salesman said. He opened the box with a flourish. It held poker chips, but they were like no poker chips the two women had ever seen. They were chartreuse, lemon yellow, and a dusty tan color. On the surface of each chip was printed "The Browns."

"What lovely colors!" Mrs. Adams said.

Millie looked at them, fascinated. "They're absolutely beautiful," she said. "Instead of those old red, white, and blue things."

"I can't believe it," Mrs. Adams said. "If we'd looked all day!"

"I know," Millie sighed.

Elise Adams nudged her and whispered, "Ask how much they are."

"Oh," Millie said to the salesman. "How much are they?"

"Fifty dollars," he said. "We just

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got them in this morning. We call them personalized poker chips."

As Mrs. Adams watched in amazement, Millie opened her bag. She counted out thirty-seven dollars and fifty cents and laid it on the counter. "This is for a deposit," she said. "And I'll stop by later in the afternoon and pay for the rest. That is, if you can have them marked by tomorrow."

"I think we can arrange that," the salesman said. "Considering it's the gentleman's birthday. How would you like them marked?"

"Just have them marked The Sanders," Millie told him. She gave him her name and address and smiled as she waited. Then she nodded to the salesman and walked away with Mrs. Adams.

"Millie!" Mrs. Adams said. "You're going to return your bag!"

"Exactly," Millie said firmly.

"Well," Mrs. Adams said, "I think that's sweet of you." She took Millie's arm. "I'll pay for the lunch."

"And another thing," Millie said, "no one could help but be wild about those chips. I never saw such wonderful colors. I guess Sam will be floored, all right. I guess he won't be so touchy when he sees those."

"Oh," Mrs. Adams said, "any way you look at it, it's worth it."

Millie's smile was smug. "*I* think so," she said. —ESTHER EVARTS

•

Friends of Thomas C. Elliott, who is stationed at Seymour Johnson Field Army Air Corps, in North Carolina, will be happy to know he has recovered from his illness. Also his engagement to Miss Elizabeth Lyon of Hingham is terminated.
—*Hingham (Mass.) Journal.*

In short, he's his old self again.

•

Q. Please give me a recipe for mock mince meat.
A. Apply paraffin, soap, or talcum powder to the runways and bottom edges of the drawers. If this is not successful, plane away a little of the wood along the bottom edges of the drawer.—*Newark Evening News.*

If that fails, start boring holes.

•

RICH, BEAUTIFUL PROSE DEPT.

[*From the gladiola section of the seed catalogue of R. H. Shumway, Rockford, Ill.*]

2706 BAGDAD (EXHIBITION)

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THE THEATRE

THE NEW SABINA

THERE have been several major cast substitutions recently on Broadway—few for the better. Probably the most important change is the replacement of Tallulah Bankhead by Miriam Hopkins in "The Skin of Our Teeth." This, as you must know, is in the rôle of Sabina, the housemaid, the beauty-contest winner, and the camp-follower—a girl who has been around for better than five thousand years without noticeable wear and tear. Now, I have the greatest admiration for Miss Hopkins, but Sabina, unfortunately, is something special on the stage and makes extraordinary demands on an actress.

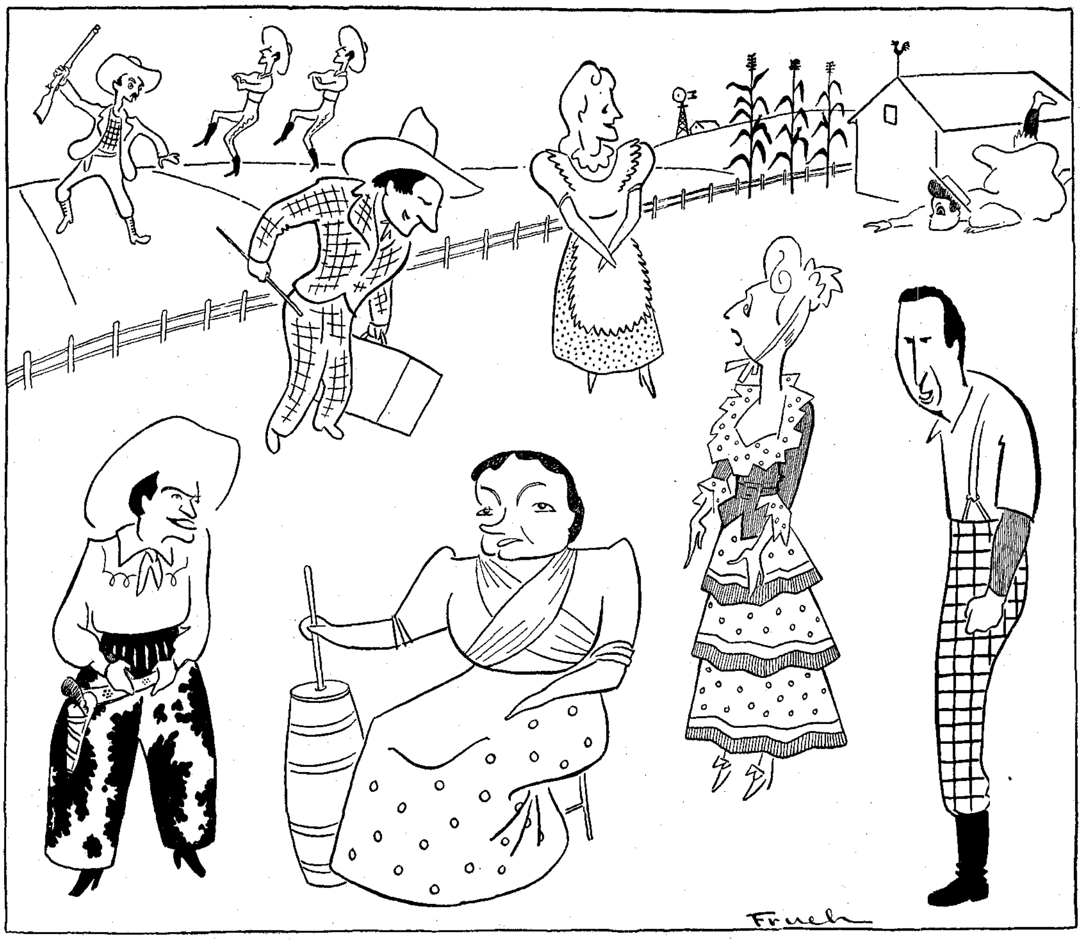
Largely because of a broad vein of roughhouse humor in Miss Bankhead and a voice wonderfully suited to rowdy goings-on, she was able to pass from the farcical mood of the first act, when Sabina is dusting up around a house already overrun by dinosaurs and other fugitives from the ice wave; through the much higher, though still disreputable, humors of the Atlantic City pageant; and finally to the scene that brings her back from some great war, which is not without a certain pathos and eloquence. Miss Bankhead was even able to manage successfully a series of irritable asides to the audience, a feat very difficult indeed in any work more ambitious than the programs of Mr. Olsen and Mr. Johnson. Miss Hopkins' handling of this same material is perhaps best described as intelligent. Frequently what she does and says looks and sounds a lot like what Miss Bankhead did and said, but something sultry and mocking is missing from her performance. Miss Hopkins might easily win a beauty contest or even attempt to seduce the President of All the Mammals, but she isn't Lilith. In spite of all the tough talk, there is an air of invincible refinement about her.

The other changes aren't so important, since although Mr. Wilder's play is theoretically about a family called Antrobus, its focus is always Sabina. Conrad Nagel, returning from Hollywood to take the part vacated by Fredric March, seems to me fair enough except in his scenes dealing with his dark son whose other name is Cain, in which the author's exact intention occasionally appears to escape him; Viola Frayne, replacing Florence Eldridge as Mrs. Antrobus, is, I think, very satisfactory and physically, perhaps, even more humorously suited to the rôle than her predecessor; Larry Hugo, the new Cain in place of Montgomery Clift, could do with a little more venom and a little less boyishness, but on the whole he is all right, too.

Of the remnants of the first cast, I would like to mention again Florence Reed, who, as the fortune teller, remains one of the delights of my life. Altogether, "The Skin of Our Teeth" is still emphatically something for you to see, though it is rather a pity you couldn't get around to it before.

THE single opening of the week was something called "Moment Musical," by Charles Angoff, at the Blackfriars Guild, up on Fifty-seventh Street. This work had to do with a sporty matron from Oklahoma who visited New York and almost decided to elope with a sergeant. Since I left after the first act, I'm not sure how she was persuaded against this step, but I'm told she was, and I'm sure it was a good thing. He was one of the most relentless bores in the history of the theatre.

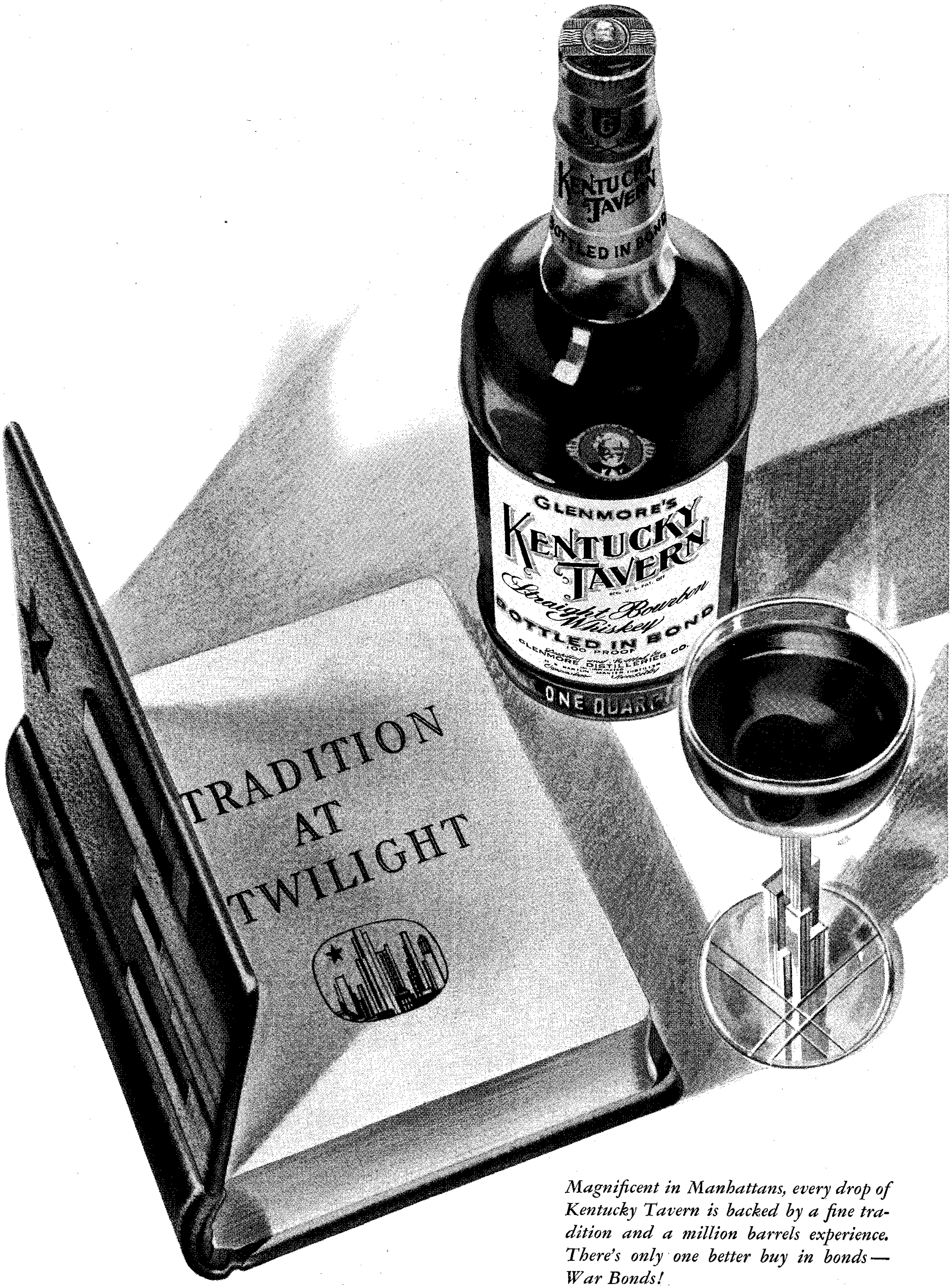
—WOLCOTT GIBBS



"OKLAHOMA!"

There is more in this pastoral scene than meets the eye. The principal characters, from left to right, are Alfred Drake, Joseph Buloff, Betty Garde, Joan Roberts, Celeste Holm, and Howard Da Silva, and their problems range from love to arson. The Theatre Guild's musical version of "Green Grow the Lilacs" is at the St. James.

THE ARISTOCRAT OF BONDS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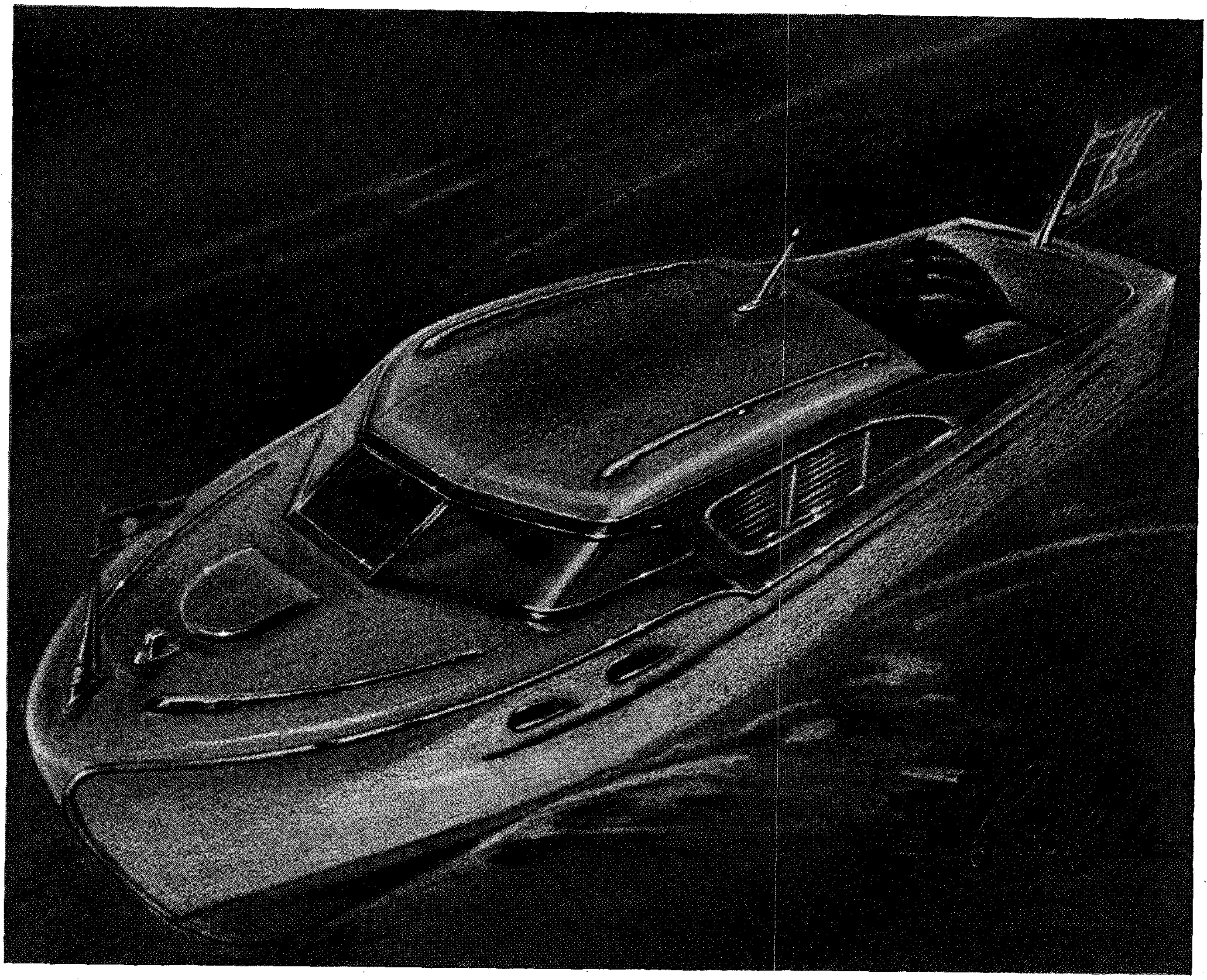

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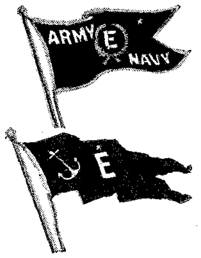

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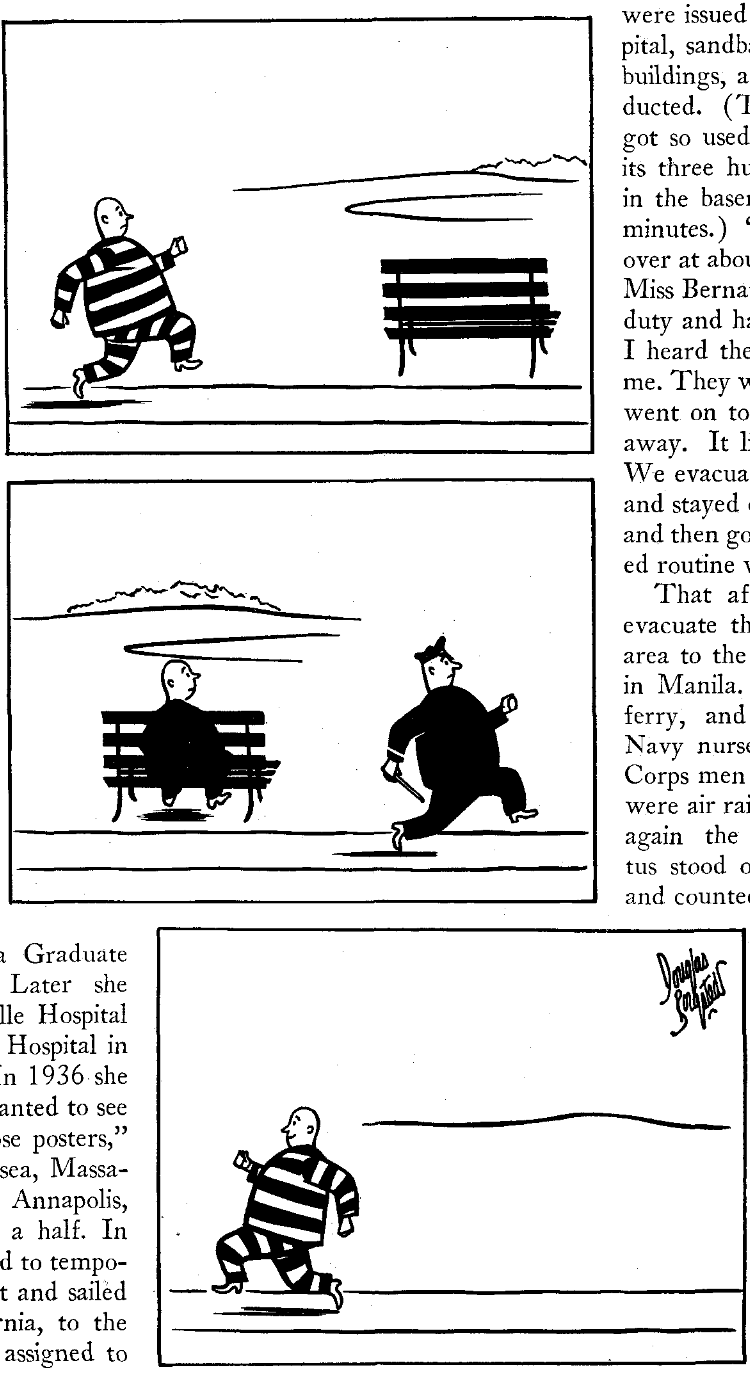
YOU'LL NEVER KNOW!

Miss Ann Agnes Bernatitus, a United States Navy nurse who has the rank of lieutenant junior grade, is a slender girl of thirty with a scrappy manner. She has the look of a girl who is always about to say, "So what?" She is freckled and ruddy-cheeked and has brown hair, but somehow you get the impression that she's a red-head. The day I talked to her, sitting in one of the public rooms at the nurses' home of the only partly completed National Naval Medical Center at Bethesda, Maryland, she was barelegged and was wearing brown-and-white pumps, a brown linen dress with a white floral pattern, and a small bunch of yellow cloth flowers on her left shoulder. She had a deep-red polish on her nails and a blue ribbon in her hair. It was hard for me to realize that almost exactly a year ago she was finishing a tour of duty on Bataan and Corregidor and slipping away at night in a submarine under an arch of Japanese shells.

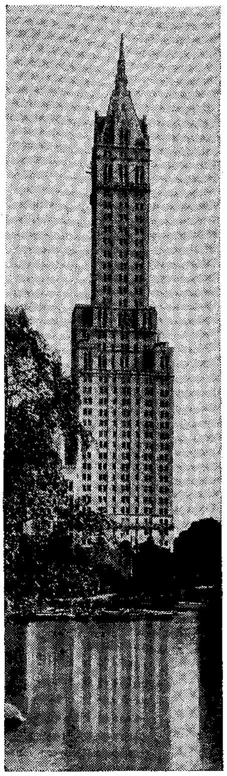
Miss Bernatitus was born in Exeter, Pennsylvania. Her parents were born in Lithuania and her father was a coal miner. In her senior year at the Exeter High School she was the captain of the girls' basketball team and treasurer of the class. She got out of high school in 1928 and spent the next four years in Wilkes-Barre, taking care of the children of various families. After that she took nurses' training in the Wyoming Valley Homeopathic Hospital in Wilkes-Barre and postgraduate work at the University of Pennsylvania Graduate Hospital in Philadelphia. Later she worked in the New Rochelle Hospital and at the Nanticoke State Hospital in Nanticoke, Pennsylvania. In 1936 she became a Navy nurse. "I wanted to see the world. You know, those posters," she told me. She saw Chelsea, Massachusetts, for two years and Annapolis, Maryland, for a year and a half. In June, 1940, she was assigned to temporary duty aboard a transport and sailed from Mare Island, California, to the Philippines, where she was assigned to the naval hospital at Cañacao, on Cavite, seven miles down the bay from Manila. "We had twelve nurses at Cañacao and it was swell," Miss Bernatitus said. "We could take a ferry to Manila any time we were off duty, and we used to bicycle, swim, bowl, and play golf. A couple of the girls had movie cameras, and we experimented with them."

Miss Bernatitus squirmed in her chair as she talked. For a while she would sit on her legs, then she would turn and stretch her feet in front of her; after a while she would twist and get her feet back under her again. "I guess everybody out there knew something was going to happen," she went on. "On November tenth, 1941, the chief nurse suggested we pack up things we didn't need real badly, and so I mailed home a lot of stuff—linens and things like that. Everything went along as usual, though. Kind of tense, that was all. We heard about the war at six in the morning on Monday the eighth of December. We were past the international date line, you know, and Sunday in the States was Monday out there. One of the girls' boy friends was an officer at the Navy Yard in Manila and he telephoned her. She busted into my room and yelled, 'Ann! Pearl Harbor's been bombed!' I leaped out of my bed, and it wasn't long before everybody was up and around and talking and not believing it." That morning gas masks were issued to all the people at the hospital, sandbags were placed around the buildings, and air-raid drills were conducted. (The hospital staff eventually got so used to it that it could transfer its three hundred patients to a shelter in the basement of the hospital in five minutes.) "The first Jap planes flew over at about three Tuesday morning," Miss Bernatitus said. "I was coming off duty and had just gone outdoors when I heard the bombers. It didn't bother me. They weren't after us, anyway, but went on to Nichols Field, a few miles away. It lit up like a Christmas tree. We evacuated everybody to the shelter and stayed down there until six o'clock, and then got the patients back and started routine work again."



That afternoon it was decided to evacuate the patients from the Cavite area to the Army's Sternberg Hospital in Manila. The patients were sent by ferry, and Miss Bernatitus, another Navy nurse, and some Navy Medical Corps men went by automobile. There were air raids on Manila that night and again the next day. Miss Bernatitus stood outside the hospital at noon and counted fifty Japanese bombers. "I guess they had an awful mess back on Cavite," she said. "Dr. Smith, who was there, told me he had two hundred and eighty-five patients in his operating room. When they had them fixed up, they sent them on to Manila. People kept coming into our hospital there, too. I was in the operating room. Every time there was an air raid you were ordered to go out-

Still pleasing
OLD FRIENDS



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AFTER SHAVING

A FEW OF THE MEMBERS
George Biddle
Lauritz Melchior
Paul Lukas
John Erskine
Ted Husing
Lucius Beebe

side. There were V trenches in the lawn, but we had no occasion to use them. They didn't bomb us."

It was decided that all available Navy doctors and nurses would be set up throughout the city and the islands in emergency annexes to the Sternberg Hospital. As for Miss Bernatitus, she was sent with two Navy surgeons and two Medical Corps men to St. Scolastica School, in Manila, to get the place ready for wounded people who needed treatment. "Things weren't so bad yet," she said. "We began to set up our equipment, and stayed on until the twenty-third of December, when we got orders to be ready at five the next morning, because they were going to send us to Bataan. We were still fixing up St. Scolastica when they gave us *that* order. We packed our bags and got ready. The other Navy nurses and the rest of our people were supposed to stay on in Manila and be taken prisoner. I don't know how *that* was decided, either. All the Navy personnel in the outlying areas was moved back to Manila and, of the Navy people, just my two doctors, the two Medical Corps men, and I were sent to Bataan.

"When we got to Bataan, the Army medical people out there weren't expecting us. There was equipment for a thousand-bed hospital, but all of it was still packed in warehouses, and the Army people and ourselves rolled out that stuff into long, narrow, bamboo buildings. We had twenty-five buildings, fifteen of them wards, a few other buildings, a doctors' quarters, and a nurses' home. I never did know where the Corps men slept. At first we had hardly any food, because they didn't expect us. Just the five of us were Navy, the rest Army. We got some stuff that looked like coffee but tasted like dishwater and some biscuits, I suppose you could call them, browned on the outside and raw dough on the inside. You took what you got and used what you found, believe me!

"This place was Camp Limay, and we had a lot of work to do, oodles of it. Everybody worked from seven in the morning until ten at night, and then tried to break away and get some sleep. We had seven operating tables, two doctors and a nurse and two Corps men to a table, and we were kept going. Wounded men would be waiting in lines of stretchers for us to get to them. Some amputations—maybe a leg, maybe a little one like a finger—abdominal operations, head cases, everything. People can get hit any place by a bomb. You'd be amazed about how little people complain, especially soldiers, and about how much punishment a human body can take. They didn't scream or whimper or anything. We worked and worked on the wounded, and time went by like nobody's business. When there weren't any patients, you had to work on supplies, make bandages and stuff you need in surgery. The laundry situation was bad, and you hung the wash on a fence, and when it was dry you sterilized it. We didn't have a lot of fancy equipment. Our sterilizer was just a little old thing worked with gasoline or kerosene, I don't know which. Things would come so fast, sometimes if a doctor got a pair of gloves on he was doing well. We used a lot of sulfanilamide. Pour it on the wounds and then give the patients fifteen grains of it four times a day for a couple of days. It was routine."

I interrupted Miss Bernatitus to say that the development of sulfa drugs was a marvellous thing. "You'll never know!" she replied, shifting again in her chair.

"We worked like that," she went on, "until the twenty-fifth of January, when, I guess, the front lines were withdrawn until they were a little too close to us. They moved us down the peninsula and separated us into two hospitals. No. 2 Hospital was to be the main hospital. It was nothing but a lot of beds set out in a grove of bamboo trees, and a bubbling brook running through it." Miss Bernatitus gave the words "bubbling brook" a derisive inflection. "I was sent to No. 1 Hospital, at Little Baguio, where we had the operating rooms. We had buildings—tin roofs, cement floors, poles holding up the roofs, and no walls—a place for the doctors, a place for the nurses, and two tents, which were the receiving station. The two hospitals were about eight kilometres—that's five miles—apart. We would fix a man up at No. 1 and then send him to No. 2 to recuperate—if he could recuperate."

It was the dry season on Bataan. The roads which had been cut through jungle, hills, and rock were dusty. The jungles were filled with mosquitoes, which brought malaria, and the bad food and sanitary conditions brought dysentery. The fighting was bitter and often hand-to-hand, and many men were wounded. The beds in the hospitals were filled, and the natives made new ones. The nurses slept in frail triple-deckers fashioned of bamboo and rattan. There was all anybody could use of heat and dirt and misery.

Miss Bernatitus squirmed once more in her chair. Then she said, "Well,

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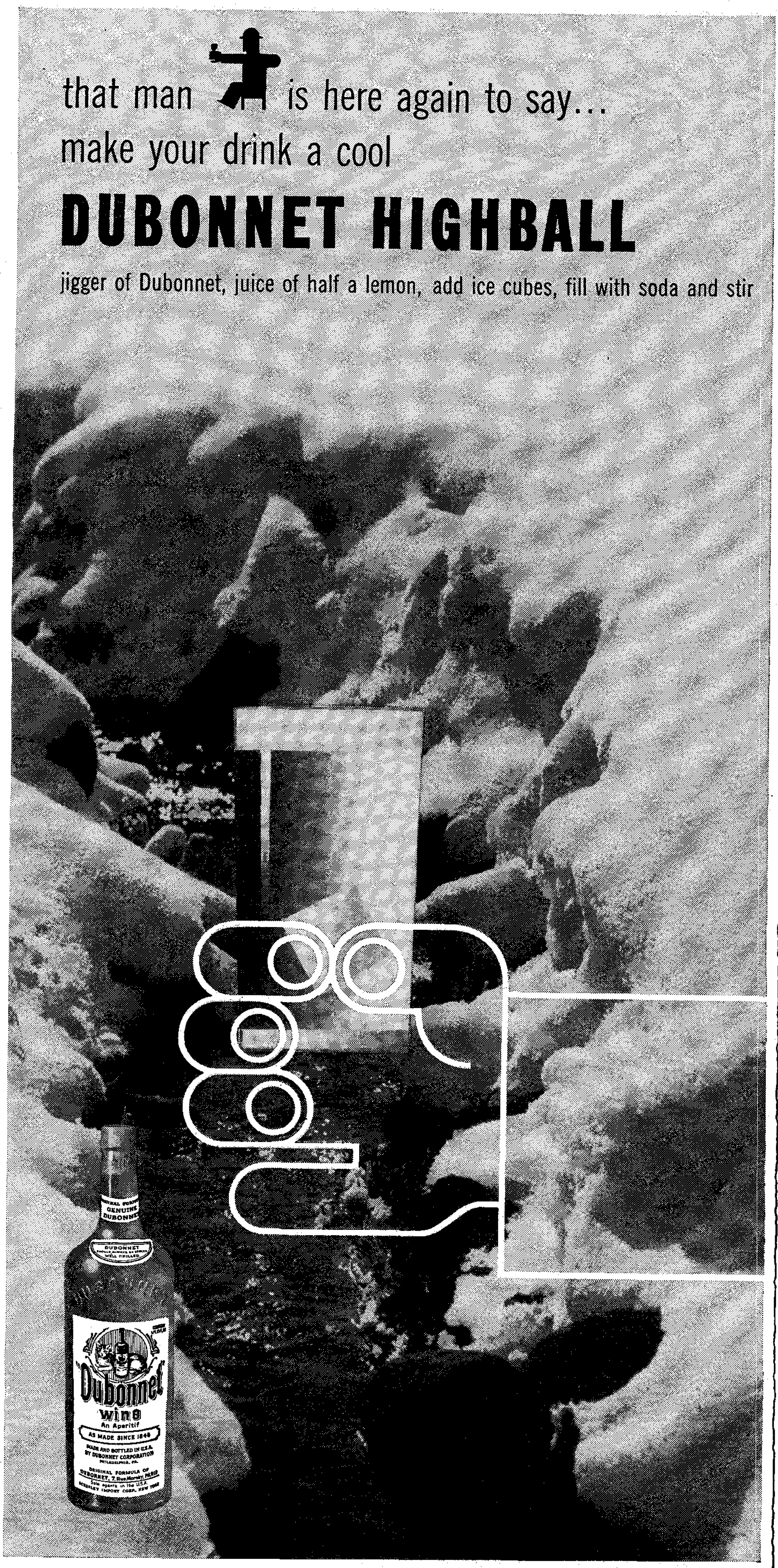
things slowed down for a while. The people in the operating teams had to make supplies, and, too, we were beginning to get medical cases. We were running low on quinine and other drugs, and there was no quinine to give the men for prevention of malaria at the front. You ever see a man with bad malaria? Well, he's so tired and sick he just wants to lie down and die. Our food was getting a little on the low side, too. We got two meals a day—maybe some fritters or some oatmeal and some coffee at nine in the morning, and at four in the afternoon they usually managed to give you some sort of a stew, maybe carabao, or horse, or mule stew, and some rice, and some coffee or tea. I guess the stuff we got satisfied our hunger, but I can't remember ever leaving my plate when I couldn't have eaten just that much more. We didn't have any fruit. No fruit grew there. It was just jungle. Whenever you got to talking, no matter who it was with, or how it started, you ended up talking about food, like 'When I get back to the States, the first thing I'm going to do . . .' Usually it was eat a steak smothered in mushrooms—that sort of thing."

I asked how the nurses dressed. "Look," she said, "we didn't wear white uniforms, you can bet on that. A lot of the girls wore Army coveralls, usually size forty, the Air Corps boys gave them, and sometimes a pair of man's Army shoes, also too big. The girls liked the coveralls better than Army pants and shirts, although some of the nurses wore them. I had a pair of blue slacks, a sort of sky blue, and two white blouses, and those, with a blue-and-white checked gingham dress, were the outfits *I* wore. I had a pair of high-heeled pumps I brought along. I put them on one night and almost fell down and broke my neck when I tried to walk. We all had low-heeled shoes. Most of us wore out our ankle socks, so we got socks from the men and wore them."

IN March the Japanese began their concerted drive to defeat the meagre American and Filipino forces on Bataan. The defenders were weak from malaria, dysentery, and lack of food, and the casualties began piling up again. The troops fell back slowly. General Wainwright became almost a god to the men. He kept appearing in the front lines and at supply depots. He was cheerful and tireless. I asked Miss Bernatitus how the outnumbered Americans acted under the day-and-night attacks of the Japanese. "Look," she said, "everybody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knows the kind of men we had out there."

The Japs bombed the American hospitals on March 29th. "But the second bombing, the one on April seventh! You'll never know!" Miss Bernatitus said. "For some reason or other the bombing raids started at ten on both mornings. On the morning of the seventh I had spent a lot of time making a little hole in the supply room, pushing crates around so that if there was a raid I would have a place to crawl into and wouldn't have to run outside to a foxhole. I was in a foxhole in the first bombing and never did know how I got there. Well, the planes came over this morning of the seventh, right over, and we could hear that funny whistle a bomb makes. I forgot all about my hole among the crates and started to run. I was going out the door when I saw a little Army boy I knew huddled in a corner. 'Why, Flanagan,' I asked, 'whatever are you doing there?' He said, 'Never mind,' and he stayed there. I got outside the door and the bombs hit, blooie—what a noise!—all around me, it seemed like. I dropped down on my face. The bombers unloaded and went on by and I got up. One bomb had hit the enlisted men's mess and other bombs had hit all over the grounds. Tin roofs were up in the trees. Laundry was all over the hills. A pair of pink striped pajamas was in a treetop. Forty-five or fifty patients were killed.

"The old bombers went on by, and I went back to the operating room. Boy! Windows were broken in, glass was all over the floor, beds were tipped over, bottles were broken and solutions spilling over everything. It was an awful mess, and we had to start taking care of the wounded. We fixed up things a little, and the patients were again lined up waiting. The usual things—amputations, abdominal, head cases, what you get in a raid. I worked beside my doctors, and then after a while those old Jap bombers came back to see how much damage they had caused and maybe, we thought, to finish the job. The doctors wouldn't leave the surgical room. Well, if your doctor doesn't leave, you don't leave, even if you are scared, and so we went right on operating. I had the same two doctors I had in Manila—Dr. Fraleigh, a lieutenant junior grade, and Dr. Smith, a kind of old fellow, a lieutenant commander. Dr. Smith was mad when those bombers came back over the hospital. He said, 'Damn it, if they get me, they're going to get me on duty.' They didn't get him."

Miss Bernatitus twisted in her chair

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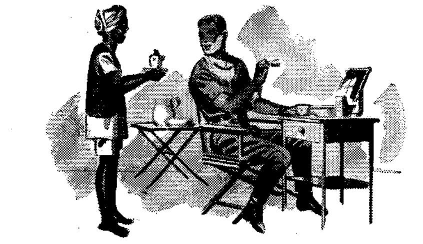
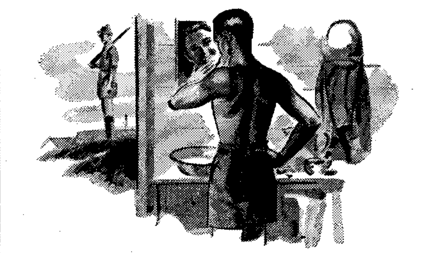


At an officers' club in Calcutta, a colonel says: "Suli, I'm stepping out in style tonight. Fetch me that jugful of U.S.A.—the one that says Seaforth, For Men!"

In a very hot barracks in Trinidad, a Yorkshireman rubs his chin before the mirror. "Now then," he grins admiringly, "we ain't got Hollywood plumbing 'ere, but can't a man do wonders with Seaforth!"



On an advanced airfield in North Africa, six flyers split a cake of shaving soap six ways. "Catch the crumbs, Harry," says a bombardier. "Remember, son, that's Seaforth!"

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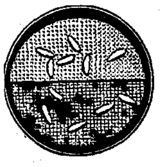

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again. A few feet in back of her were some French doors, and I could see through them to a court, where the sun was shining. Outside, workmen were busy on the uncompleted portions of the Medical Center, a group of white stone buildings on a lovely hill, and the sounds of hammers upon stone were sounds of peace. "You'll never know quite what it was like out there," she continued. "You worked and you worked. You forgot about the heat and the jungle. The wounded and the sick boys would come in and come in, and it got so that they were lucky if you had time even to take their temperatures and give them their medicine. They were good, though. All they seemed to want was some rest, some sleep, and some medicine or some dressing to stuff in their wounds. At night sometimes a man would come down to the nurses' quarters and sit outside. He didn't care who was there; he just wanted to look at a woman and hear her talk. If you had a cigarette, you would give it to him. Sometimes he would sit on the step and never say a word, and then he would go away, and maybe you wouldn't see him again. But we had a little fun. During the fairly quiet days, Captain Osbore, the regulating officer, who decided which hospital took which cases and that sort of thing, would take one of us nurses along as he went to visit the camps. It gave us a change of scenery. On quiet afternoons the doctors would have a little party, and we would go to their quarters and dance to victrola music for a couple of hours. There were hardly any cigarettes, and if anybody had any liquor he kept quiet about it. Cigarettes sold for fifty cents apiece toward the last. What else was there to do with money?"

ON the night of April 9th, a few hours before Bataan fell, all the nurses on Bataan, along with a certain number of troops, were ordered to pack up to go to Corregidor. They could take what they could carry. They went in buses along a twisting trail, past retreating troops, meeting tanks heading toward the front. "Lord, it was a mess!" said Miss Bernatitus. They got to the dock at Mariveles and no boat was there, so they lay down on the dock and slept. About eleven o'clock a boat came and they boarded it. They were out a quarter of a mile when the men on Bataan started blowing up the munition dumps near the dock. "The whole sky was lit up," she said, "and the Americans were shelling the Japs from Corregidor, and the Japs were shelling back,

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and you could hear the old shells screaming over your head.

"We got to Corregidor about two in the morning. There wasn't anybody there to meet us, and it was dark, real black, where we landed, but after a while an ambulance picked us up and took us inside the rock. Corregidor gave you a sense of security after being out in the open on Bataan, but after I was there a while I just had to get out every day and walk around. Inside that rock I felt I was suffocating. The food was better there than on Bataan. We had two good meals a day and some soup at noon. I worked in the operating rooms again, mostly on fellows who were wounded at the batteries topside and down by the docks. The place took a beating, let me tell you. After Bataan fell, the Japs shelled us from there, and from Cavite on the other side, shelling us from every imaginable side, and the old bombers would come over and give it to us on top, and old Corregidor would tremble and shiver and shake until you wondered if you were getting it from the bottom of the rock, too. Noise? Boy!"

On May 3rd, four days before Corregidor was surrendered to the Japanese, General Wainwright told all the women on the rock to get ready to go. At 4:30 P.M. eleven Army nurses, a Navy wife, Miss Bernatitus, six Navy officers, and six Army officers were ordered to gather the things they had, which bulked little, and be ready to go at seven. "General Wainwright personally shook hands with each of us as we got in a car to go to the dock," she said. "He was so wonderful. I don't think the men could have fought another minute if he left, and they would have fought until the very last one of them was dead if he wanted them to and was there. You see, it was funny out there. There was General Wainwright, and, too, I don't think there was one of us that didn't expect sometime to look out and see a convoy steaming up the bay. We *had* to believe that. We couldn't let ourselves believe anything else. Well, General Wainwright wished us a lot of luck and said for us to be sure and tell people what went on out there." After dark the party of twenty-five boarded a launch and was taken into the bay, while the Japs methodically shelled the fortress and their searchlights swept the water. In the bay a large submarine was waiting. They got aboard. It submerged and set off for Australia.

The submarine took seventeen days, threading past Japanese-held islands, through hundreds of miles of hostile

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water, to reach Western Australia. Submarines are crowded enough with only their crews aboard, and the addition of twenty-five people made this one almost unbearable. The thirteen women shared four bunks in the officers' quarters and slept in relays. "The crew gave us magazines and cards," Miss Bernatitus said, "and we played cribbage, acey-deucey, and bridge, and talked, and played the victrola all the time. When I got to Australia, I put on my Sunday-go-to-meeting slack suit, a pretty royal-blue sort of gabardine that I had saved all through Bataan and Corregidor, and went and got myself a steak and a hot bath."

NOT long ago Miss Bernatitus arrived in the United States. Since getting home, she has been kept busy by the Navy, mostly nursing at the National Naval Medical Center. Soon after her return, however, she had a week off and spent it with her mother in Exeter. The town made a fuss over her and gave her a testimonial dinner and a wristwatch.

While she was telling me about the watch, a telephone began to ring and she got up to answer it. She limped stiffly across the floor. When she came back, she said, "I went bowling last night, me and a couple of other girls, and I'm just beginning to get stiff from it. You know, in Manila I used to bowl a lot," she said. "There were four of us Navy nurses who used to run around a lot together —Miss Evans, whom I worked with at the Chelsea Hospital and met again out there, and Miss Gorzelanski, and Miss Chapman, whom I had done duty with at Annapolis. We used to bowl and swim and play golf and take pictures and go to the movies together, and have a lot of fun. I would kind of like to go back to the Philippines someday. Maybe things will be different when *we* are not retreating. Maybe it's just my curiosity. Then maybe I'll see old Evans and Gorzelanski and Chapman again. Maybe I won't. A lot of people we left behind we won't find when we get back out there. A lot of people—"

Her voice suddenly sounded odd. She twisted in her chair, and took a handkerchief from a pocket in her dress, and turned her face away from me. "Oh, nuts!" she said into the handkerchief.

—MARK MURPHY

•

Probably he grew more virtuous as he grew colder.—*Orlando (Fla.) Sentinel-Star.*

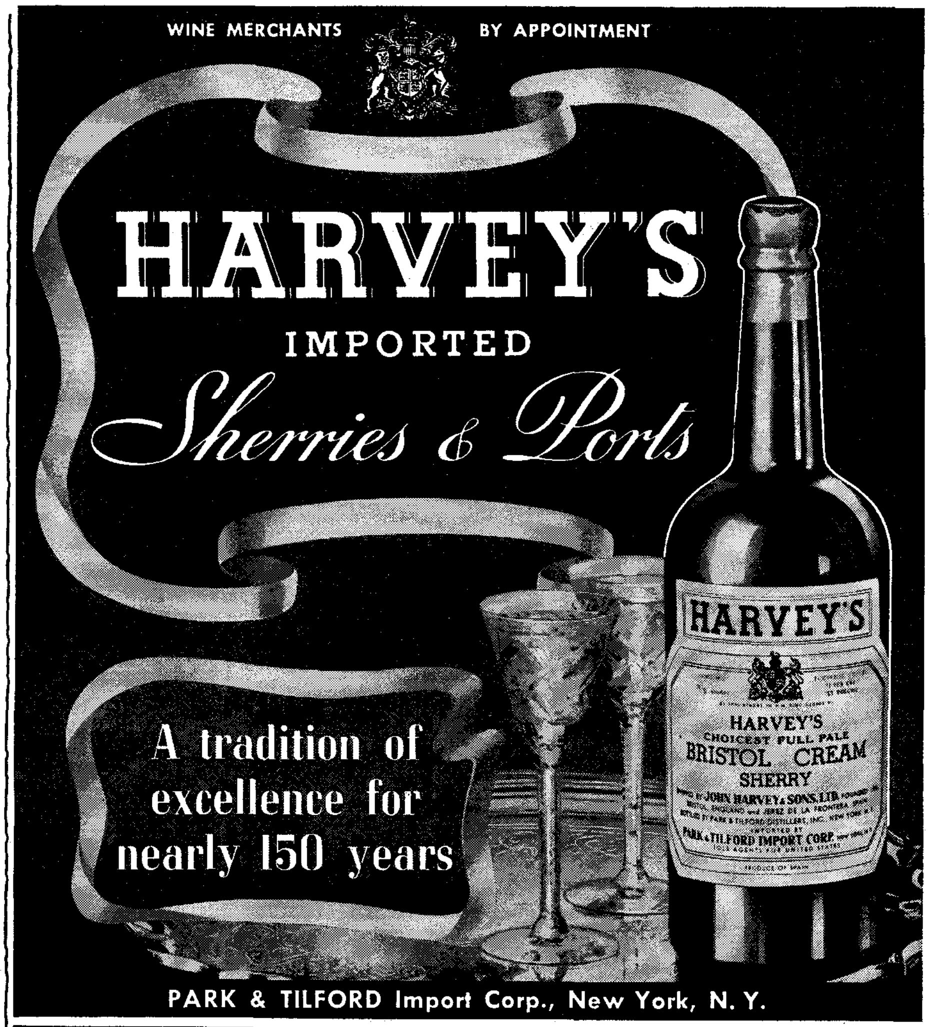
Sounds reasonable.

NOTES ON SPORTS

Reports on Resorts

A LEISURELY survey of some of the outlying country clubs reveals that people are continuing to get onto the links and courts and into the pools and surfs in approximately the same numbers as in the days of the automobile. Most of the big clubs are figuring, tentatively at least, on going ahead with their annual sporting fixtures, on the theory that their members have been coming around often enough on ordinary days and will presumably be just as able to come and see the special events, as will, conceivably, non-members with the price of admission in their pockets. The Seabright Lawn Tennis and Cricket Club plans to hold the Seabright Bowl invitation tournaments on whatever scale the available tennis talent permits. So far, potential galleries aplenty have been getting there afoot, on bicycles, and by commercial bus line. The Maidstone Club, at East Hampton, isn't sure yet what kind of invitation tennis it will have, if any, but isn't worried about the attendance it could attract. The club has hired a bus of its own which makes a couple of pretty comprehensive rounds every day, and the bicycle traffic has been heavy the past two or three weeks. The Meadow Club, at Southampton, doesn't answer its phone, so goodness knows what's going on there.

Up at Rye, the patrons of the Westchester Country Club are faced with either bicycles or their consciences. The club is residential, and the taxi drivers at the Rye station, while unwilling to take fares way out there for a game of tennis or golf, won't turn down a legitimate resident and have no way of knowing who is and who isn't. Consequently, people in New York City and nearby Westchester towns who could get to a Rye train, and could also trample their own scruples underfoot, have been able to get to the Westchester Country Club. However it got there, business around the club has been brisk enough up to now to encourage the management to schedule the Eastern Grass Court Championships this year as usual. There's one thing, though, that bothers the club's employees, and that's the name of the place. The OPA won't hand out B cards to people who want to



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drive to a country club, even if they work there, because it looks at such an institution as being a shade on the unessential side. The problem of transporting its members to the beach, which is a good way off and nonresidential, the club has tried to solve by putting an old tallyho into service, but attendance at the beach has fallen off anyhow. People may well have tired long ago of swimming in Long Island Sound with all those jellyfish and been waiting for an excuse to break away.

The yacht clubs on the Sound seem to be surviving, at least as far as sail is concerned. The weekly regattas are being held much as before. Power yachting has naturally slackened considerably on account of the OPA's ruling that the same restrictions apply to consumption of gas afloat as on land. Coast Guard patrols have been asked to stop power craft and question their skippers about what kind of errand they're on, and it's pretty hard for a fellow with a pleasure boat to persuade anybody he's not pleasure-driving.

IN the fifth round at Madison Square Garden last Friday night, Chalky Wright apparently became bothered by the heat and decided to get out of there by knocking out Phil Terranova, with whom he had been toying casually up to that point. The knockout gave him another chance at the featherweight title he lost to Willie Pep last winter, when it was cool and comfortable and he didn't mind relaxing indefinitely. In the lightweight division, there's the Angott-Armstrong fight this Friday, which brings together two dull if successful performers. Armstrong keeps throwing punches in a monotonous way and Angott doesn't do much of anything, also in a monotonous way. The fight should draw well, however, because Armstrong is at least competent and might lick Angott, whom the public has not taken to its bosom. —D. L.

•

"I think we're going to like this place," said a WAAC sergeant as she espied a piano dropping from the sky onto the nearby hangar runway.—*East St. Louis Journal.*

It'll pall, like any other flashy joint.

•

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OF ALL THINGS

THE Japanese have not abandoned their plan to do away with the United States and Great Britain. Right now, however, they have a pressing disengagement in China.

•

It looks at this writing as if the Argentinians have rejoined the western hemisphere by kicking the Castillo government out past the goalposts. They thus prove themselves good neighbors with a nice flair for *futbol.*

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John L. Lewis has announced that the next coal crisis will be held on June 20th. Mr. Lewis seems to think that it is bad for Americans to be happy more than two weeks at a time.

•

The delegates to the conference at Hot Springs showed that they are in complete accord on the subject of food. They are all in favor of it.

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There is every indication that the Axis countries are suffering from a bad attack of invasion jitters. Certainly the Italians are shaking in their boot.

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The news has been so good lately that the usually cautious Elmer Davis has gone out on a limb. He predicts that the war will be over by some Christmas.

•

The city's householders are more popular than they ever supposed. Their milkmen, for instance, are heartbroken because they can't visit them every day.

•

American consumers of meats and fats have an allowance of eight billion points a month. Yet at this very moment there are people who haven't a spendable red stamp to their name.

•

Public-opinion polls indicate that Roosevelt can be reëlected next year if the war is still going on. Republicans may be sure, though, that the tide will turn against him one of these terms.

•

There is widespread admiration for Count Fleet, the champion race horse. Many enthusiasts believe that he is almost as fast a runner as an ex-fox named Rommel.

—HOWARD BRUBAKER

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THIS SUMMER, you may feel that accessories such as those illustrated are necessary for Summer comfort and recreation—but by no means so indispensable that you can afford to spend very much money for them. And if you do feel this way about them—it is more than likely that Brooks Brothers' Sixth Floor Shop is the happy medium where prices are moderate, but not too moderate to forego lasting quality and real utility.

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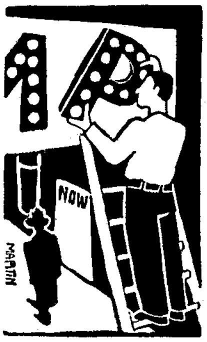
THE CURRENT CINEMA

Russia Without Tears



YOU can get a capsule course in the Russian motion picture and, incidentally, a smattering of Russian history out of "The Russian Story," a potpourri of clips from a number of well-known Soviet films. There are bits in it, for example, from "Alexander Nevsky," "Peter the First," "Potemkin," "Shors," and "Chapayev," in the order named, an order which is based on the historical period each picture deals with rather than on the year in which it was made. In other words, you are taken chronologically from the thirteenth century to modern times, the object being, as indicated in the title, to give you the Russian story. However, there's probably more to be got from the picture by just sitting back and admiring a few admirable samples of the work of Eisenstein and Petrov and the rest, since the history you might learn would be sketchy at best. While you are at it, you can absorb musical snatches by Shostakovich, Prokofieff, Popov, and lots of others, all of whose stuff bobs up either in the background or in the many songs that are sung by folks on the screen. At the end there are a couple of reels of dramatized episodes of the current war which haven't been shown in this country before. All in all, the film is an interesting sort of novelty, though a good deal too digested to be a deathless document.

"CAPTIVE WILD WOMAN" concerns a mad doctor who gets to know rather too much about endocrinology. At the cost of a life or two, he converts a female ape into a woman and turns her loose in society. Not ordinary society, as it happens, but circus society, in which this woman, née ape, is able to make a respectable living training lions and tigers on account of a strange power she holds over them. However, she runs into trouble when she falls in love with another animal trainer, gets jealous of this other trainer's girl, and, as a peculiar consequence of this emotional experience, turns back into an ape again. Finally, everything comes out all right because the woman, or ape, knocks off the mad doctor and is then put out of her own misery by a policeman, leaving the animal trainer and his girl not much the worse for the whole adventure. When I say that everything comes out all right, I mean only relatively. It is to be hoped that John Carradine, who plays the doctor, isn't going to get permanently mixed up in this minor horror league.

LAUREL AND HARDY, on the other hand, are probably best off where they are, which is in "Jitterbugs," the same sort of vehicle, approximately, that they have been coasting along in for many years. The picture seems to be more about confidence games than jitterbugs, but that's no reason for jitterbugs to be upset.

—DAVID LARDNER

•

COMMONWEALTH OF MASSACHUSETTS. Bristol ss. Probate Court.

To all persons interested in the petition hereinafter described.

A petition has been presented to said Court by Joao Figueiredo otherwise called John Gouveia otherwise called John Figueiredo Gouveia and Patrocinia Netto Figueiredo otherwise called Patrocinia Gouveia otherwise called Patricia Gouveia, his wife, and Conceicao Netto Figueiredo otherwise called Crissy Figueiredo Gouveia otherwise called Constance Figueiredo Gouveia and Virginia Dorothy Figueiredo otherwise called Virginia Dorothy Figuerio Gouveia otherwise called Dorothy Figueiredo Gouveia and David Figueiredo otherwise called David Gouveia otherwise called David Figueiredo Gouveia, minors, by Joao Figueiredo otherwise called John Gouveia otherwise called John Figueiredo Gouveia their father and next friend, of Taunton in said County, praying that their names may be changed as follows: Joao Figueiredo otherwise called John Gouveia otherwise called John Figueiredo Gouveia to John Figueiredo Gouveia; Patrocinia Netto Figueiredo otherwise called Patrocinia Gouveia otherwise called Patricia Gouveia to Patricia Gouveia; Conceicao Netto Figueiredo otherwise called Crissy Figueiredo Gouveia otherwise called Constance Figueiredo Gouveia to Constance Figueiredo Gouveia; Virginia Dorothy Figueiredo otherwise called Virginia Dorothy Figuerio Gouveia otherwise called Dorothy Figueiredo Gouveia to Virginia Figueiredo Gouveia; David Figueiredo otherwise called David Gouveia otherwise called David Figueiredo Gouveia to David Figueiredo Gouveia.

If you desire to object thereto you or your attorney should file a written appearance in said Court at Fall River before 10:30 o'clock in the forenoon on the seventh day of May 1943.—*Taunton (Mass.) Gazette.*

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ON AND OFF THE AVENUE

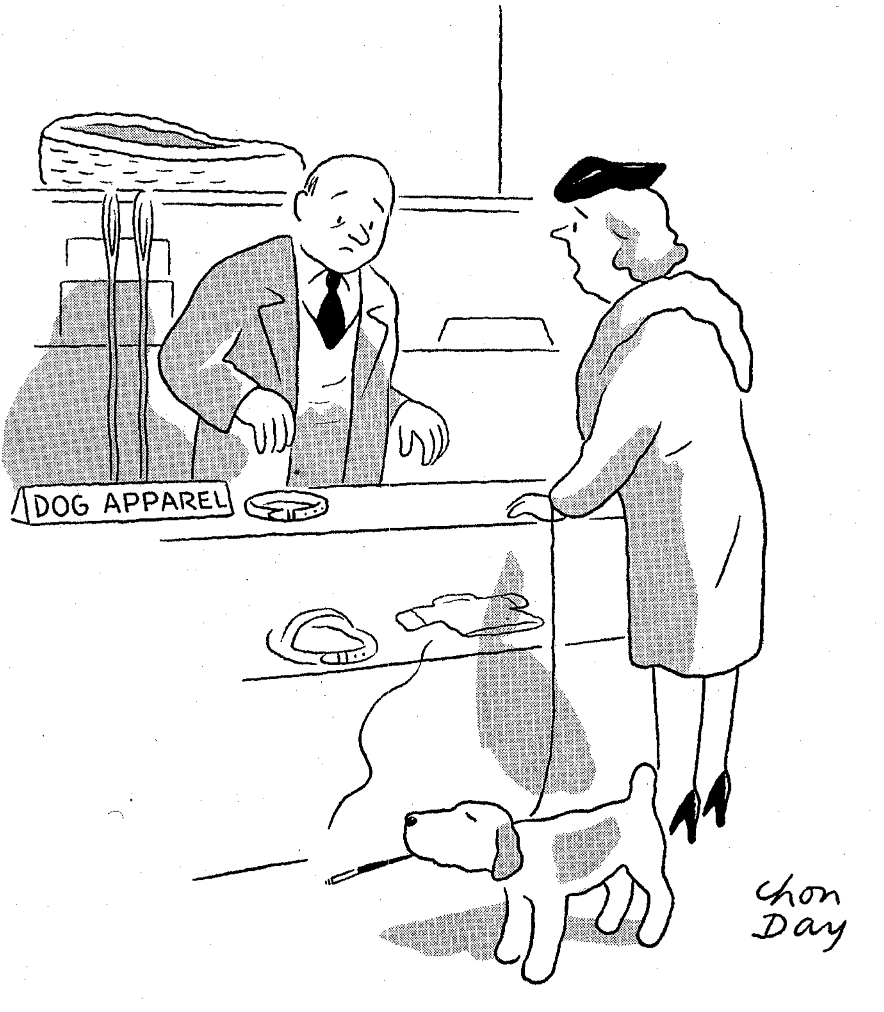
FEMININE FASHIONS

FOR some obscure reason, the United States never, until recently, showed any real talent for the uniform of prewar Paris, the "little black dress." It wasn't only a matter of designing talent, either. There have been more than a few homebred black dresses that I've found smart as can be, but turning them out had not been the national pastime I could have wished. Furthermore, the dress that had looked so chic on European boulevards often looked merely tacky or overpractical on Fifth Avenue. Possibly it was the American addiction to prints in hot weather that made black seem sombre over here and discouraged experimentation. Well, it doesn't matter, for whatever it was that has been holding back Progress, it is no longer effective. Now sheer black affairs in street length appear everywhere for dining out and are beginning to make all but the best prints look very cluttered indeed.

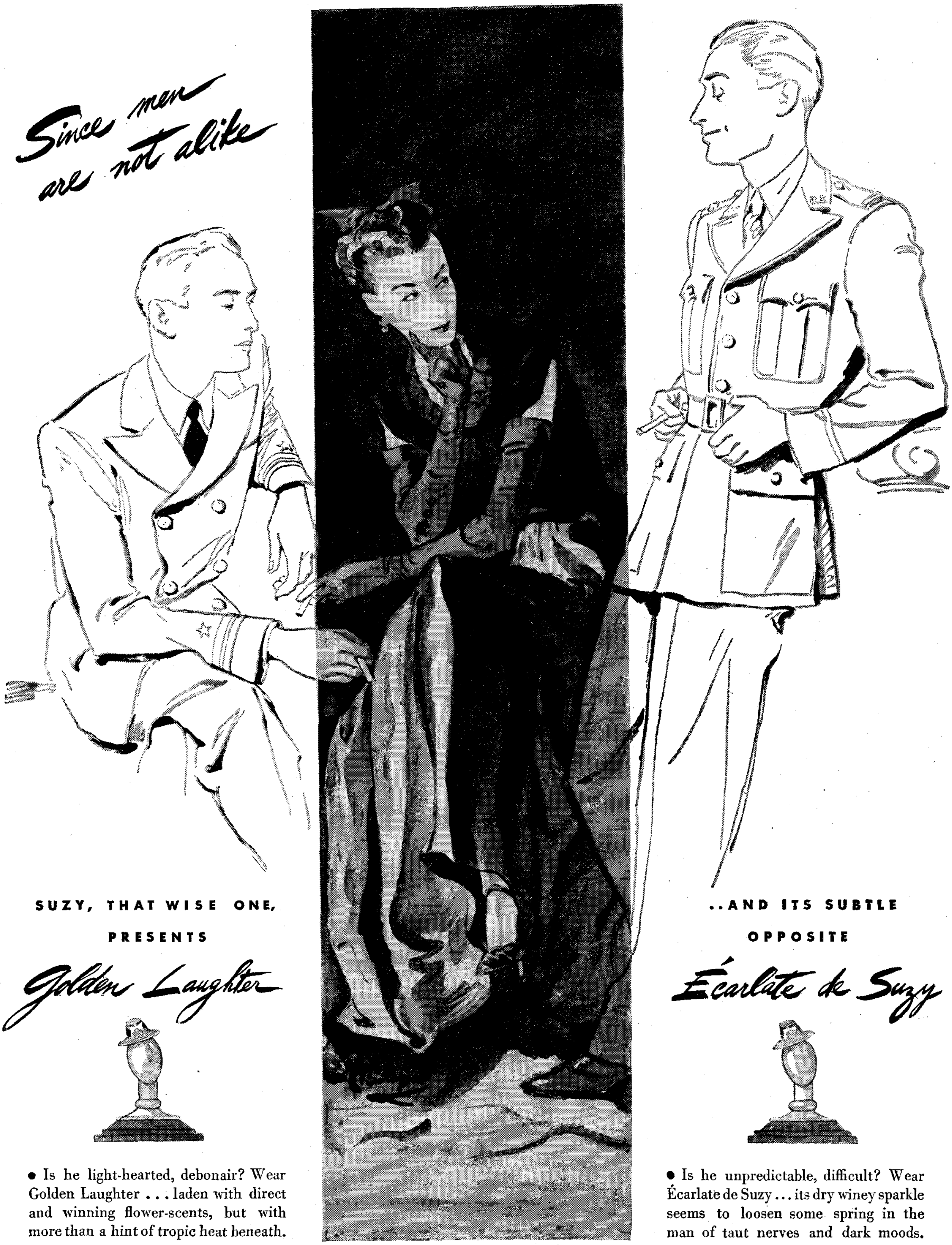
Bendel's black dresses are *grande luxe*, or I don't know *grande luxe* when I meet it. They are of plain chiffon, with swaying, circular skirts and almost non-existent sleeves; a bit of lace edging appears dimly on the slip or a ruffle cascades from the hip to the centre of the skirt hem both in front and in back, and that's all the trimming there is. They are $95 and are original Bendel designs, ready to wear. To go with them, Bendel likes big hats. There are black ones, with tiny, curved, velvet crowns and moderate horsehair brims, to be worn back on the head like a halo. Others are of baku with, say, a ruffled net edge around the huge brim or with an octagonal brim that has a ruffle of lace around the opening that takes the place of a crown. Bendel, too, has a new trick to anchor big hats securely: a black velvet ribbon, attached under the crown at the centre front, that you can tie at the nape of your neck. This appears, for instance, on a white straw hat with black velvet bows on each side of the open crown and a pie-shaped piece cut out of the brim at the side front, this gap being filled in with velvet-dotted black veiling. Small after-dark hats are to be found around here as well. One is a Dutch cap with, at the back, a velvet-edged horsehair ruffle or a tiny plaque that is all rows of black Val-type lace on black horsehair. Or there is an aristocratic beret of white starched lace to be tipped down, gay like, over one eye. All of these are custom-made; all are beautiful.

AT the Lenthéric salon, at 761 Fifth Avenue (58th), you'll find, beside the cosmetics you have after all these years come to expect, some of the town's prettiest housecoats, many of which can be blithely worn to dinner at the country club. (What country club?) There are exceptionally attractive tailored ones of a glazed chintz with restrained floral patterns at $8.95; tomato or Kelly green rayon jersey ones have smocking on the shoulders and on the skirt (these are $16.75); another model comes in rayon shantung, either with a plain black skirt and a white bodice covered by black polka dots or with a red or blue gabardine skirt and a white rayon shantung bodice dotted in red or royal blue. There are also tailored blouses of white crinkled rayon chiffon, white rayon crêpe, or rayon jersey in white or a number of colors, and gilets with backs, in white or pastel piqués or in French handkerchief linen with frilly lace jabots down the front. And you'll find some charming doodads for the hair at from $1.75 to $6.50. The best are the feather ones; among them, my pets are a lovely thing of clusters of what look like nasturtiums and another of coq feathers, in one color or in two-color combinations. Then there are huge, ruffled grosgrain bows, large as cabbage leaves, and frivolities like a bunch of white violets, a red rose, and green veiling happily united on a bicycle clip. So *that's* what has become of bicycle clips!

WHEN women look really well turned out in slacks, it may be assumed not only that they have the proper figure but that the slacks have been made to order. And possibly by Luxenberg, at 485 Madison Avenue (52nd). When you think of Luxenberg, you're apt to think of his military uniforms, which some of our best generals are sporting these days, but the establish-



"Do you have something in the nature of a smoking jacket?"



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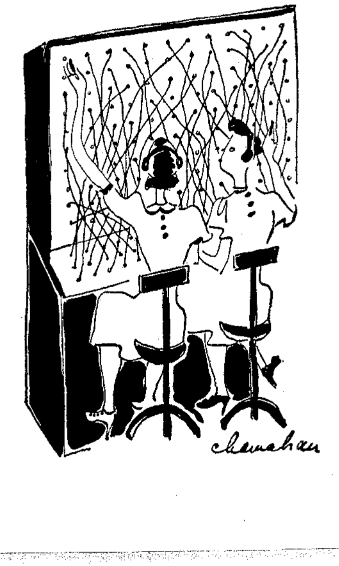
ment prides itself as well on understanding the feminine figure; the slacks don't droop in the back, the creases in the pants are pressed in (stitched creases give the staff apoplexy), and the legs are straight and slender. Orders require from ten days to two weeks; wool gabardine costs from $21.50 up, doeskin from $29.50. In addition, Luxenberg is tailoring de-luxe uniforms for Army and Navy nurses and for Waves and Waacs. Palm Beach white uniforms start at $55 and summer-weight tan gabardines at $69.

Ruth Merzon, 45 West 57th Street, is expert with another difficult section of the female anatomy, the bosom. The built-in brassière is her great specialty, designed either to hold you in, uplift you, or to bring curves (the method is called Curves-2-U, for the love of heaven) where too few existed before. Thus bathing suits, which are supposed to Tell All, can be, when designed by Mrs. Merzon, as flattering as the most slyly cut dress. Along with more or less standard materials, she is using two new fabrics made, it seems, by Eastman Kodak (your guess is as good as mine) and designed to dry quickly. One is called Kodamint, which resembles jersey and comes in bright candy stripes. The other, Kodacrest, is supposed to substitute for wool; it looks like linen if you're nearby and like a soft, spongy wool at a distance. These materials make one- or two-piece bathing suits with built-in bras; from $18, ready to wear. An astounding tribute to Mrs. Merzon's power over women is the popularity of her working clothes with built-in brassières, which are being taken very seriously by some of our newly fledged Victory gardeners. For instance, plain, practical custom denim overalls (the ones I liked best) with built-in bras start at $25, and hard-working gardeners love them, perhaps because they have noticed that she is adroit in cutting trousers for women who, though their



natural figures are against such garb, find the things necessary in their work. Even short, hippy ladies are discovering that they don't look too awful in her overalls and slacks.

THE new shoe coupon will be good any minute now, so herewith a couple of notes on the state of things at two leading shoe places. I. Miller still has many platform-soled shoes, stocked before the manufacture of them was banned, in summer-weight suèdes with medium or low heels; $13.95 up. Delman, at Bergdorf Goodman, uses brown calfskin for everything—walking shoes with low or medium built-up leather heels, unlined oxfords with hand-pegged soles, perforated one-strap shoes with extended soles, pumps with large buckles, modified sabots, and—goody—a revival of the gillie, made with an inch-and-a-half heel and this year undoubtedly destined to be worn far from golf courses. —L. L.

•

HUMORESQUE

The Berlin radio broadcast yesterday a Tokio account of a remark by government spokesman Tomokaza Hori in which he referred to General Douglas MacArthur's Corregidor anniversary oath to rehoist the American flag one day over that island. "Under present circumstances, we have no time to waste in commentating upon silly jokes," the broadcast, recorded by the Associated Press, quoted Hori as saying.—*The Herald Tribune.*

Il Duce, on his balcony,
Chuckles with irrepressible glee
At what has recently occurred
In Africa, and there is heard
Laughter from Hitler's *Herrenvolk*,
Who never can resist a joke.
Olympian merriment like this
Lends a delightful emphasis
To clowning such as ours, and so
It's little wonder Tokio
Can't help but echo, more or less,
The general hilariousness.
What Honorable Hori means
Is that he finds the Philippines
An altogether pleasant spot
In which to cast his present lot—
A grandstand seat where he can view
Those antics we're addicted to.
Well, fun is fun, and so perhaps
We ought to entertain the Japs
With something special in the way
Of Yankee wit and humor. They
Can count on us to jollify
The most superior samurai,
Who may eventually regard
MacArthur, too, as quite a card.

—LESLIE NELSON JENNINGS

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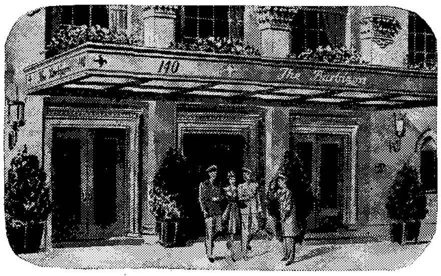

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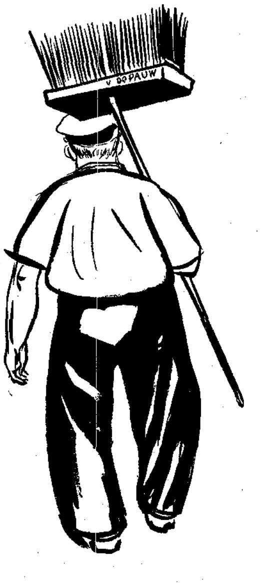
ALGIERS, MAY

SITTING alone, I have a mug of very weak beer before me on the small table of the sidewalk café La Ferrière in Algiers. A few seconds ago the anti-aircraft guns opened up against the brilliant blue noonday sky. Of the hundred or so people at the tables around me, only one, an elderly woman, felt sufficiently imperilled to want to depart. This woman made her husband gulp his glass of wine and leave the money on the table. The waiter was not at hand, having wandered out to the edge of the sidewalk, where he still stands in the speckled shade of a eucalyptus tree, gazing up at the shell bursts and at the graceful streak of white vapor left by the exhaust of a German reconnaissance plane, which is at a great altitude and almost hidden in the glare of the sun. Soon other streaks of white vapor will lace themselves into the sky as our own fighters go up to challenge the visitor.

Nobody else leaves his table. If he did, his table would almost certainly be occupied by the time he got back. Café tables are hard to find, particularly at this hour, since, according to local law, the military may be served only between noon and two o'clock and again between five and seven. There is nothing much to drink but wine and beer. Whiskey is theoretically twenty dollars a bottle on the black market, but it is nearly impossible to buy. One parched but happy American who had been able to get a bottle at that price said, "This is the first time I was ever made to pay what it's worth." At least the cafés are a place to sit down, which is most important, because just about anywhere you go here is steeply uphill or downhill and there aren't any taxis. It's true that there is the trolley bus (fare: uphill 2 francs, downhill 1½), but it is usually so bulging with Arabs that you can't get on.



Now the gunfire ceases. The German reconnaissance plane came on schedule and has either left on schedule or been shot down. Mind you, we residents of Algiers are less casual about an air raid than we are about a reconnaissance plane. The other night the Germans bombed and strafed the town just as I was finishing dinner at one of the American Army officers' messes. Machine-gun bullets came through our windows and hit one of the mess attendants in the shoulder. We turned out the lights, went outside, leaned against a stone wall, which we hoped would shelter us from the falling flak, and watched the show. The raid itself was a puny, nine-plane affair, but the reception was first-class. The flak rising up over the harbor was almost solid and looked much more like the eruption of a volcano than anything else I can think of. Pretty soon German planes started falling into the harbor. The extent of the damage to us was the pulverizing of one old empty waterfront shed of insignificant size and some slight injury to a freighter that had been torpedoed and was in port for repairs. For this achievement, the Germans lost four out of their nine bombers. The next day the German radio said that their planes had devastated the harbor facilities at Algiers and left the city in flames.

NOW I am beginning to receive the usual café callers of Algiers. An Arab shoeshine boy in a striped garment and with a head like a cobra's wants to shine my shoes.

"Shine, Johnnie?" he asks. (All Americans are "Johnnie.") "Very good. American polish." (Algerian polish comes off on your pants.) "No good shine, no money."

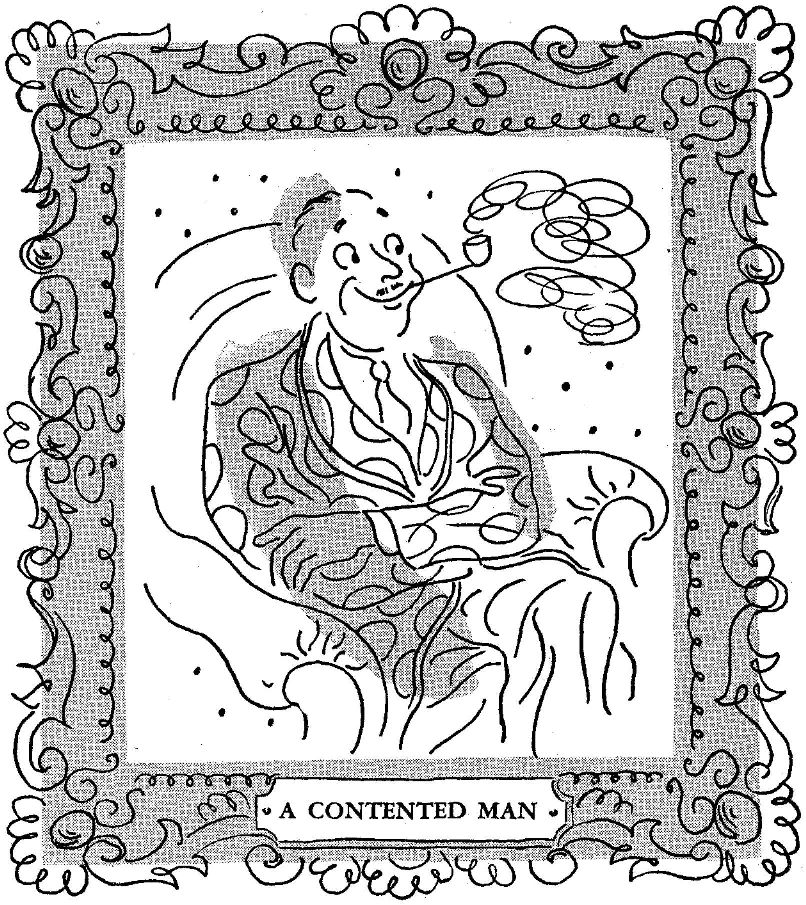
He has just begun to work when a blowzy old woman with weak eyes who is selling tickets in the Algerian lottery comes up. When I decline, she says she can't understand why anyone would not pay eleven francs for a chance at three million. As she walks away, grumbling, an almond vender comes along, then a man selling brocaded slippers, then a beggar, and then a lad selling papers. Incidentally, when the Americans arrived here and it was still not altogether a cinch that they would remain, one Algerian publisher of a morning and an afternoon paper adopted the novel procedure of being pro-Allied in the morning and pro-German in the afternoon, and kept it up for some weeks.

Two Spahis, their red-and-white capes reaching down to their red boots, ride past on white horses in the direction of the Governor General's palace, where they will stand guard duty. The Governor General's palace, of course, is no longer the seat of power in the city. The power is now in General Eisenhower's headquarters, which is, as a matter of fact, the capitol of power for all of North Africa. Though Eisenhower runs the show, most of the troops about are from the British First Army —pink-cheeked, mustachioed, thick-chested English troops. There are also many French troops, wearing not very spruce uniforms. The civilian population is fiercely proud of its own troops, however, and though their clothes are shabby and their pockets practically empty, it is they who get the girls.

Just in case you have always thought of American troops as irresistible, I must record that they have been thoroughly resisted by the local young French girls of respectable family, who seem able to turn maidenly coolness to cold blue ice whenever necessary. I happen to live in a hotel called La Féminine because before the war it was a dormitory of a Protestant girls' school. The top three floors are occupied by American officers and the bottom three floors are still occupied by the schoolgirls, some of them very pretty, but so far not one of these girls has spoken even once to any of these officers. It is our understanding that their house mother was responsible for putting into effect this airtight procedure.

A balcony opens off my sixth-floor room. It is good to stand there in the warm air (the weather is much like that of Texas in the spring) and look at the city, which drops away below to the sea.

From my balcony the Kasbah section lies to the left. Here the Arabs live in great concentration, outnumbered only by the lice. Since the city is built on a mountainside, the firemen are able to sluice away much of the dirt in the narrow Kasbah streets by ascending to the top of them every night and letting go with their hoses. The streets in this quarter are sometimes only three and a half feet wide and some are so steep that they consist entirely of steps. No sunlight reaches these narrow thoroughfares, for the upper stories of many of the buildings jut out over the streets, sometimes to within five or six inches of each other. Before the war it was hard to walk down them without bumping into fly-covered chunks of goat meat and gray pieces of tripe hanging in front of the butcher shops. Nowadays both the Arabs and the flies are, as far as meat goes, out of luck. The Arabs are



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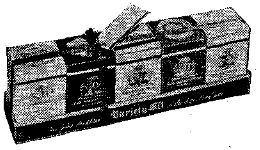

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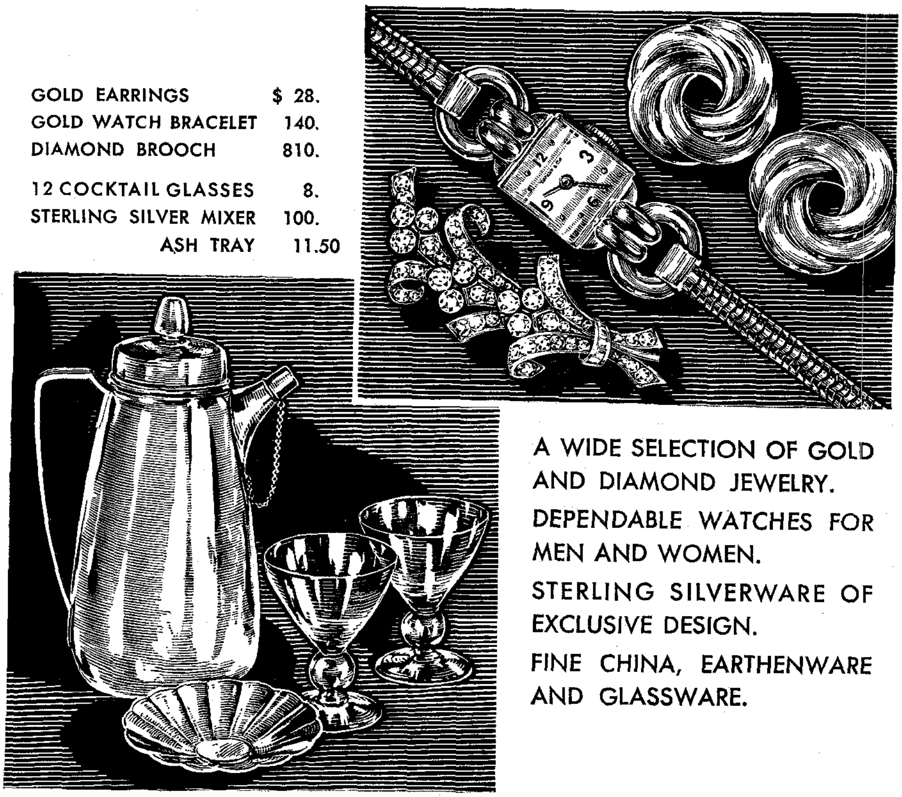

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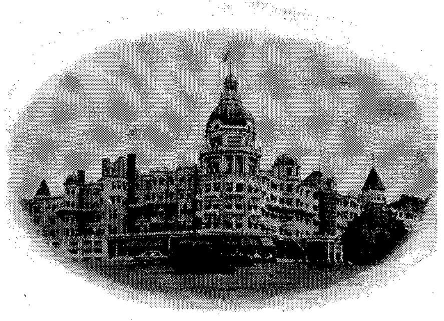

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also having a hard time getting their favorite beverage, green tea. The sugar shortage, however, is their greatest hardship, because they are fond of sweets and like to make their tea by putting great hunks of sugar in the tea pot with a handful of mint leaves and tea leaves. There are, by the way, no Arabs in this café. They seem to prefer the establishments along the waterfront or nearer their own quarter.

THE waiter comes to my table to ask me if I'll have lunch. Why not? I know it's all table d'hôte, so I ask for the regular lunch and a bottle of *vin rosé*. I also know that the meal will contain no meat and that there will be neither butter nor sugar. There is, however, a bottle of saccharine water on each table. The bread will be white (whatever differences may come between us and the Algerians, I believe they will always remember that when we arrived their bread turned from gray to white) and the wine will be excellent.

The waiter brings me a hunk of bread, a little dish of small olives in vinegar, and half an anchovy. He puts a pint of wine on the table. Next there is a piece of stewed dried fish, then a couple of creamed hearts of artichokes and two or three tiny carrots. Finally, for dessert, there are a couple of oranges. Cost of lunch and wine and tip: forty-one francs, or eighty-two cents.

As I light a cigarette, my lighter splutters. It is out of fuel; that will mean a trip to a tobacco shop. You don't, or can't, buy lighter fluid in bottles or cans. Instead, you carry your lighter to a tobacco shop, where the fluid is sold by the squirt. Cost of refill: one franc. Up the street from the tobacco shop is a show window filled with samples of strategic civilian materials brought in by the Allies: tea, sugar, cloth, soap, canned meat, canned milk for the babies, and so on. There is always a large crowd standing in front of

it. Across the street a queue of women waits outside a shop. I can tell by the length of the line that this shop has received a shipment of American cloth. Cloth draws the biggest crowds, fats the next biggest, then shoes, then soap.

SINCE I sat down at the café, many truckloads of American and British soldiers have bounced past. A troop of husky French Scoots (which is what the French call Boy Scouts) has trudged by in blue shorts, carrying full packs, and so have platoons of British troops with their mess gear dangling at their belts; French regulars with long, lean bayonets affixed to rifles that have a Boer War look and heft; red-sashed, red-fezzed Senegalese, their blue-black faces marked with geometrical designs of self-inflicted scars; and a group of French cadets of pre-military age wearing green berets and green knickers. The variety of uniforms reminds me of a discovery I have made here: that in a blackout it's possible to distinguish the nationality of footsteps. If the sound of a soldier's footsteps is fairly quiet, he is an American, wearing good G.I. shoes with rubber heels. If the sound is that of wood against stone, the soldier is British; his shoes have leather heels and stiff, hard soles three-quarters of an inch thick. If there is a metallic clink, it is a French soldier in hobnails. If the sound is a very faint padding, slowly drawing closer from behind in the blackness, you know you are hearing the bare feet of an Arab, and you are apt to remember that he could sell your suit for as much as he could earn in six months and that he is right in thinking your pockets contain as much as he could earn in a year. As the bare feet draw nearer, you have a strong impulse to run like hell. Nine chances out of ten, the Arab is merely on his way to meet Pépé le Moko.

—GEORGE SESSIONS PERRY

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DEPARTMENT OF CORRECTION

IN an article on Gilbert Miller which recently appeared in our "Profiles" department, the statement was made that Mr. Miller has a daughter, Dorothy, who married a Canadian and lives with her husband and son in Toronto. This was incorrect, we are sorry to say. The facts are that Mr. Miller's daughter was married to an Englishman, the marriage was dissolved in 1940, she has not remarried, and she lives with her son in Connecticut.

—THE EDITORS

WOMEN ARE UNDER FIRE, TOO!

An Ack-Ack barrage—even in miniature—is tough on a woman. Yet, some of the hard and brilliant work they are doing in industry *must* be done under fire.

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THE ART GALLERIES

People You Ought to Know

I SOMETIMES wonder what those critics who mix flag-waving with art, crying out that any American who gives way to "foreign" or "modernist" influences is a traitor to his country and a cheat and a trickster besides, would make of a man like Alfred Maurer, whose paintings are now on view, posthumously, of course, at the Buchholz Gallery. The position of such critics is the somewhat snide one that people take up modernism only as a means of hoodwinking the public and making money. It would be interesting to see how they'd tackle the problem of Maurer, who not only never made a nickel out of modernism in his life but wrecked a profitable career as an academic painter once he had espoused it. This happened in the early nineteen-hundreds, and Maurer wasn't the only man who felt his whole career shaking under his feet at that period. Dozens of others, like him, went abroad at that time, and there was hardly an honest artist among them who was not in some way affected by the mass revolt against nineteenth-century academicism that they ran into there.

Some, like Sheeler and Marin and Max Weber, managed to get through the experience without great effect on their ultimate styles. Maurer took it the hard way. He plunged. In 1901 he had won the first prize at the Carnegie International, then much more conventional in its selections than it is at present. Now he turned his back on academicism forever. He is generally considered to have been the first American to take up Fauvism and, later, Cubism. Certainly, he was one of the very few Americans who ever really knew what the latter school was driving at.

Few Frenchmen knew either, for that matter. Artistically, the mortality was high in the Cubist period; one has only to think of such men as Gleizes, Delaunay, the early Vlaminck, and so on to realize that there were a good many French painters too who lacked the instinct for pattern and the feeling for abstract form that the school demanded. Maurer had these two qualities, however, as the current collection

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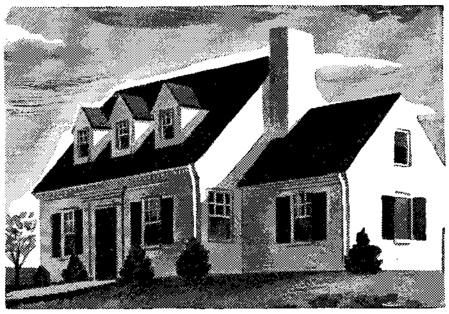
abundantly proves, and he had, moreover, a sense of texture and color that places his name well up toward the top of the list and just under such a minor master as Juan Gris. Gris, indeed, as Elizabeth McCausland quite justly points out in her preface to the catalogue of the exhibition, is the name that comes oftenest to mind when one looks at Maurer's painting. If he hadn't Gris's spaciousness and sonority, he had something of his subtlety about color relations, and there is a "Fruits and Blue Tablecloth" in the show, very small and all velvety with deep blues and blue-grays, as suavely and smoothly harmonious as anything the Spanish painter ever did.

Maurer also had a gift for compact design that approaches, though it far from equals, Braque's. (See "The Blue Napkin," "Green Apples," and the even more complex "Still Life," numbered 8 in the catalogue.) Throughout the show it is apparent that here was one man who was really at home in the abstract method, who worked in it soundly, intelligently, and perceptively. His reward was that from his return to this country at the outbreak of the first World War to his death, eighteen years later, he was allowed to live and work in almost complete obscurity, and his painting even now hasn't received anywhere near the recognition it deserves. For an artist to abandon academicism for the "modernism" of the moment, either now or in Maurer's time or even earlier, may be bold or foolhardy, and it may mean the making of a reputation for him after he is dead. But it's hard for anyone to maintain that it is a quick way of making money.

By a coincidence, there is another artist on the list this week who, although of considerable stature, is not very well known in this country. This is Lovis Corinth, a German and one of the leaders of the Expressionist movement as it took shape in his country in the years just before and during the first World War. It was doubtless the war which cut him off from international attention, as in fact it cut off the whole German art movement during those years, and since Corinth died as far back as 1925, he has never attained the fame that Soutine, Kokoschka, and other such younger Expressionists did. His paintings are on view at the St. Etienne, and they reveal him as, if not an inspired or a brilliant painter, at least a sound and a talented one. He has none of the dash and sparkle of Soutine, and very little of the gentleness



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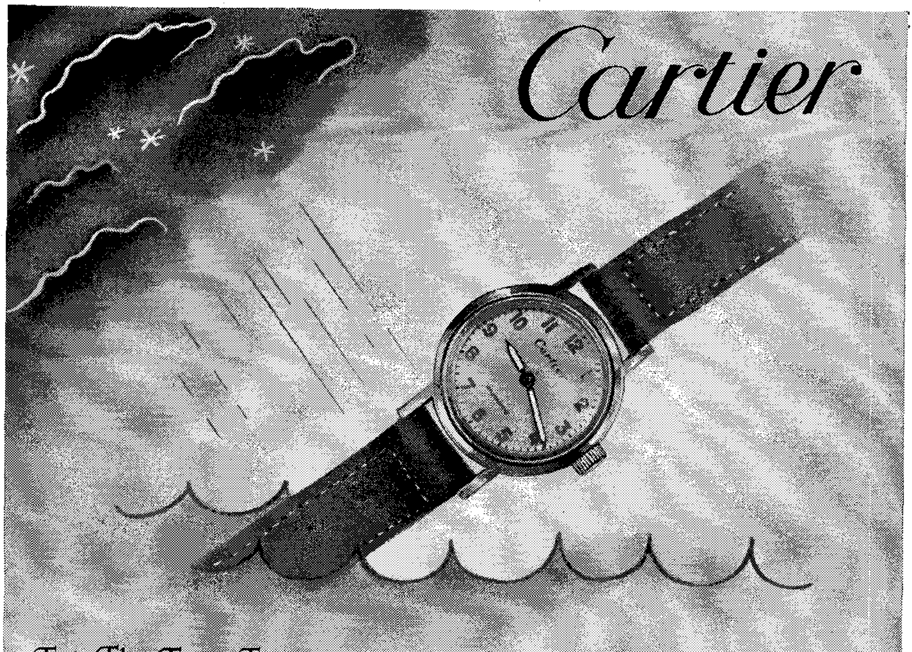

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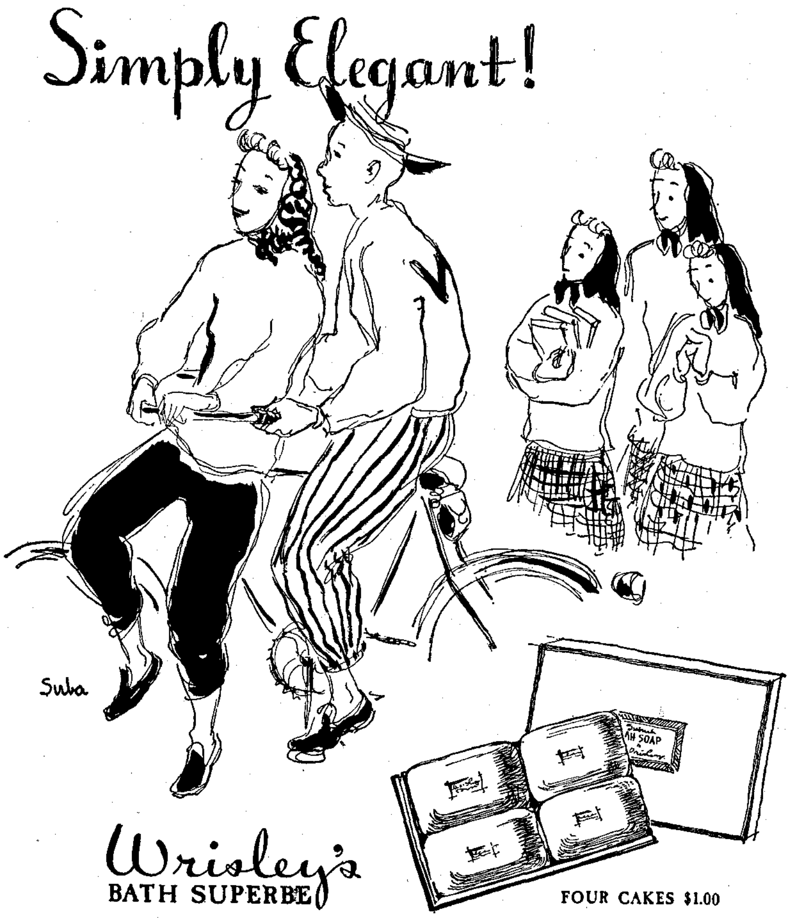

and warmth of Kokoschka. Instead, what one finds is a solid competence, mixed with that hard to define but easily recognized assurance in the medium that marks the experienced craftsman. The paintings date mostly from 1912 to a dozen years later and range from landscapes and still lifes to portraits. I found the landscapes the best of the lot; there is a "View of the Walchensee" whose deep blues, indicating the lake water as seen through trees, come as close to pure inspiration as anything in the collection reveals. I liked, too, his "Winter," very sparse in design, very concise in statement, as well as the more briskly handled "House on the Lake." The self-portrait called "Artist at the Easel," dated 1924, has a good deal of strength, both in the design and the painting.

AT the Paul Rosenberg they are showing new paintings by Milton Avery. Avery has always been difficult for me to "place" satisfactorily. There are broad traces of Picasso to be seen in his work, in addition to a playfulness that is somehow—though not in the least on account of his method—reminiscent of Miró. Thus, in his "Pink Cock" and his "Green Settee," you can see Picasso plain; in "Little Fox River" and "Connecticut Landscape," you get something of the wavy design and the light, aimless gaiety that are Miró's. The trouble is that the two don't mix, and until he works out some correlation, his painting is likely to seem confused and undirected. Meantime, though his color is often a little wishy-washy, it is always discreet and tasteful, and in one piece at least, the large "Bouquet in the Studio," he has produced a canvas of really notably graceful and vigorous design.

—ROBERT M. COATES

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THE CLOUDED CRYSTAL BALL

Arthur Krock in the Times, May 27th, the day before Mr. Byrnes took everything over:

Familiar sounds, faintly borne on the Spring breezes of the last few days and growing in volume, have lifted the ears of veteran observers in the capital. The sounds are very similar to those which in the past were heard when the New Deal doghouse was being made ready for a new occupant.

Inquirers are being told that the similarity is real and that if some New Deal carpenters have their way with Harry L. Hopkins, the famous and honored structure will be tailored to fit none other than former Senator and Supreme Court Justice James F. Byrnes, Director of the Office of Economic Stabilization.

BOOKS

Recipe for a Foreign Policy

IN the hundred and seventy-seven pages of his book called "U. S. Foreign Policy," Walter Lippmann has quietly performed a definite service to his country. Without any appeal to rhetoric or party bias or for one moment laying himself open to the charge of blueprinting Utopia, he has undermined all possible arguments either for isolationism or for the imperialism to whose standard the isolationists will repair as soon as they find out that they are licked.

This he achieves by a realistic examination of the history of our foreign policy—and of our deficiency in one—from the founding of the Republic up to this war. Once his argument, passionless, lucid, and quite devoid of the philanthropy which so enrages our isolationist senators, is understood, his cautious prescription (too cautious, some will think) for a future foreign policy should be accepted as reasonable. If, however, Mr. Lippmann is not understood or if his logic is distorted by willful commentators, he will have no cause for self-reproach. Within the limits he sets for himself, he could not have written more coolly or more clearly.

His major thesis is that the foreign policy established by the Founding Fathers, which served us well from the close of the War of 1812 to the close of the Spanish-American War, proved dangerously inadequate thereafter, that its inadequacy was in large part responsible for our being thrust unprepared into two great wars, and that unless its inadequacies are repaired we will be pitchforked into another one.

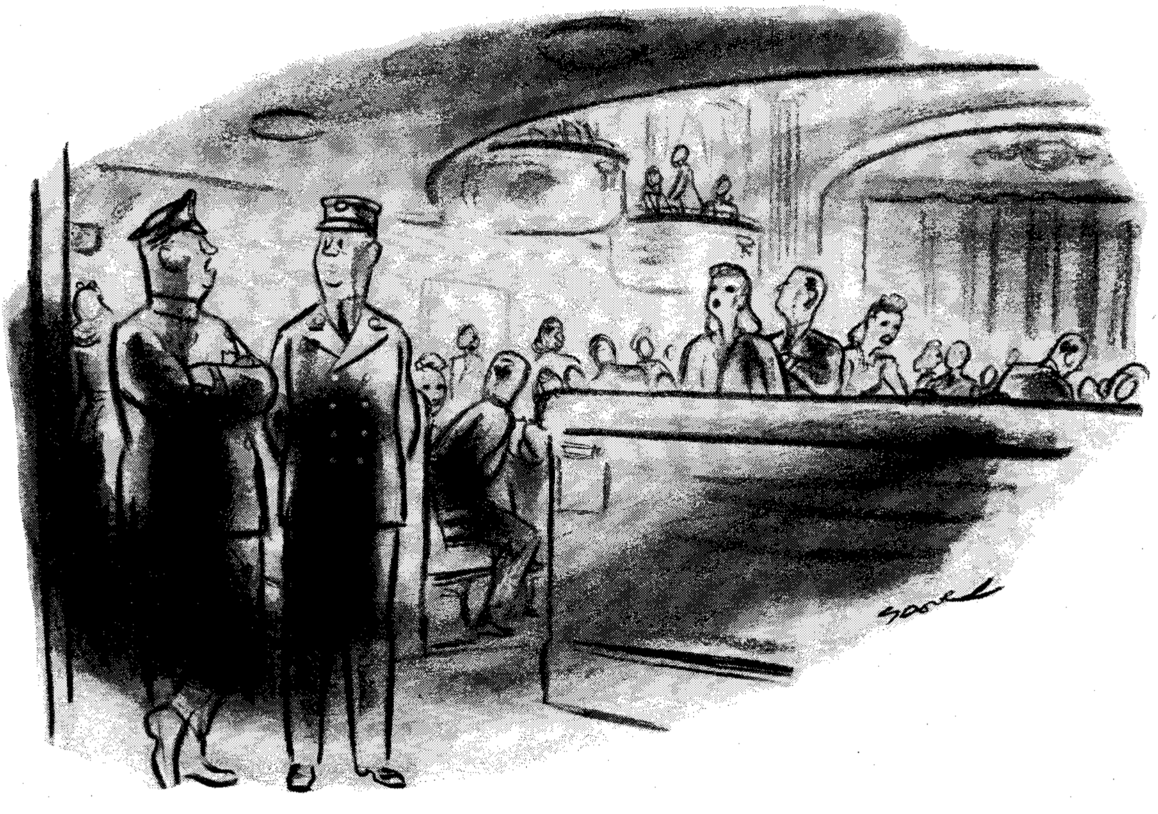
"In foreign relations," says Mr. Lippmann, "as in all other relations, a policy has been formed only when commitments and power have been brought into balance." He first traces the history of our nineteenth-century commitments—including the foreign commitment of 1823 which we call the Monroe Doctrine—and shows how, during that century, they were more or less commensurate with our power, in consequence of our understood though never officially declared alliance with the British Navy.

After 1900, with the rise of Germany as a naval power, this balance was destroyed, and we made no attempt to redress it by increased armaments, stronger alliances, or a strategic disposition of our forces. Instead, right up to 1939, we talked windy phrases—"peace," "disarmament," "no entangling alliances," and "collective security"—attempting to make these phrases do the work of a realistic foreign policy. The result was that by 1939 we were bankrupt: "At the zenith of our commitments we were at the nadir of our precautions."

After a cogent demonstration from history of this thesis, Mr. Lippmann has a go at the task of discovering and elucidating "the valid foreign policy of the United States in our time." He proceeds on an assumption which even Senator Wheeler would approve—that after this war the world will continue to exist as a multitude of sovereign states. He does not even suggest the possibility of a regional, much less a world, federation. He merely asks the question: How will we stand in relation to the principal military powers, granting the smashing defeat of Germany and Japan? "To be one against the many is the danger, to be among the many against the one is security," he says. The corollary is that we must form alliances with the Old World. With what powers of the Old World? Britain and Russia, says Mr. Lippmann, and I think his unexpressed hope is that this alliance (with perhaps the addition of China) will form the natural nucleus out of which a larger and more permanent federation will someday grow.

Most important of all, he believes, is the necessity of not organizing a Western coalition against Russia after the war, of no longer playing the old nineteenth-century game of power politics, which is as dead as mutton. He has confidence that if the Middle European states are "neutralized," the British-Russian-American alliance will prevent another war and show us the path to security. If this alliance is to endure, it will have to be liberal, not repressive, in its policy toward smaller states.

But nothing of what Mr. Lippmann calls a "fully enlightened" American nationalism can come into being unless



"In my judgment it has a nice structural feeling, but the second act is weak."

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we realize that we can no longer be either isolationists or imperialists, that we must place once more in balance our commitments (which reach thousands of miles into the Pacific and also include such unlikely places as Greenland and Patagonia) and our power.
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BRIEFLY NOTED

FICTION

THE FALL OF PARIS, by Ilya Ehrenburg, translated from the Russian by Gerard Shelley. A long, rather pretentious, intermittently interesting novelization of the principal events and moods of life in Paris from 1935 to the triumph of the Germans. Mr. Ehrenburg is sufficiently professional to move his hundreds of characters—politicians, actresses, artists, soldiers, financiers—around skillfully, but they are drawn with rather journalistic slickness. Troublesome, too, is the author's ascription to the French Communist Party of final and unique political wisdom.

LILLY CRACKELL, by Caroline Slade. This story deals with a perennially interesting theme: the unsolved problem of our modern social arrangement versus those who, because of confusion and ineptitude rather than any viciousness, are liabilities to society. When the book begins, Lilly Crackell, unmarried and only fourteen, is about to have a baby; sixteen years later, Lilly is still unmarried and again pregnant. There have, too, been nine babies in between, all of them dependent upon public charity. Mrs. Slade has the talent, rare in these days, of combining warmth and compassion with intelligence, and she writes movingly, often humorously, and with sturdy common sense. Rewarding reading.

HUNGRY HILL, by Daphne du Maurier. The sluggish chronicle of a hundred years (1820 to 1920) in the life of a wealthy Irish family and its inherited feud with improvident tenant neighbors. Miss du Maurier pecks away industriously at her six generations, but it is hard to make much out of the essentially unpleasant material the Brodrick family offers. The story has neither the glib expertness of "Rebecca," nor, unfortunately, is it the serious study in heredity which the author obviously intends it to be.

TILL I COME BACK TO YOU, by Thomas Bell. Slight story about the boy and the girl who are helped to find each other by the imminence of

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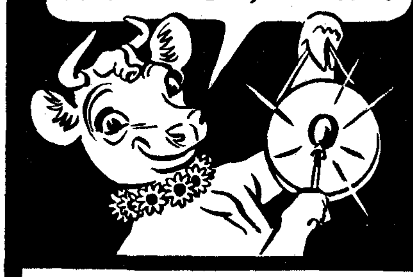

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GENERAL

Trail to Light, by Captain Robert P. Parsons, U.S.N. The life story of an East Side boy, Dr. Joseph Goldberger, who became one of the great epidemiologists in that most modest of government agencies, the United States Public Health Service, and who pioneered in the control of yellow fever, dengue, pellagra, and other diseases. Captain Parsons' engaging portrait of an austerely adventurous man and the generally accurate treatment of medical history make this one of the better biographies of the season.

The Day of Reckoning, by Max Radin. A distinguished American lawyer describes the imaginary trial of Hitler and six other Nazi defendants in 1945 on the plain charge of murder. An engrossing job, and no doubt a perfectly plausible statement of the legal issues that would be raised in such a trial.

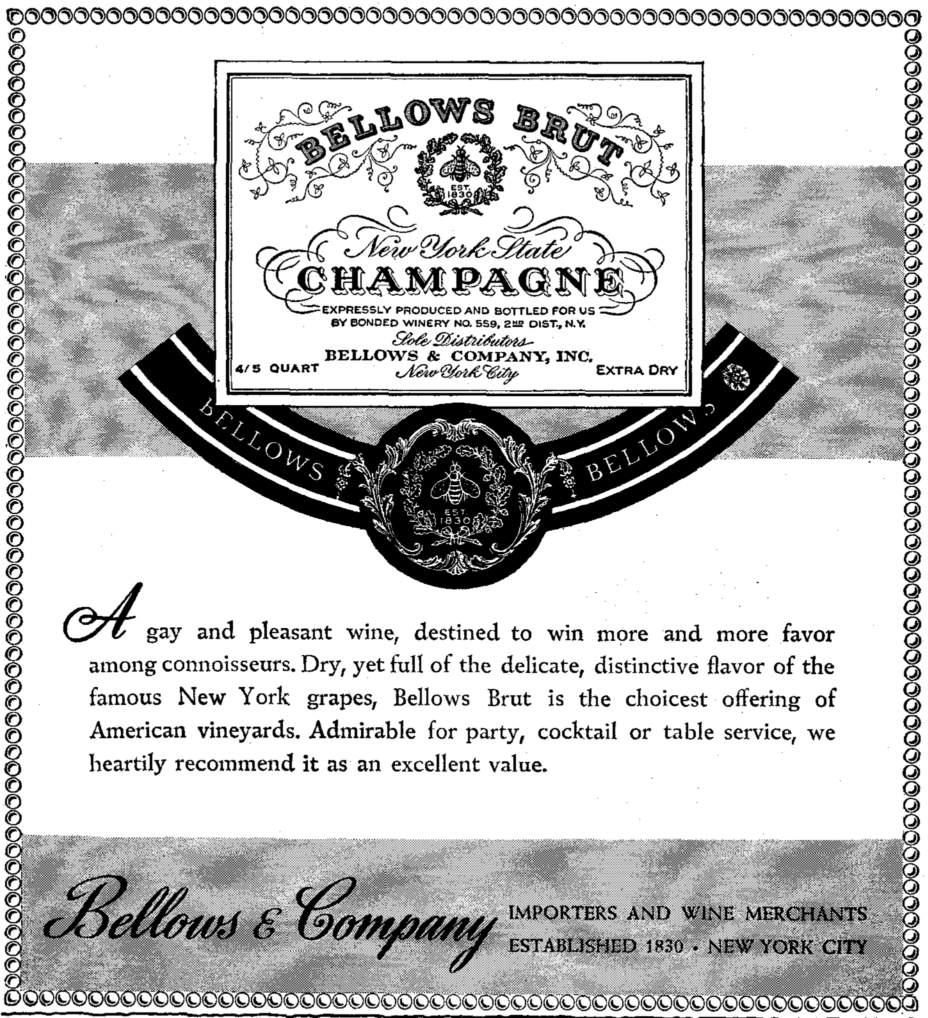
Mark Twain, by De Lancey Ferguson. Full-length study of Twain as a writer, in which Mr. Ferguson deprecates the theory that the creator of "Huckleberry Finn" was an artist frustrated by his environment and suggests that he was simply a standard unorthodox Victorian American who lived and wrote pretty much at his best from first to last. Persuasive and well written. Photographs.

The Humboldt, by Dale L. Morgan. A brackish river in the midst of the Nevada mountains made a way stop for wagon trains, gold miners, Mormons, soldiers, and the Pony Express on the long road to California. The author tells its story in good, hard-bitten prose, though the connection between the river and the events he describes is sometimes a little farfetched. Drawings by Arnold Blanch. In the Rivers of America Series.

The Shock of Recognition, edited by Edmund Wilson. A collection of essays, reviews, poems, and so on, all dealing with American writers (Poe to Sherwood Anderson) and most of them by American authors. A subtle and revealing way of pointing up the continuity of our literary tradition. Excellent notes and a charming format.

VERSE

A Generation Risen, by John Masefield, illustrated by Edward Sea-



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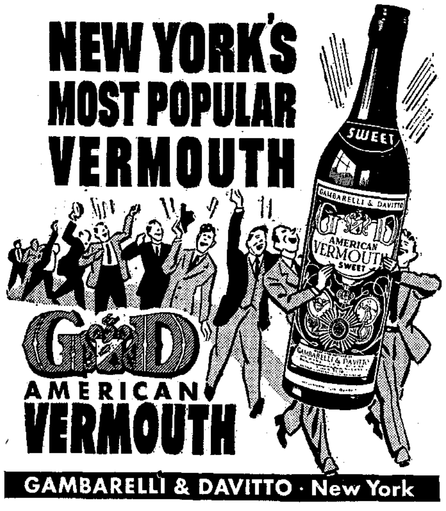

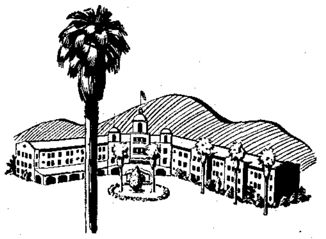
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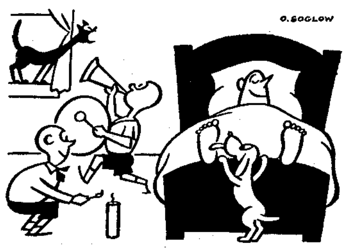

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go. Shrewd, pungent comments by the Poet Laureate on the young English men and women who defend their island. Mr. Seago's illustrations are more conventional than Mr. Masefield's verse.

GENESIS, BOOK ONE, by Delmore Schwartz. The first section of an ambitiously projected long work. A sensitive young New Yorker recounts his and his family's history, in prose. Some eminent ghosts criticize the tale, in verse. An experiment which makes hard reading, because the tone is serious almost without interruption, being relieved only by a few flashes of insight.

POEMS, by Rainer Maria Rilke, translated by Jessie Lemont. Miss Lemont's versions are somewhat softening, but the selection is good. Interesting foreword by Henry W. Wells.

MYSTERY AND CRIME

SOMEBODY AT THE DOOR, by Raymond Postgate. Councillor Grayling, seated in a compartment of the commuters' train to Croxburn, England, sees several people he knows. Later in the evening Mrs. Grayling calls the vicar and tells him that her husband, who has come home later than usual, is dying. Inspector Holly suspects one of the passengers who travelled with Grayling, and his investigation uncovers the pasts of all of them. Intelligent mystery, cut on the same pattern as Mr. Postgate's "Verdict of Twelve" but not as well thought out. The exciting moments outnumber the dull ones, though, and the book is far above average.

THE BUTLER DIED IN BROOKLYN, by Ruth Fenisong. Mrs. Roberts, who has had four husbands and is therefore considered a little foolish, moves with her twin grandsons and her granddaughter from Gramercy Park to Brooklyn Heights to be near her new beau, who has an antique shop. She also brings her butler and he gets murdered. Detective Sergeant Gridley solves the crime and so will the astute reader, who should be ahead of Gridley about halfway through the book. Nice for those days when you feel inferior.

•

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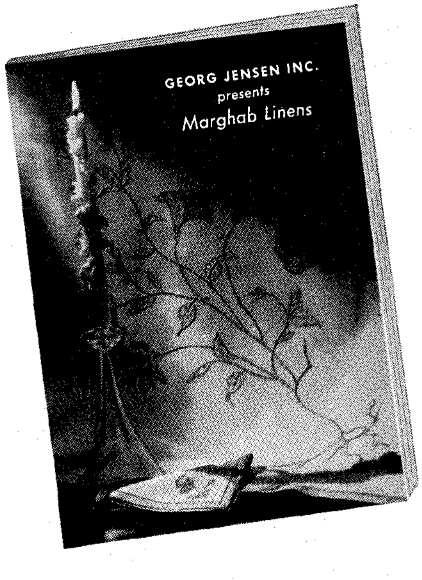

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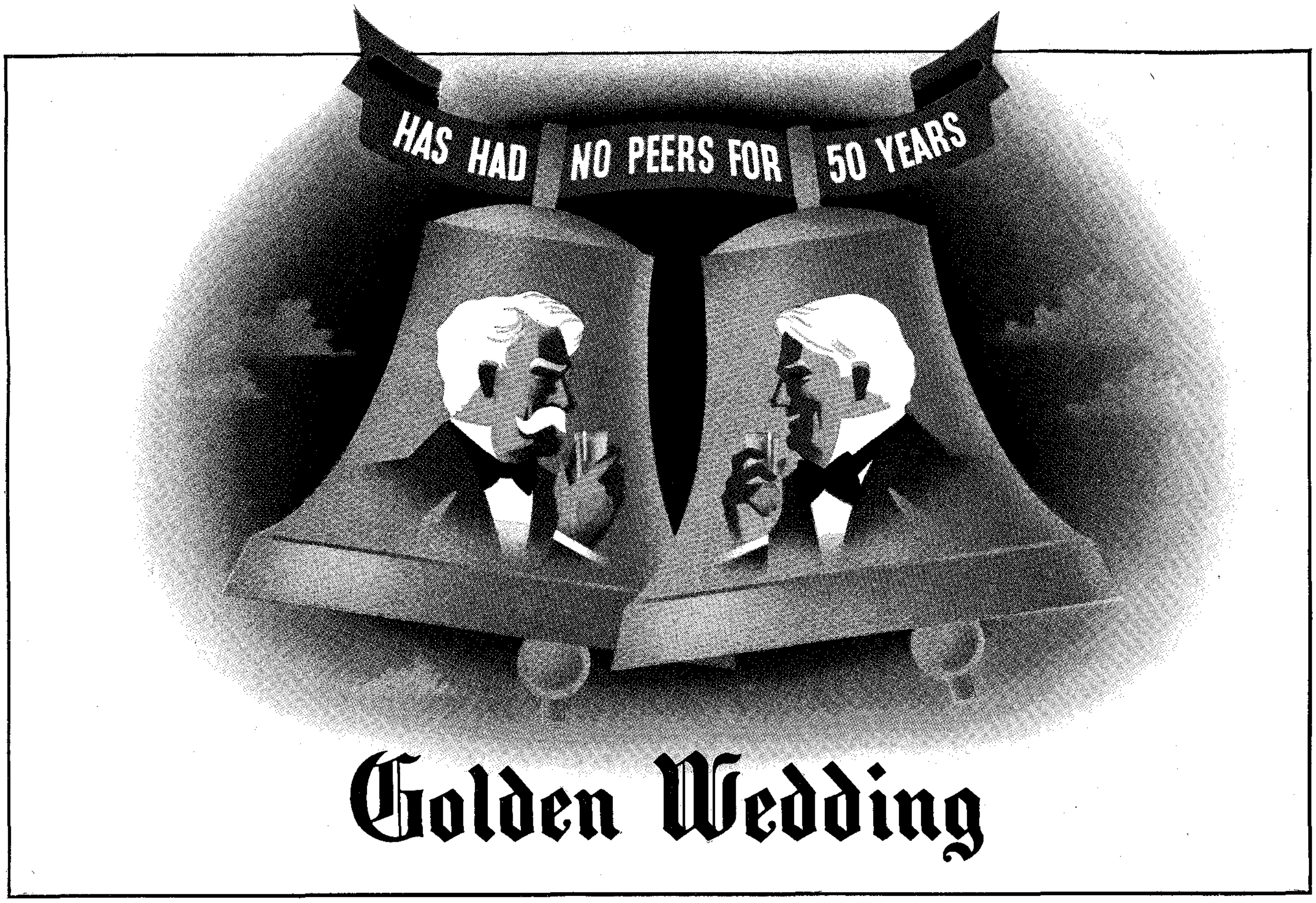
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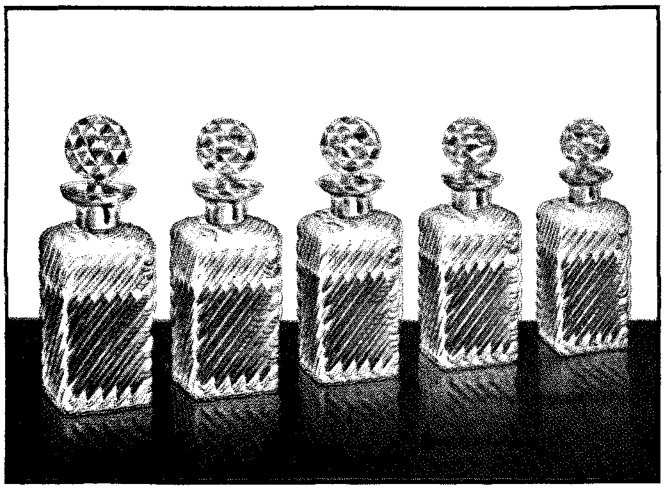

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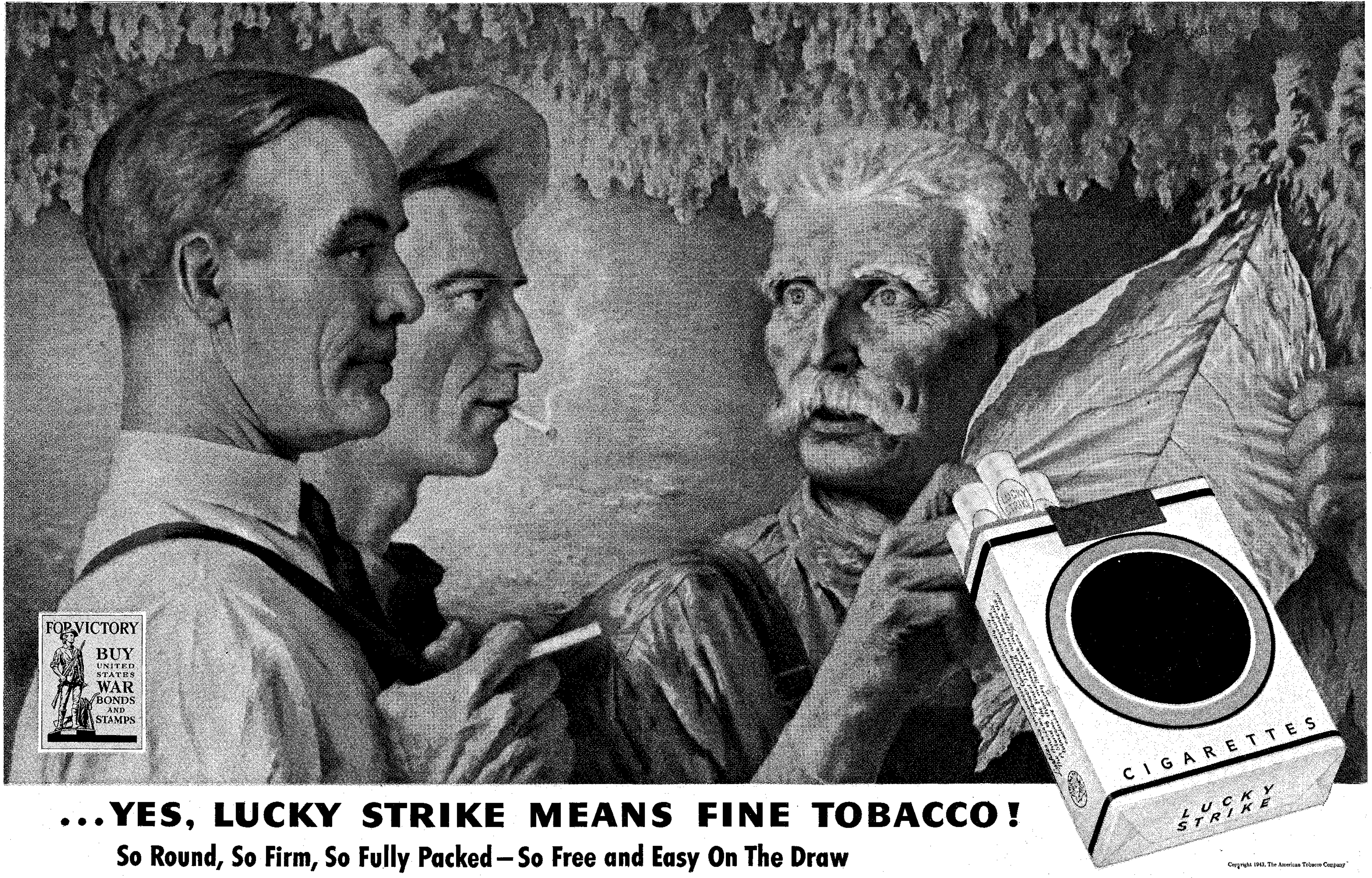
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